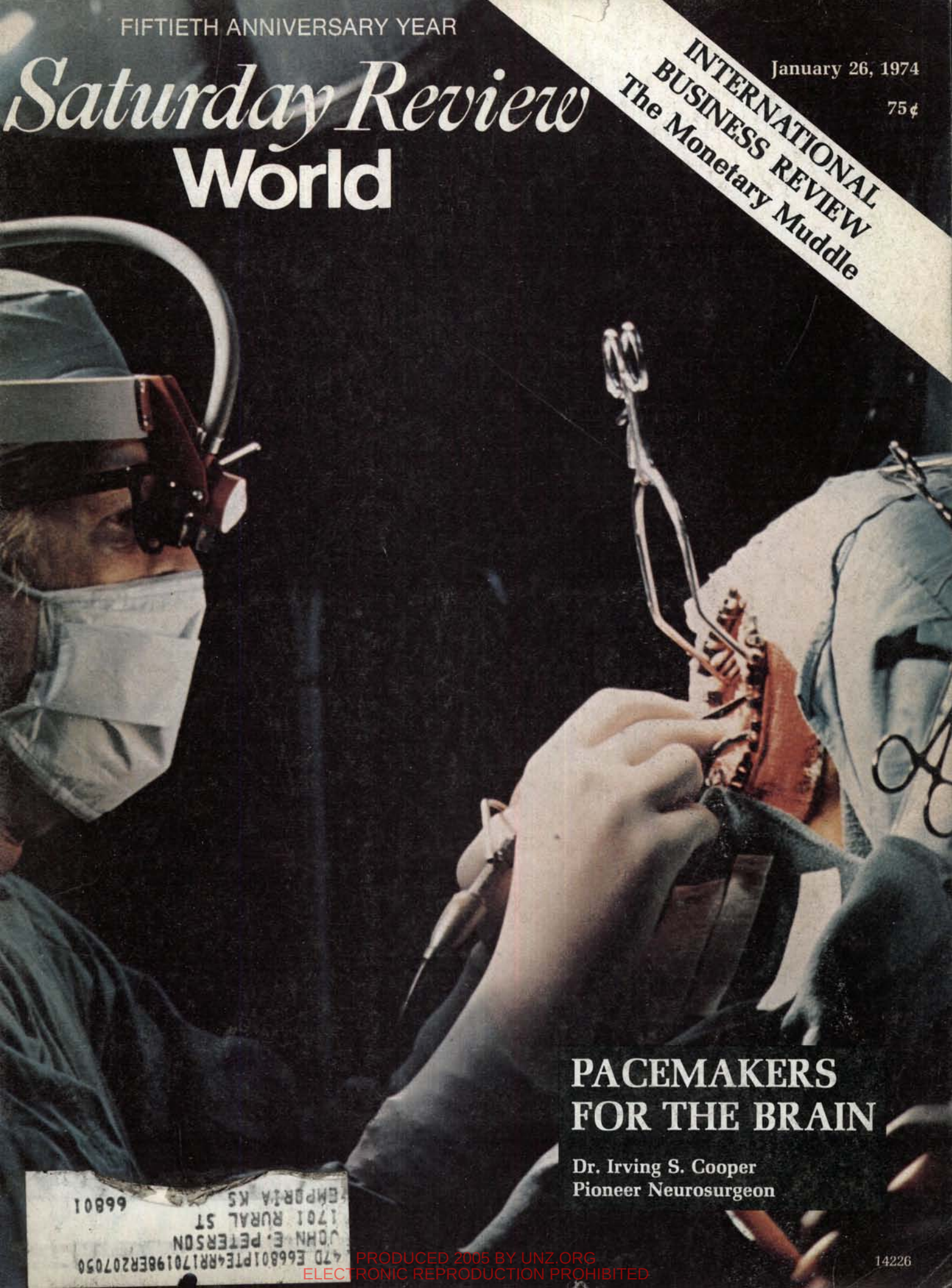
FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

Saturday Review World

January 26, 1974

75¢

INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS REVIEW
The Monetary Muddle



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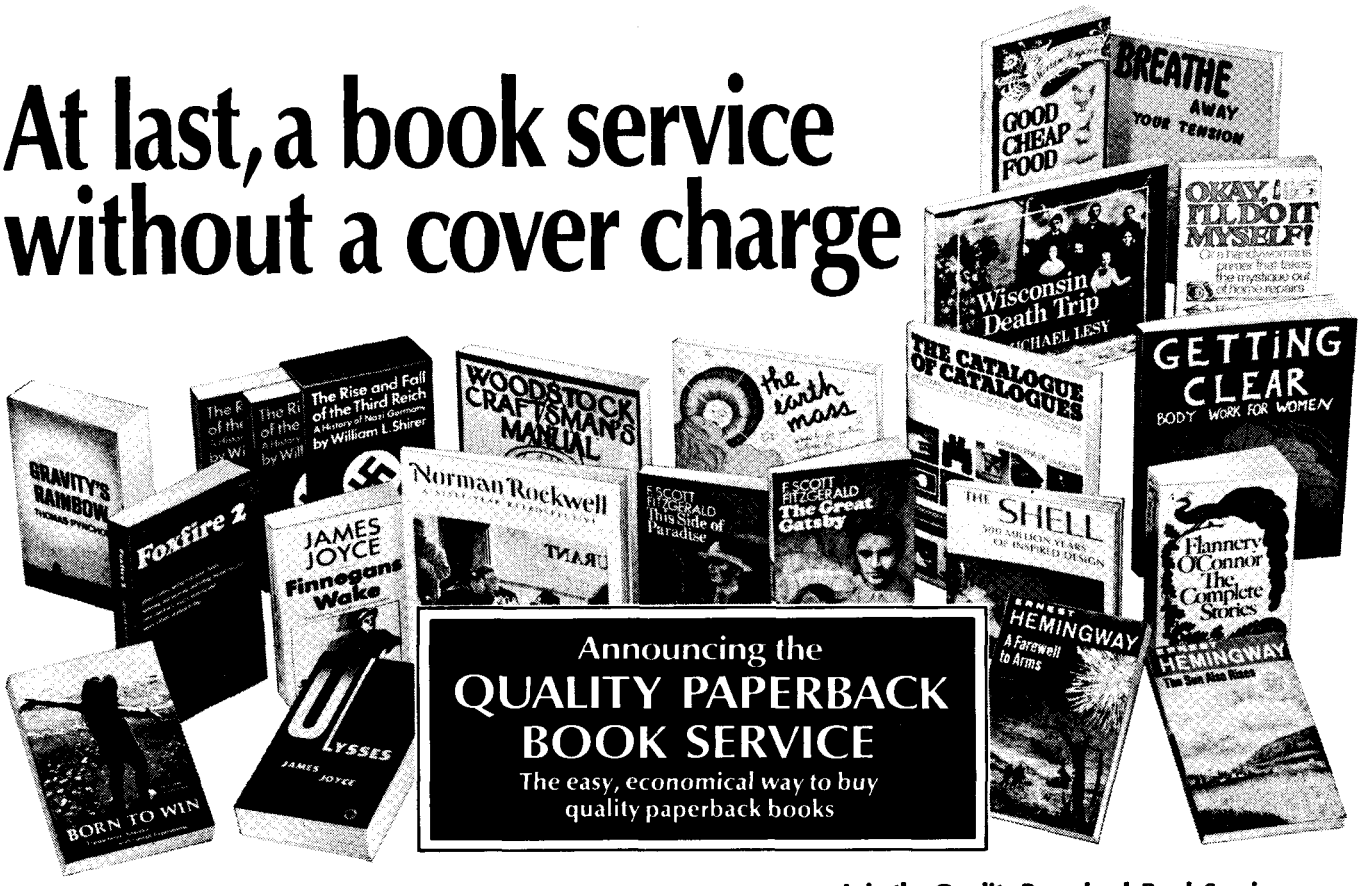

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Years at Present Address | Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ | Telephone (include area code) | Number of Dependent Children | Social Security Number

Previous Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code | Years there

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Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Telephone (include area code) | Years with firm | Annual Earnings $ | NOTE: If annual earnings are less than $10,000 indicate source of other income below

Amount and Source of other income

Previous Employer (if employed by above less than 3 years) or College/University if Recent Graduate | Yrs. with firm or yr. graduated

Spouse's Employer | Address | Position | Annual Earnings $

Name and Address of Personal Reference (not living with you)

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Type of Account: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan

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Survival Without Abundance

Certain ideas have been almost synonymous with American history—progress, creative growth, expansion, surpluses, inexhaustible resources.

But Americans today are learning that these ideas can no longer be taken for granted. They are learning that they do not enjoy a limitless margin for error. They are also learning a new vocabulary in which terms such as critical shortages, limits of growth, strategic controls, cutbacks, and selective rationing are becoming part of our everyday life.

It becomes useful, therefore, to scrutinize the idea of progress as it has been experienced in American history—and also to assess the implications of a new situation in which the future of the American people is as dependent on new ways of looking at life as it is on developing new technologies.

A number of factors came together in magical combination to make America a stage for progress and abundance. First, the habitat. Unlike Europe, where the movement of people, goods, and ideas was blocked by numberless frontiers, America was an unencumbered domain. It was not merely a country but also a vast arena for new beginnings—with an infinite capacity for absorbing the kind of mistakes that had pockmarked human history elsewhere. Unlike four-fifths of the rest of the world's surface, America had everything congenial to human existence—abundant land, abundant rain, abundant sunlight. It was an ideal setting for a political and philosophical body of ideas based on human perfectibility. The American Constitution-makers believed that the main business of government was to maintain the conditions that favored the development of the human mind.

The result was a sustained upsurge of a nation and its people. There was ample scope for intelligence, courage, ingenuity in pushing back the frontier and imparting energy to a new civilization. Productivity burgeoned and indeed became synonymous with the name of the society. As the Industrial Revolution unfolded in America, goods and products came off the assembly belts in such profusion that social and economic theorists like Karl Marx were fascinated with its implications. Marx thought the United States would be unable to create and maintain a system of distribution that could keep up with such a productive capability. He also believed that production surpluses would lead to an imperialistic scramble for foreign markets, and that this race would inevitably touch off war among the capitalist powers.

Marx did not anticipate the fact that inadequate production rather than overproduction would become humanity's main problem a little more than a century after his death. Certainly he did not anticipate that under-production would be even more characteristic of socialistic societies than it was of the capitalistic societies. He would be confounded by the fact that shortages in the socialistic societies would be the result not just of critical shortages of raw materials but also of managerial failure.

Whatever the flaws in the prophecies or analyses of the social and economic philosophers, traditional assumptions about America's manifest destiny are now being severely modified. Abundance is no longer an assured way of life. The resources and raw materials needed by the American people are no longer instantly available. The productive capacity of the United States is still awesomely large, but the raw materials and resources needed to keep the machines running are in short supply.

Most important of all, a new dimension has come into American life that will have a greater effect on our economic future and our way of life than anything happening inside the country. The United States, like all other nations, has been de-nationalized geographically. A whole new set of problems common to all nations has emerged. These problems pertain to the world community and can be solved only on the world level. War, resource depletion, inflation, environmental poisoning, over-crowding—all these problems are now beyond solution by any nation acting alone.

It will not be enough, therefore, to make plans for meeting the energy shortage, or any other shortage, in the United States solely on the basis of our own situation or our own needs. Similarly, nothing could be more short-sighted than to suppose that if only a special deal can be worked out with the Arab leaders, all energy problems will disappear.

The world's energy needs call for a mobilization of cooperative research on a world-wide basis. It is not too exotic to suggest that leading world scientists ought to be working on ways of plugging into the basic energy of the universe—all the way from solar energy to electromagnetic lines of force.

The American people may have lost their natural abundance, but they need not have lost their natural sense of adventure. The grand leaps of the creative intelligence and the resolute determination that pushed back the American frontier can now be put to work on the most magnificent research project of all time—creating a human habitat congenial not just to the human physical presence but also to the human spirit.

N. C.

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Letters From Readers

Whodunit?

Albert Rosenfeld's excellent article ("Did Someone 'Out There' Put Us Here?" November 20) poses some fascinating speculations. . . . It is only our chauvinism, of course, that bars the concept that such seedings could be the deliberate actions of a conscious power. That, in turn, postulates the interesting question of who is behind the ones "out there," and who is behind the ones who are behind, etc. One is forced into the Eastern concept of endless succession or the Western concept of chance or creation. Of those mind-boggling ideas, it strikes me that endlessness and chance beg the question, leaving us with creation, with its implication of life, intelligence, purpose. I realize that brings us back to the old argument of First Cause (the Cause behind the cause, etc.), which has often been bypassed but never refuted. . . . Perhaps the most revealing truth . . . is to be found in Exodus, in the simple phrase of self-definition, "I Am."

Beverly Lamb
Rector
Saint Paul's Church
Vergennes, Vermont

". . . Can you give me a good reason why I shouldn't call it God?" The word *God*, with its attendant theological associations on this planet, is, for me, too limiting. I prefer to call this possible phenomenon "the life-giving force." I would feel a little sad if the mystery of existence were unravelled. Perhaps the unknown would still remain in the question of how the "life-giving force" came into being. It is comforting, to me, to live with the majestic unknowable and feel I am a part of so great a thing.

Harriet S. Armstrong
Allison Park, Pennsylvania

Uncovering the Cover

I *love* Bart Forbes's cover paintings! Would it be too perplexing to mailmen if address labels were placed on the back cover of magazines?

Constance Siegel
New York, New York

Roll Call in the Classroom

In effect, if not in intent, Stephen Arons's article ("Compulsory Education: America in Mississippi," November 6) is an attack on the American educational system. It is an appallingly clear example of the stirring but simplistic radical solution to society's problems. "Restructure the entire social system at its roots," Arons declares. Pray tell, how? Arons doesn't give us a hint.

Mississippi society can be restructured —and the process is underway—but only through the participation of an organized, politicized, educated public. And how is that public to be educated if many thousands of its youngsters do not even have to attend school?

While Mr. Arons is certainly right that race hatred knows no sectional boundaries, he is certainly wrong that it has not been more institutionalized in the Deep South; it has, boldly and by law as well as custom. So it must be attacked in its institutions.

If many poor children cannot afford to attend school and if others are forced to drop out, these specific problems should be dealt with specifically. They do not lessen the need for and the moral rightness of compulsory education. And if Mississippi students are being expelled on frivolous grounds, Attorney Arons, taking a lesson from the northern legal activists of the Sixties, should go to court on their behalf—rather than use their expulsions as an argument against requiring them to attend school.

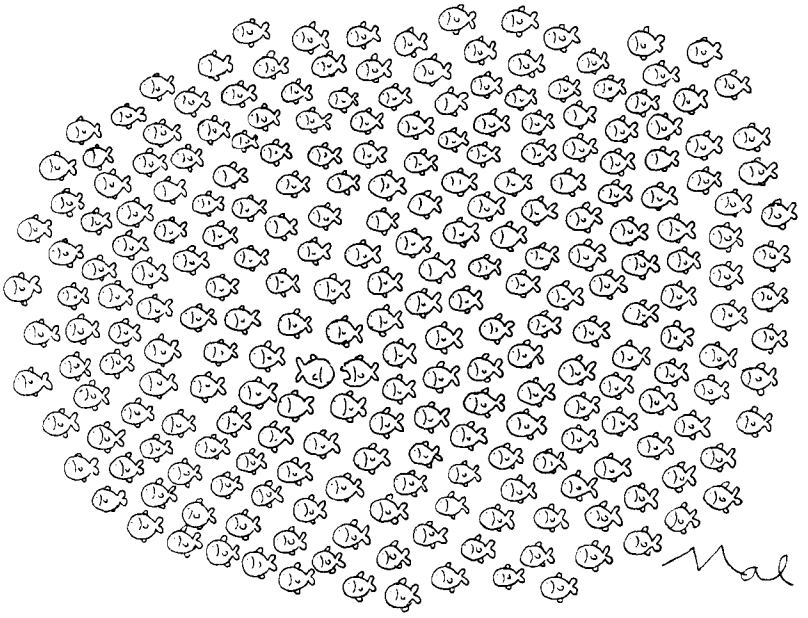
Roger M. Williams
New York, New York

Cryptic Script

In my "Three Parables" (*Diversions*, December 4), I refer to the Persian mystic poet "Runi's" epic *Mathwami*. The names should be Rumi and Mathnawi. That was not a typographical error nor a proofreader's boo-boo. It is due strictly to my handwriting, which occasionally is in thrall to—gremlins and my unforgivable failure to have mastered Persian. Several irate Iranians have written me about Rumi. I grovel at their —and his—feet. He died in 1273, so may he forgive me, since I died four years earlier.

Leo Rosten
New York, New York

(**Letters** *continued on next page.*)



"Damn it, Mortimer, can't you do anything right?"

WIT TWISTER NO. 13
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 64.

Through narrow — — — — where
icy waters race
The — — — — swims wildly, trying
to erase
His fear-drenched scent; but from his
streaming side
Sharp roots and rocks rip telltale
— — — — of hide.

A.S.

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Pidgin Feathers

Hopefully, at this moment in time and space, the totality of your subscriber population, based on specifications derived from their in-house comprehension of your circumferential concept of the disintegration of our Founding Fathers' ethnicological linguistics, will have projected the same enthusiasm as I for your input, "Plight of the American Language," December 4, 1973.

Jane Y. Dickinson
Alexandria, Virginia

Readers may be interested to know that the editors of *Webster's Third New International Dictionary* did decidedly more than countenance the writings of Jean Stafford. They found her prose a valuable source of information on the language, and more than two hundred illustrative quotations from her writings appear between the synonymy article at *acknowledge* on page 17 of Webster's Third and the entry for the adjective *yonder* on page 2653.

SR/W is regularly read and marked in the Merriam-Webster editorial offices, and Miss Stafford's lament on an old theme will yield citations for *ethnics* and other words that should prove useful to the editors of the Fourth New International.

H. B. Woolf
Editorial Director, Dictionaries
G. & C. Merriam Company
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Congratulations to Jean Stafford for her swordsmanship at misusers of the American language. And I do hope that I am not shot in the back some dark night for writing *swordsmanship* instead of *swordspersonship*.

I am having difficulty understanding, for certain, one of her statements: "But the official language of the United States is now cant." I learned about the cant, bevel, angle of things—like screws—long before Webster and Fowler and Follett and Barnett wandered into my life to lead my tongue into the glossaries of linguistics. By "official language" I assumed Miss Stafford meant governmentese, which is bad in all ways but one—it is an excellent soporific. But a session with Webster's Second and its long listing on *cant* leads me to select "the secret language, jargon of thieves and gypsies."

. . . What, does anyone know, is a *technocrat?* A technician with a lot of cash, or a lot of class? Engineers and scientists do not use the word, nor do they understand its meaning. But 'tis used in the publishing world of commercial prose. Please, you editors, you keepers of clarity on the printed page, edify me. Lord love a duck, but *I* might be a technocrat and not even know it!

Madge Barclay
Malibu, California

. . . Those of us whose jobs are concerned with language—those who teach and write and edit and publish this great language of ours—do, indeed, have a responsibility: to use words wisely and well. Certainly there are overblown, pretentious, and misused words in the messages from Madison Avenue, in the words from Watergate, and in the halls of academe. . . . But let us not confuse normal growth with misuse, nor change with error. Let us not mislead ourselves into believing that a 1934 dictionary can describe or reflect the language of 1973.

Language changes. It is inevitable. No set of rules by the prescriptive grammarian, no lexicographer, no observer of the current scene, can keep it from doing so. Samuel Johnson, hoping to avert what he considered the tragedy of change that would render his English as unintelligible as Chaucer's was after 300 years, proposed a dictionary to keep language pure. After its completion in 1755, however, he saw that as a forlorn hope:

> When we see old men die at a certain time, one after the other, century after century, we laugh at the elixir which promises to prolong life to a thousand years, and with equal justice may the lexicographer be derided, who, being able to produce no sample of a nation that has preserved their words and phrases from mutability, shall imagine that his dictionary can embalm the language, and secure it from corruption and decay. . . .

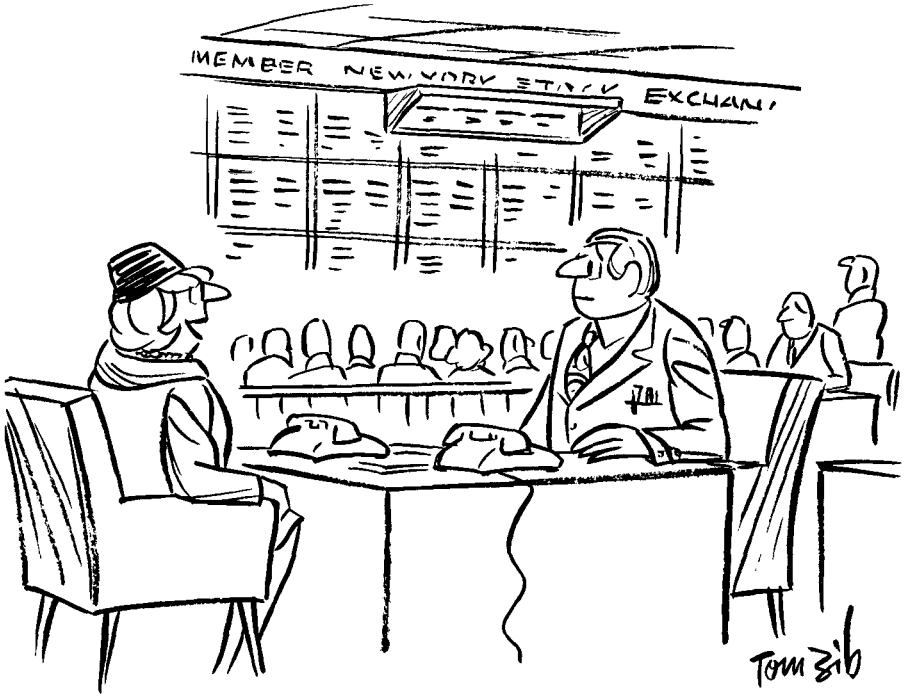
Martha Kolln
Department of English
Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pennsylvania

. . . For a noun to function as a verb can't happen, for in so functioning it becomes a verb and is no longer a noun. A technologist can black in an area on a chart with blacker black than has already been used. So black can work as a verb, noun, or adjective. Surely this is heresy, for black is an absolute! But there it is. A word must be that part of speech it has to be to do the job it has to do where it is. . . .

John A. Cappon
Madison, Wisconsin

. . . Because I am a high school senior who hopes to make a career as a writer, I am responsible for the future of society and the future of language and, as Jean Stafford makes clear, the two responsibilities cannot be separated. Stafford's article encourages me to search for purity of language, which represents purity of thought.

Steve Kuehler
Wichita Falls, Texas



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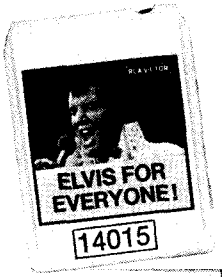

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World Progress Report

Operation Eyesore

Early in 1972, Britain's secretary of state for the environment, Peter Walker, devised a double-barreled public-works scheme designed to relieve high unemployment and beautify England at the same time. Walker proposed an "open checkbook" to provide up to 85 percent of the cost of approved local environmental projects for a period of eighteen months. By pumping funds quickly into labor-intensive projects, Operation Eyesore was to provide immediate employment for some of England's 1 million idle workers. Walker anticipated that the cost to the government would come to no more than £10 million. When the books were closed on the project last September, 14,000 projects had been submitted from all over England, and the government had primed local economies to the tune of £40 million. Meanwhile, England's unemployment rolls had been nearly halved.

The local environmental projects included the transformation of 500 derelict acres into public parks in Liverpool and the steam-cleaning of over 150 buildings in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Another town turned its disused railroad right-of-way into a wilderness park. One of the most ambitious projects united eleven local jurisdictions in the Tame Valley in northwestern England to restore their shared river, degraded by 150 years of industrial development. With £600 from Operation Eyesore, the riverfront was turned into a public park.

Lifetime Contract

A group of psychotherapists in California are using a uniquely straightforward technique for predicting and forestalling potential suicides. Rather than relying on objective tests to measure suicidal tendencies, the therapists simply ask the patient to estimate how long and under what circumstances he will defer self-destruction. Then, instead of chemically tranquilizing the patient or using physical restraints, the doctors offer him the opportunity of taking a formal pledge not to take the plunge for that length of time—with options to renew.

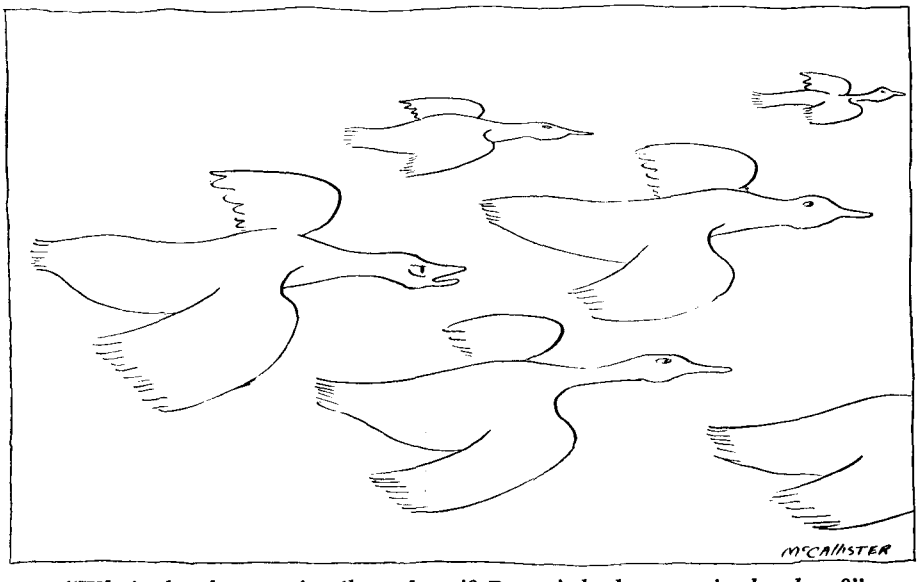
The technique is not attempted with potential suicides who are addicted to narcotics or alcohol, or who have suffered brain damage. Other patients are rated on a high-to-low risk scale. A patient who pledges to go on living easily and without qualification is judged an insignificant suicide risk. At the other extreme, one who refuses to make the pledge under any conditions is referred for therapy requiring less self-discipline. In between, a pledge to delay suicide for even an hour holds out the hope of getting the patient to a treatment facility, while a postponement of six months or more promises time to resolve the underlying problems.

Drs. Robert C. Drye, Robert L. Goulding, and Mary E. Goulding, of the Western Institute for Group and Family Therapy in Watsonville, report more than 600 suicidal patients successfully treated with this method by thirty-one therapists during the last five years. That experience suggests that the pledge is acceptable to the patient because he or she is not asked to renounce a decision but only to postpone its execution. At the same time, by accepting the responsibility of deferring action for a set length of time, the patient signals—to himself as well as others—that he still has the ability to make vital decisions.

Between the Lines

Direct written communication between blind and sighted people has been made easier by a new typewriter developed by Japanese educator Shinjiro Matsui, himself blind, and inventor Masaharu Watari. With keys lettered in both alphabets, the machine prints English letters and raised Braille symbols simultaneously on separate lines.

Without such a machine, sighted people could not correspond directly with the blind, and blind people who even know how to touch-type on standard machines could not correct their errors. The "bilingual" typewriter also enables blind stenographers to transcribe directly from dictation or tape recordings into English, using the interlinear Braille translation for proofreading their work.



"Who's the clown going 'beep beep'? Doesn't he know we're honkers?"

Fish Story

University of Florida scientists are hopeful that a Siberian immigrant, a fish called the white amur, may control the spread of weeds in the state's waterways. The plant pests—such exotica as hydrilla and elodea—grow faster than underwater mowing machines can cut them. Strong chemical pesticides are too expensive for repeated, widespread use, and they may also have adverse effects on other life.

Uncontrolled, the weeds are rapidly choking irrigation ditches and drainage canals and spoiling lakes. The white amur, however, has a prodigious appetite for green growing things: A school of 100 fish, weighing from two to twenty pounds each, can eat a ton or more of the unwanted weeds every twenty-four hours.

ANTHONY WOLFF

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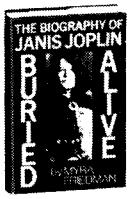

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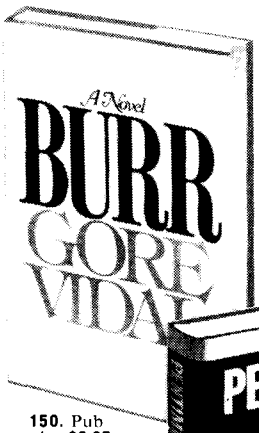

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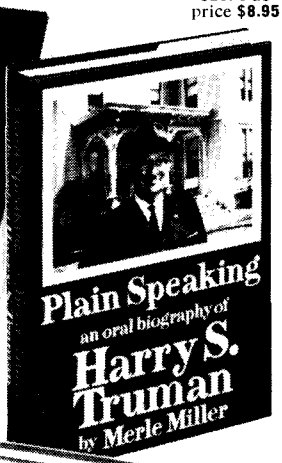

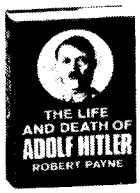

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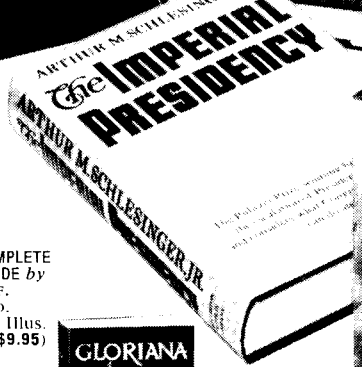

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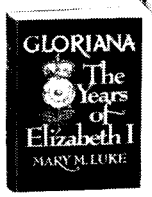

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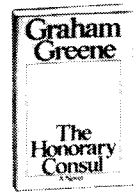

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Job Wanted

I submitted an advertisement to the woman in charge of the classified personals that appear in the final pages of this magazine. She rejected it.

Told me it was too personal for their personals, too heartbreaking, sounded to her like a phony, and ran too long. Said the classic classified personal runs to an average of forty to fifty words, and she implied, inferred, and came right out and said: At the rate of $1.75 a word for a classified ad, it was obvious to her that, in my basket-case condition, I could not afford a 500-word personal.

She ended with giving me the name of a psychiatrist. I suppose, hers.

Isn't that something? A classic cry for help constrained to forty or fifty words. I can understand "Police!" "Fire!" or "SOS!" But setting down in forty or fifty words a lifetime of accumulated qualifications is what I call writing in shallow.

Excuse it, please. It just occurred to me you don't know what I'm talking about. Here is the ad:

LECTURER. Wants someone to lecture to. Three years' experience with a booking agency, during which time, according to all the written comments (solicited by the booker after each talk), I was judged a smashing success. Critiques sent by women's clubs, business organizations, town halls, library associations, conventions, community centers.

Subject of lecture: "Off the Top of My Head," an umbrella that permits pleasurable meandering through topics like the mores of our times, doctors, writing comedy for glamorous TV personalities, book publishers, nightclubs, the pigeon population explosion, politics, drug-store menus, my wife, etc. Nothing of any great import, but I do it as if I know what I'm talking about. Informative entertainment.

I am now without a booker because, although I began what seemed to be a flourishing and small, profitable sideline, in three short years my former bookers had me pegged on their list of Ten Least-Wanted Speakers in America Today.

Until now I have taken that denigration lying down. My favorite posture these days. But now I am aroused. I miss the glorious sound of uncanned laughter from the audiences. And in my behalf I tell you that the bookers have never heard me speak, never once monitored my lectures. A point I made to the head man when I asked if he was interested in knowing what I talk about.

"What *do* you talk about?" he asked.

"About an hour," I replied.

"Good," he said. "That's what they want."

A couple of months ago I thought of sending him recordings taped by some of the groups to which I had spoken. But at that time turning over tapes was not the "in" thing to do.

During this past year, I received a flattering letter from a woman on the West Coast who heads a lecture bureau. She indicated she could think of no one she would rather handle than me. She had received a letter from Dean Dennis Watkins, Texas Wesleyan College in Fort Worth, who commended me highly. I wrote, giving her my business. Several months later she gave me the business.

Said on long distance that all budgets for speakers at colleges, chambers of commerce, literary clubs, senior-citizen groups, high schools, kindergarten classes, and church groups are being meted out to U.S. senators, Watergate witnesses, breakers-in, burglars, and other culprits in the dirty-tricks department of our government.

Although she didn't imply or infer or come right out and say it, I detected in her voice a wistful, wishful suggestion that I would be a cinch for bookings if I could see my way clear to doing you know what.

If you don't know "you know what," I tell you I am now ready to burglarize any hotel in your city or to break into the offices of any psychiatrist of your choice. Anything to rid myself of this pitiful, traumatic feeling of rejection.

Material is original and has been rated G. Sometimes I get slightly PG. But not overly. Have tux, will travel. Also three darling sports jackets with color-contrasting, double-knit slacks. These are also of very fine material.

I am a small eater. Love chicken patty. As an added inducement, and as a saving for your group, you may omit my tomato-soup course, also the ice-cream dessert. And no coffee. It tends to keep me awake through the whole lecture. □

Wrong number?

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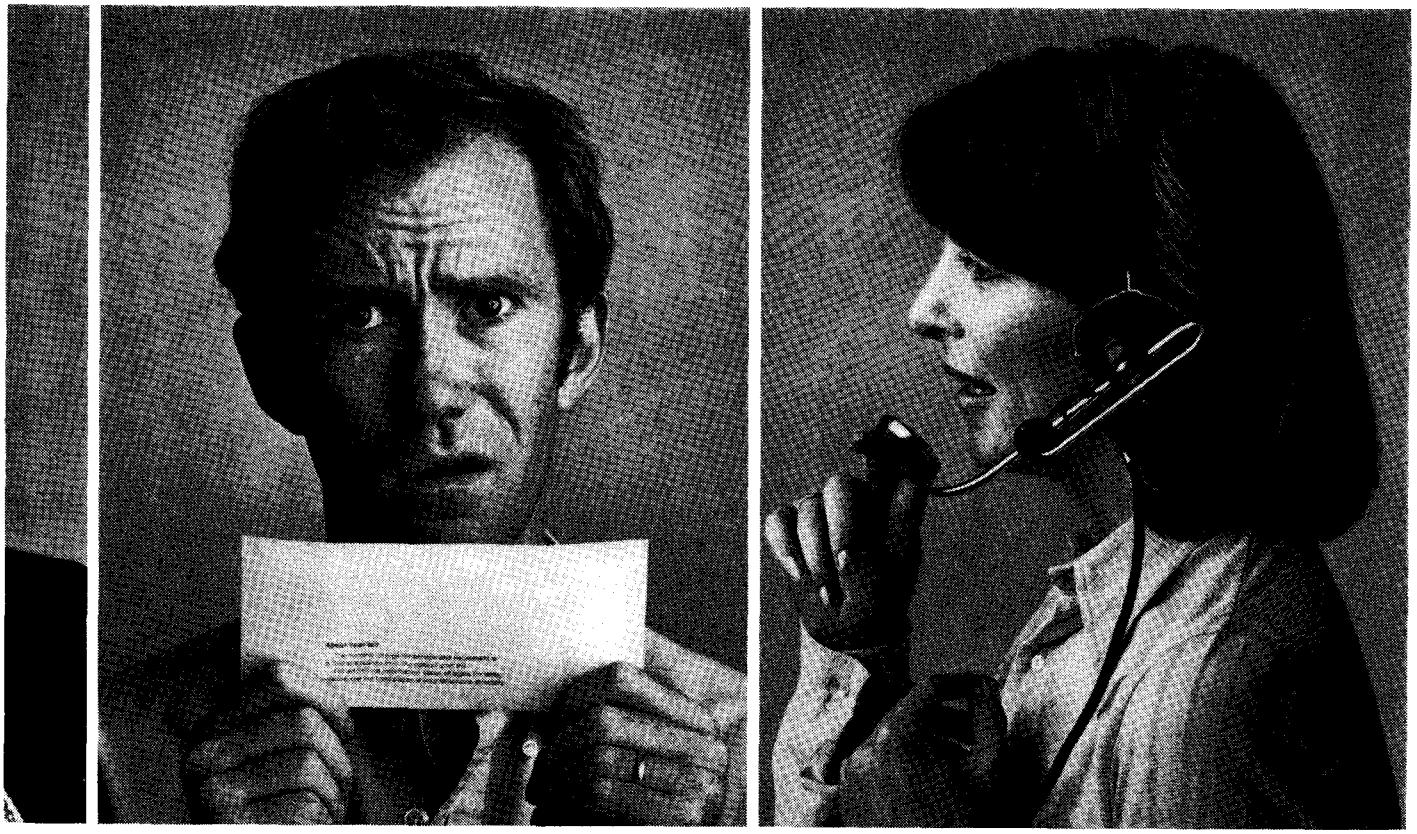

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Volkswagen's Next Turn

by Roland Gelatt

Wolfsburg, West Germany

The first glimpse of a Volkswagen parked discordantly along an American curb in the early 1950s was a sight at once incongruous and indelible. I remember coming upon a vintage specimen on New York's upper East Side, *circa* 1952. The car seemed grotesque—claustrophobically squat, out of scale with its surroundings, stark and colorless beside the two-toned chromic models from Detroit. It was not only ugly; it had an unsavory parentage. This people's car was originally meant for Hitler's people—those stalwart peons of Robert Ley's German Labor Front who had chipped in by the hundreds of thousands to finance its development. A vehicular reminder of the Nazi nightmare so soon after V-E Day was not exactly wonderful to behold. Indeed, most people assessing the car's chances on the American market twenty-odd years ago would have shared the opinion of Ford's chairman of the board, Ernest Breech, who had been offered the Volkswagen plant in 1948 as spoils of war. He turned it down as "not worth a damn."

Appearances, it turned out, were deceiving. That homely exterior camouflaged a marvel of engineering. The car was a kind of transistorized Rolls-Royce, an astonishing amalgam of quality and economy, and before long customers the world over were lining up to buy it. The fortunes of Volkswagen became synonymous with the German economic miracle. Production climbed at a staggering velocity. In 1955 the millionth Beetle came off the assembly line. The five million mark was reached in 1961, the ten million in 1967. On February 17, 1972, Beetle No. 15,007,034 rolled out of the Wolfsburg plant to break the production record held by Henry Ford's Model T.

But by then clouds had gathered over Wolfsburg. When Volkswagen issued its annual report for 1971 a few months later, the financial community was stunned to discover that the company had been operating at virtually no profit for well over a year. Volkswagen's balance sheet continues to make somber reading. Successive revaluations of the German mark and the escalating cost of German labor have combined to price the VW Beetle almost out of the subcompact market. To stay at all competitive with Italian, Japanese, and Detroit minicars, Volkswagen has had to cut its profit margin on the Beetle drastically. Besides, the bloom is at last rubbing off this particular peach. Though the Beetle remains a force in an automobile market now dominated by low-gas-consumption models, it is no longer the wonder car of yesterday. Before the decade is over, it may be phased out altogether—at least as a Made in Germany product. Clearly, the time has come for Volkswagen to take a new turn.

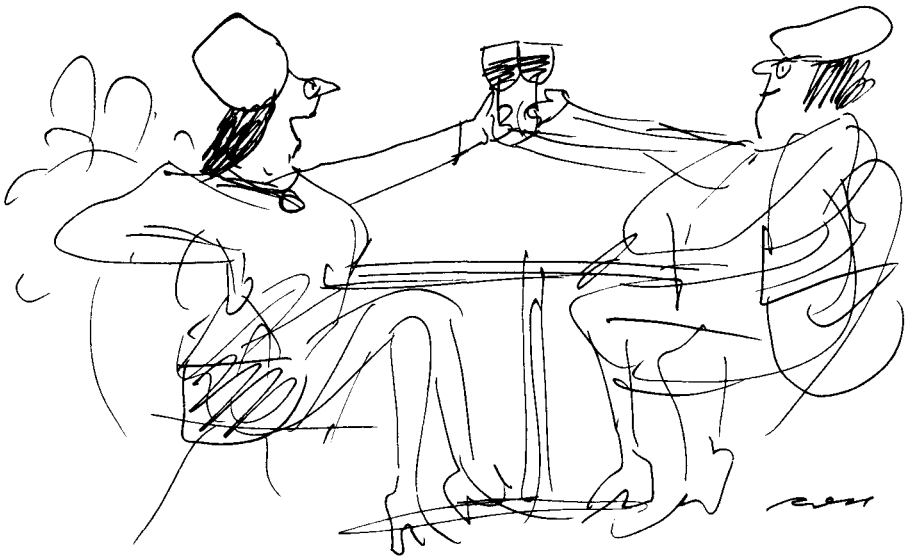
In which direction will it go? To look for an answer, I went to Wolfsburg, site of the company's headquarters and main plant, in the flatlands of Lower Saxony, not far from the East German frontier. Today it is a city of 130,000, perhaps the most modern urban environment in Germany, where eight people out of ten owe their livelihood directly to Volkswagen. But to put this extraordinary community in perspective, it is necessary to view it first from a historical vantage point.

The seed from which it sprang took root in the imagination of Ferdinand Porsche some fifty years ago. Porsche was an Austrian car designer who had been active in the European automobile industry from its earliest days. Though his reputation was based on fast racing cars and elegant limousines, he became obsessed in the early 1920s with the idea of producing a car for the man in the street. But money was short and progress slow. Porsche was still floundering around with a few problem-ridden test models when he received a summons to meet the new chancellor of Germany.

Adolf Hitler was an automobile aficionado possessed of the politically attractive notion that every German laborer ought to have a car of his own. If private industry could not or would not manufacture a good and inexpensive automobile, the National Socialist State would take on the task. In 1934 Hitler sent for Porsche, fell in with his plans for the Volkswagen, and provided him with government financing to develop the car for mass production. Even then progress was slow. Prototype Volkswagens were hand built, subjected to rigorous tests, and then sent back to the drawing boards for further refinements. By 1938, however, most of the bugs had been ironed out, and the car was adjudged ready for production. A model from that year, assembled by hand, of course, is on display in Wolfsburg today. It still works.

Amid much rodomontade, the German Labor Front began taking orders for the car through its Strength Through Joy (*Kraft Durch Freude*) organization. The sales contract was purposely vague about delivery. In fact, the cornerstone for the Volkswagen factory was only dedicated on May 26, 1938. The plant—which Hitler declared would be the world's largest—was going up in what had been desolate swampland alongside the Mittelland Canal, about forty miles east of Hanover. Plans called not only for the erection of a giant factory on this virgin site but also for the creation of a whole new town on the other side of the canal. It was to be called *Stadt des KdF-Wagens*—City of the Strength Through

(*Continued on page 71.*)



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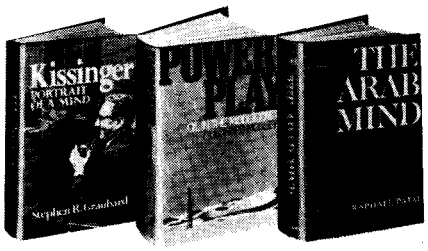

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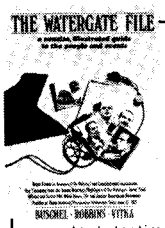

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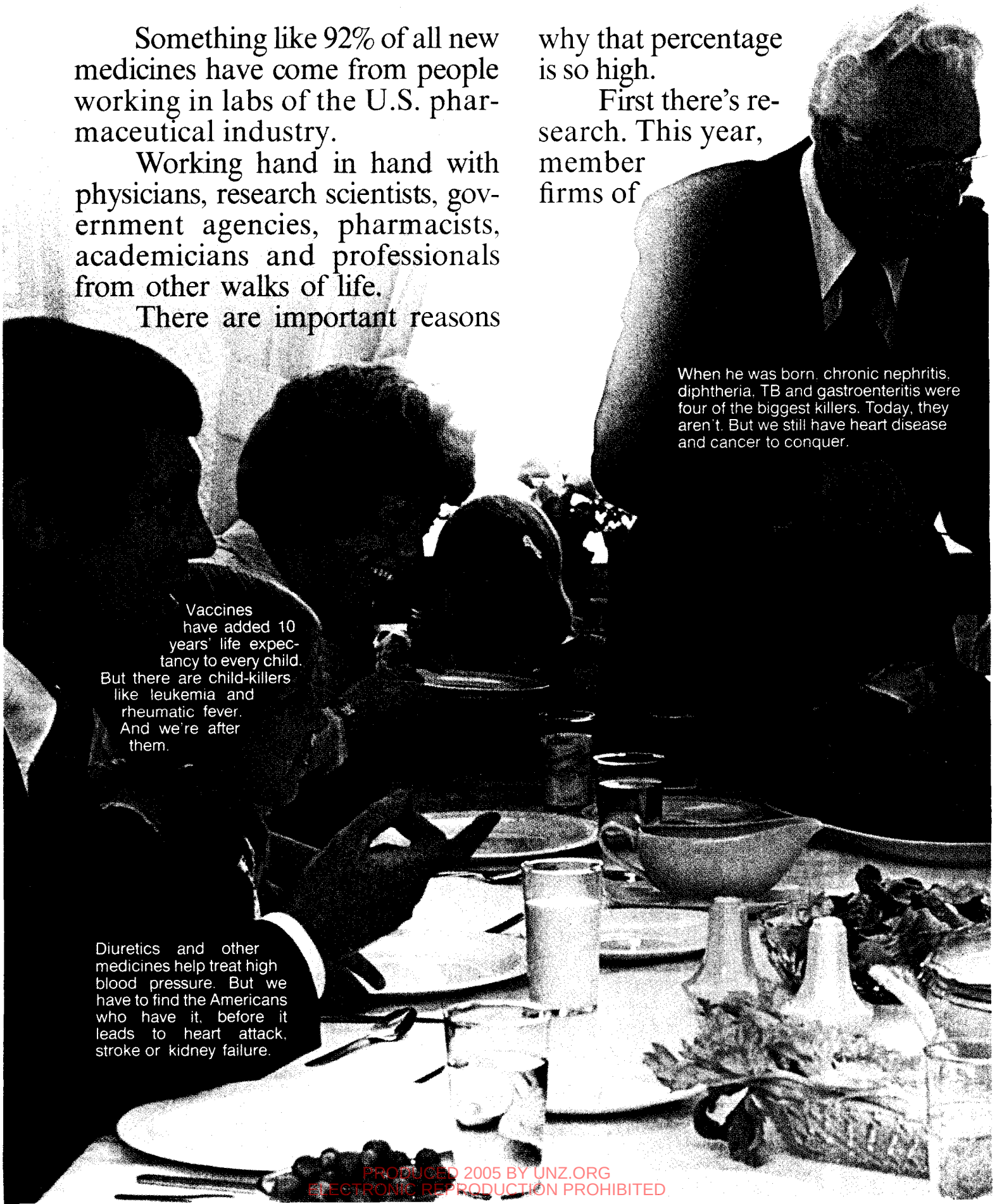

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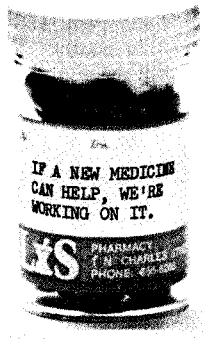

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Medicines can control allergies, diabetes, even cure venereal diseases. The big job: diagnose those conditions earlier.

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Thoughtlessly, man spews waste into the world's oceans. From the air, from the streams, from ships, all of it from ourselves.

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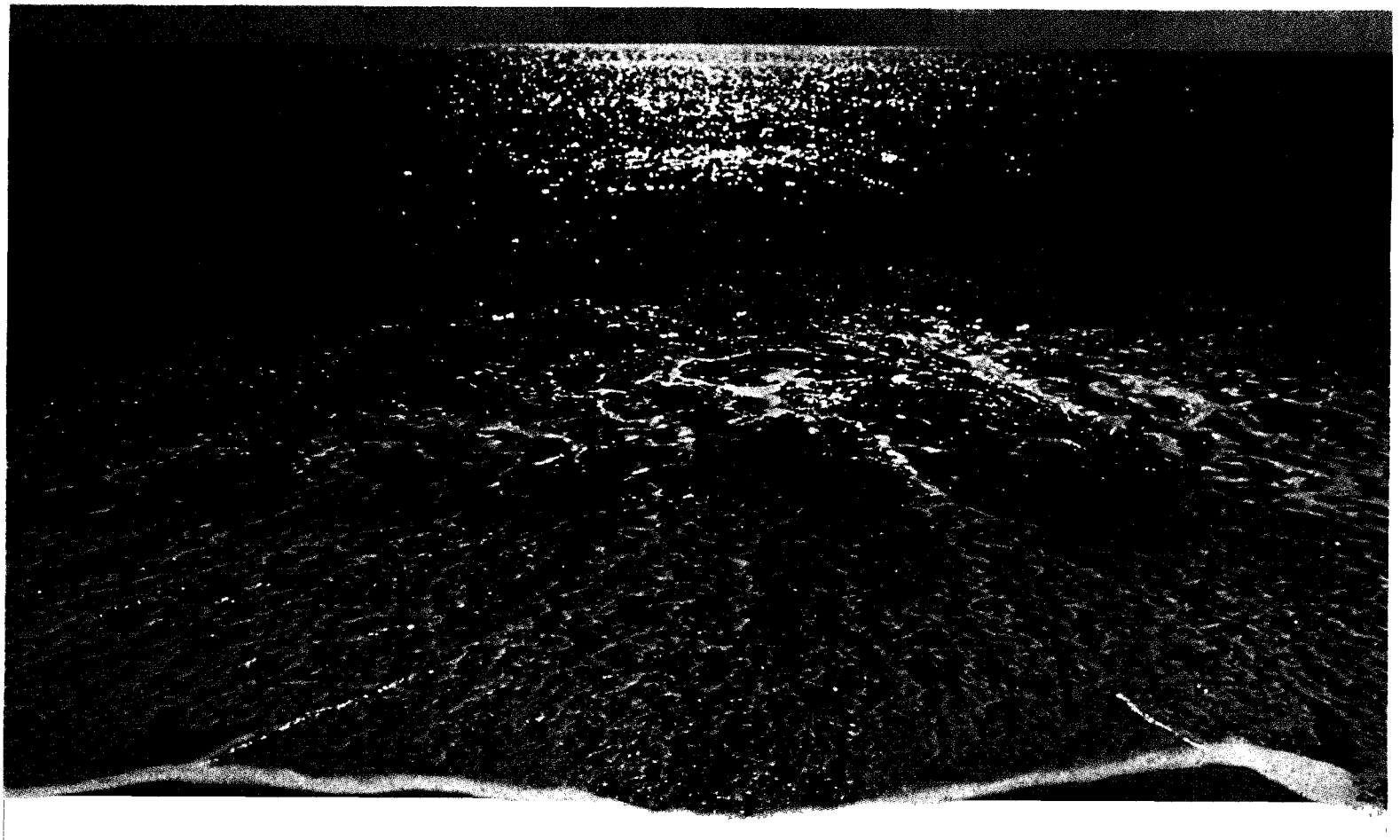

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1974 International Business Review

The Monetary Muddle

Certainly no crisis since 1939 has churned up the political and economic climate of our world as vigorously as has the energy emergency. This crisis, while it reaches deep into the personal and business life of all people, seriously exacerbates a still wider crisis—the international monetary muddle. International commerce is the arterial system of modern society. It provides the economic strength and practical means for social progress and world understanding. It depends for its orderly growth and sound development upon a constant, stable international monetary system. Today, that system is in disarray. Experts are challenged to find a commonly agreed-upon solution—viewpoints are as numerous as the experts. In the following mini-symposium, six observers explore how the "system" came apart and suggest ways of putting it back together.

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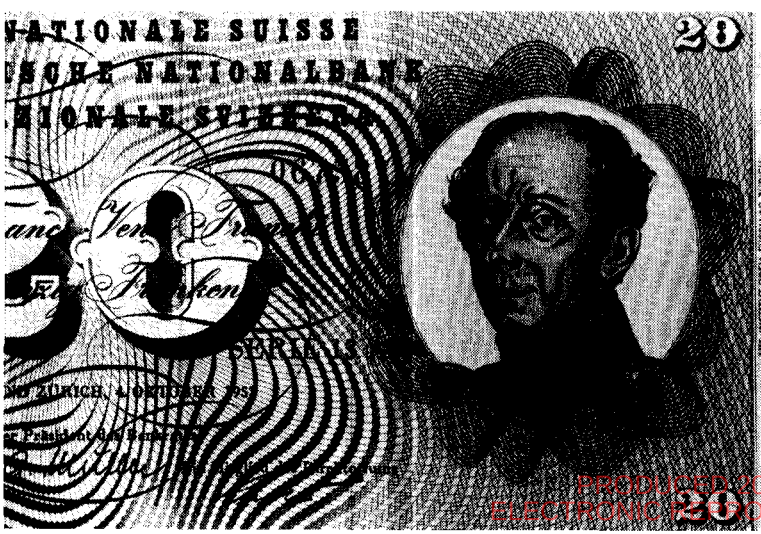

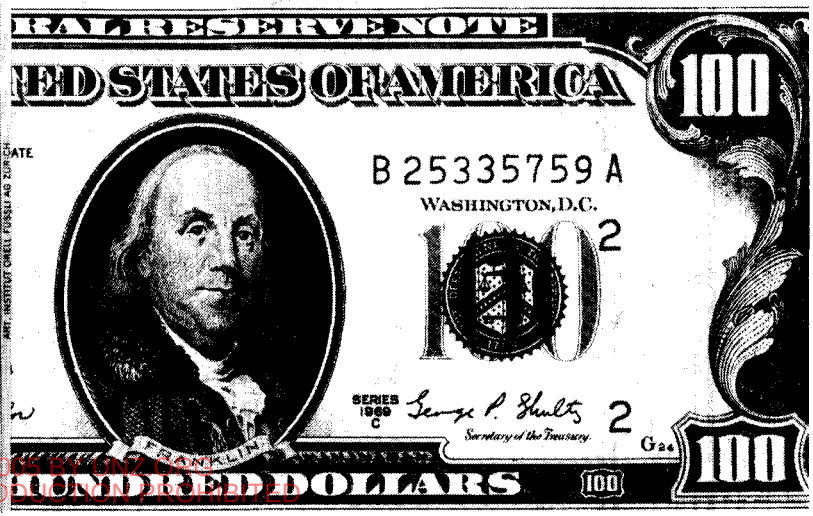

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The "System" in Disarray

Efforts to achieve a new monetary order remain stalled on one key problem—how to correct imbalances in payments.

by Richard N. Cooper

International monetary affairs have been in disarray for six years, since the gold crisis of early 1968. The formal rules of the international monetary "system" are now in abeyance, and some observers contend that international monetary order has been completely shattered. The current circumstances are sharpened by the fact that the international monetary system apparently functioned marvelously throughout the 1950s and most of the 1960s.

How did we get into the present state? How bad is it? What is likely to emerge from the present disarray? Answering these questions requires an excursion into interpretive history.

Before we launch on this excursion, two common explanations should be set aside. The recent disarray cannot be attributed either to the presence or to the passing of any individual—President de Gaulle is often cast in that role. Nor is it due to the admittedly dramatic decline that has taken place during the past two decades in the relative position of the United States on the world economic scene. Its share of gross world output dropped from 39 percent in 1950 to "only" 29 percent in 1972, and its share of international reserves dropped from 50 percent to 8 percent during the same period. European nations and Japan grew rapidly following the devastation of war, and the former have coalesced into a community that now exceeds the United States in the relative importance of its trade.

These factors have played a contributing role in evolving monetary developments, but they have not been central. The main considerations, alas, have been more technical. But that is only superficially a cause for regret. While it makes the problem more difficult to explain, it also makes a solution easier to grasp—once nations recognize the technical nature of the problem. Disagreements on fundamentals may remain, but at least the non-solutions that have so far dominated discussions can be set to one side.

The key problem of financial relations among nations is how to keep countries from getting into a balance-of-payments deficit (or surplus) and how to eliminate an imbalance once it arises. There are two broad approaches to the task of correcting imbalances: Financial conservatives favor reducing total domestic demand, even if that causes higher unemployment. The other approach is to rely on measures acting directly on foreign trade and capital flows. Import taxes or quotas do that, and so do changes in the price of the country's currency with respect to foreign currencies—its exchange rate, in the language of financial markets.

The nineteenth-century gold standard had relied on the first approach; it was rejected by leading nations in the 1940s in favor of ultimate reliance on the exchange rate for balance-of-payments adjustment.

The Bretton Woods System—named after the New Hampshire village where the final conference was held in 1944—was bold in conception and ideal on paper. It was constructed on the ashes of the economic nationalism of the depression-ridden 1930s. The architects of this system laid down four points:

• First, international financial questions impinged on many nations, hence called for international accountability by nations to the community of nations.

• Second, it was thought that the best way to carry out this responsibility, yet still allow for the required adjustment, was for each nation to declare a *parity* for its currency, determining its exchange rate with respect to other currencies. That parity was to be changed when

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Bretton Woods Reformers—Their four-point system "was actually tried for the first time in the late 1960s, and it collapsed in the process."

Richard N. Cooper is provost of Yale University and Frank Altschul Professor of International Economics there.

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In Search of a New Order—Treasury Secretary George Shultz with Kenya's Finance Minister Mwai Kibaki at last fall's annual IMF meeting in Nairobi.

necessary to correct a "fundamental disequilibrium" in the country's balance of payments, but only with international approval. That approval was designed to prevent exchange rates from being changed in a predatory fashion, as they had been in the 1930s.

• Third, each country was to maintain convertibility of its currency into other currencies for all trade and service transactions. The use by the Nazi regime in Germany of restrictions on international trade and travel made these devices odious as a restraint on freedom. Each country was also to maintain the convertibility of its currency in quite a different sense—namely, convertibility into gold or into a currency convertible into gold for any foreign *official* balances of its currency acquired through trade.

• Fourth, a new institution, the International Monetary Fund (IMF), was created to police the new rules of behavior and to lend to nations in difficulty while they were still trying to determine whether or not they had a "fundamental disequilibrium" or to tide them over the period during which corrective steps were taking effect.

Most observers credit the Bretton Woods System with great work. World trade has grown at a truly fantastic rate —from $55 billion in 1950 to over $450 billion in 1973—nearly 10 percent a year over nearly a quarter-century, a record that must exceed all previous ones. Most of this growth was real; inflation accounted for a substantial part of it only in the last several years. World output has grown at a rate that looks small only by comparison with trade; and depressions have become "recessions," mild in comparison with pre-war strains of that malady.

But imputing this high performance to the Bretton Woods System has little validity. Indeed, the Bretton Woods System was actually tried for the first time in the late 1960s, and it collapsed in the process. It was out of tune from the start, for it neglected the important role of international capital movements and the difficulty—the virtual impossibility, without Draconian measures inconsistent with other dimensions of economic freedom—of controlling them. This iconoclastic assessment requires justification.

In 1947, when the IMF was created, the overwhelming dominance of the U.S. economy contrasted sharply with the juridical parity among countries called for in the Bretton Woods Agreement—and indeed in most international agreements. (The one concession to actual asymmetries was a system of weighted voting, with the United States having the largest vote.) The countries of Europe and Asia had been devastated by war, and their dependence on the United States for food, materials, and capital equipment was heavy. For most countries, the key financial problem was the "dollar problem"—how to earn enough dollars to pay for needed goods.

The Bretton Woods System was postponed from the start of the IMF in 1947 for a "transition" period that lasted nearly fifteen years. After extensive currency devaluations in 1949, only France among major countries changed the value of its currency in the 1950s (a fact that, in combination with the turbulence surrounding a modest revaluation of the German mark in 1961, led many financial pundits to the view that changes in exchange rates were neither necessary nor desirable). How then did countries correct payments imbalances? By deflation of domestic demand? Occasionally, but that was not the important method of adjustment. Rather, it was first the introduction, then the gradual and variable relaxation, of controls on transactions with the United States and other "strong currency" countries. The devaluations of 1949 gave many countries a competitive edge against American goods, and as their exports expanded, they gradually relaxed their restrictions on imports—a process that lasted until 1961.

By the 1960s that process of differential trade liberalization had virtually run out. The time to introduce the Bretton Woods System might seem to have come, and indeed it was formally accepted by many countries in 1961. But now a new factor emerged that prolonged its true introduction for another six years: the emergence, in 1958, of a large U.S. balance-of-payments deficit, which was to remain large throughout the 1960s. The causes of that deficit were varied, including a short burst of inflation in the United States from 1956 until 1958, the recovery of Europe and the formation of the European Common Market (which stimulated American investment there on a massive scale), and even the advent of intercontinental strategic missiles, which reduced the physical security of the United States relative to business locations overseas.

Because of the large U.S. deficit, virtually all other industrial countries ran balance-of-payments surpluses

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"It has become fashionable to blame recent financial difficulties on 'speculators,' on the Eurodollar market, or on multinational corporations."

throughout the 1960s. They were thus spared the need for making hard decisions to correct payments imbalances. While they would have found it impossible to run deficits indefinitely, surpluses did not carry the same compulsion to take corrective action.

The United States was an apparent exception to the rule regarding deficits. During the dollar-shortage days of the 1950s, countries had formed the habit of building up their balances in dollars. Habits based on convenience are hard to break; so they continued in the 1960s. But so long as other countries willingly held dollars, there was no need for the United States to eliminate its deficit—it could simply issue more IOUs (in practice, the same Treasury bills that are issued in the domestic market—that was one of the sources of convenience). France made an abortive attempt to discipline the United States in the mid-1960s by cashing all its dollars into gold at the U.S. Treasury. But that move was correctly interpreted as a political act designed to humble the United States. Other countries did not share that purpose, and they perceived that large-scale encashment of dollars into gold would bring to an end the system they thought they were operating under; so they more or less voluntarily refrained.

The United States was of course concerned about its payments deficit, and the government took a number of foolish moves to correct it (such as imposing what amounted to a 50 percent tariff on all U.S. government purchases abroad, thus raising the tax burden), but it did not devalue the dollar, as a "fundamental disequilibrium" under the Bretton Woods System would have required.

The Vietnam war–induced inflation strained to the breaking point the willingness of other countries to accumulate dollars. First Germany (in 1969) and then Canada (in 1970) revalued their currencies upward to stem the inflationary impulses from the United States. The U.S. deficit grew enormously in 1971; and when the United Kingdom (a country that ironically had been in chronic deficit until 1969) allegedly raised the prospect of converting some of its dollars into gold, the result was necessarily a formal suspension of gold convertibility by President Nixon in his new economic policy of August 1971. But that suspension would have come sooner or later, for the sharp growth in foreign-held dollars relative to the U.S. gold stock was making convertibility increasingly hypothetical.

It has become fashionable to blame recent financial difficulties on "speculators," on the Eurodollar market, or on multinational corporations. These groups are blameworthy only in the sense that financial crises would be less dramatic without them. Speculators, which for these purposes include many of the multinational corporations, often acting through the Eurodollar market, anticipate changes that they believe more fundamental economic developments would require sooner or later in any case. Speculation is a symptom of difficulty, not the cause of it. Of course, speculators may be wrong in their judgment, and their fallibility creates a source of disturbance that otherwise might have been avoided. The dollar undoubtedly depreciated too much last year. But by and large, the "disequilibria" arise from underlying cost, income, and price trends, not from speculation.

Until the late 1960s, exchange-rate changes among major currencies were rare. Differential trade liberalization in the 1950s and large (but grudgingly acceptable) U.S. deficits in the early and mid-1960s had reduced the need for such changes. And even when the need arose, governments were reluctant to act because of the speculative turbulence, before and after, created by highly mobile capital, in effect nullifying the Bretton Woods stipulation for thorough international consultation and agreement on proposed exchange-rate changes.

It is thus not too much of an exaggeration to say that the Bretton Woods System broke down just when it was actually first put into operation, that is, in the late 1960s, when major countries began to use large changes in exchange rates to correct fundamental imbalances. The inflationary pressures of the late 1960s put exceptional strain on the system, but payments imbalances are *bound* to arise from time to time because of divergent economic developments among countries governed by democratic majorities. A large machine with parts changing speed at different rates requires clutches and gears to keep the parts in harmonious alignment. Completely fixed exchange rates require all the parts to move at the same speed all the time, accelerating or decelerating together; abrupt changes in exchange rates, à la Bretton Woods, run the risk of stripping the gears.

The weakness of an international monetary system that relied for new reserves on the dollar—or on any other national currency—was recognized many years ago and has been potentially remedied through the creation of the new Special Drawing Rights at the IMF. Now the weakness in the adjustment process is perceived as well, but there is still a strong, if misguided, nostalgia—especially in Europe—for the Bretton Woods System. That system did serve the exceedingly useful purpose of establishing an international accountability for nations in the financial domain. But its basic *modus operandi* did not work and cannot work. Large-step changes in exchange rates are not compatible with the high mobility of funds prevalent today. We will not achieve a real reform of the international monetary system until this point is recognized by all the major parties.

The multinational Committee of Twenty, charged with laying down the principles of reform, is stalled on the key problem posed at the outset: how to correct imbalances in payments. Many participants would like to rely mainly on domestic economic adjustment. Indeed, they would like to see the new monetary rules impose much tighter discipline on domestic economic policies, especially in the present inflationary environment. Others, more realistically, perceive that the solution to inflation must be found domestically, not through international rules that cannot ultimately be enforced. Exchange rates must be changed more frequently and by smaller amounts (to discourage speculation) than in the past to provide the smooth adjustments among economies that are governed primarily by domestic concerns and considerations.

Since it takes twenty to agree, and the disagreements run deep, disagreement will prolong the status quo of floating exchange rates. This *ad hoc* system has weathered its difficulties far better than many had initially feared, and—who knows?—further favorable experience with it may provide the basis for agreement to institutionalize it. A worse fate could befall us. □

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A Glossary

Out of the Woods Comes the Snake

Much of the trouble in understanding the world money muddle is a vocabulary problem. Memorize the following glossary, and you can astonish your friendly central banker or finance minister.

BRETTON WOODS—The town in New Hampshire where, in 1944 at the old Mount Washington Hotel, Harry Dexter White of the United States, Lord Keynes of Great Britain, and other delegates of the allied capitalist powers negotiated the postwar world monetary system. The delegates sat in rickety white chairs around a hollow square of dining-room tables covered with white tablecloths. Lord Keynes's friends called him "Maynard."

CONVERTIBILITY—The United States, the economic titan of the postwar world, stood ready to convert dollars held by foreign governments into gold on request. However, nations were glad to add not only gold but also dollars to their monetary reserves, because the dollar was considered as good as gold—even better, since dollars would earn interest if they were invested in U.S. securities. Thus the dollar became the sun of the world monetary system, and all other currencies its moons. But, alas, the dollar gradually weakened as the United States ran deficits year after year. Finally, on August 15, 1971, the Bretton Woods System collapsed when President Nixon said the United States would no longer convert dollars into gold or into . . .

SPECIAL DRAWING RIGHTS (SDRs)—International monetary reserves created by the IMF and nicknamed "paper gold." SDRs do not have the many uses of dollars—for foreign trade, investment, or dealing in foreign exchange markets; they are used only to settle payments deficits between nations. Yet the nations of the world have declared that SDRs—in altered form—should in time replace both dollars and gold as international money. Whether the nations really believe that is open to some doubt. The Europeans suspect the United States of wanting to

Ken Rinciari

preserve the "dollar standard." The United States suspects some European countries of wanting to restore the gold standard.

FIXED EXCHANGE RATES—The Bretton Woods Agreement—more the design of White than Keynes—required every country joining the International Monetary Fund (IMF) to pick a par value for its currency in terms of gold (whether it actually had any gold or not). The United States, which had most of the world's gold reserves, said it would keep the par value of the dollar at one thirty-fifth of an ounce of gold (where President Roosevelt had set it in 1933—before then it was worth one twenty-first of an ounce). So gold was officially priced at thirty-five dollars an ounce, and all other countries picked par values for their currencies in relation to gold and the dollar. The Bretton Woods System was one of fixed exchange rates, with only a little wobbling above and below par permitted.

FLOATING EXCHANGE RATES—As the Bretton Woods System fell apart, so did fixed exchange rates. Currencies floated

up or down, with supply and demand. The dollar, first cut in value by 8 percent and then 10 percent, subsequently floated still lower—until it began to climb again in the fall of 1973. The dollar has been coming on strong as the U.S. trade and payments position has improved—partly because dollar devaluation gave this country a trading advantage, partly because world food shortages increased demand for American farm products, and partly because, with the Arab oil embargo, the United States looks better off for energy resources than its chief competitors, Western Europe and Japan.

THE SNAKE—The Western European nations think stable exchange rates among them are essential to linking their economies closer together, so they are trying to hold their currencies inside a "snake"—really a water snake, which floats about in relation to the dollar.

WORLD MONETARY REFORM—Everybody has his own notion of what reform means. To the Europeans and Japanese, it chiefly means the end of the dollar's role as a reserve currency; the United States, they feel, should make good on its debts like any other country instead of having the power to print dollars to cover them. To the United States, the main object of reform is to improve "the adjustment process"—the way governments go about correcting their deficit or surplus positions. Countries can adjust, for instance, by changing their exchange rates, reducing trade barriers, increasing foreign aid, or controlling domestic inflation. Negotiating reform is proving unspeakably difficult. So everybody has begun to speak in favor of "monetary evolution"—his own kind.

LEONARD SILK

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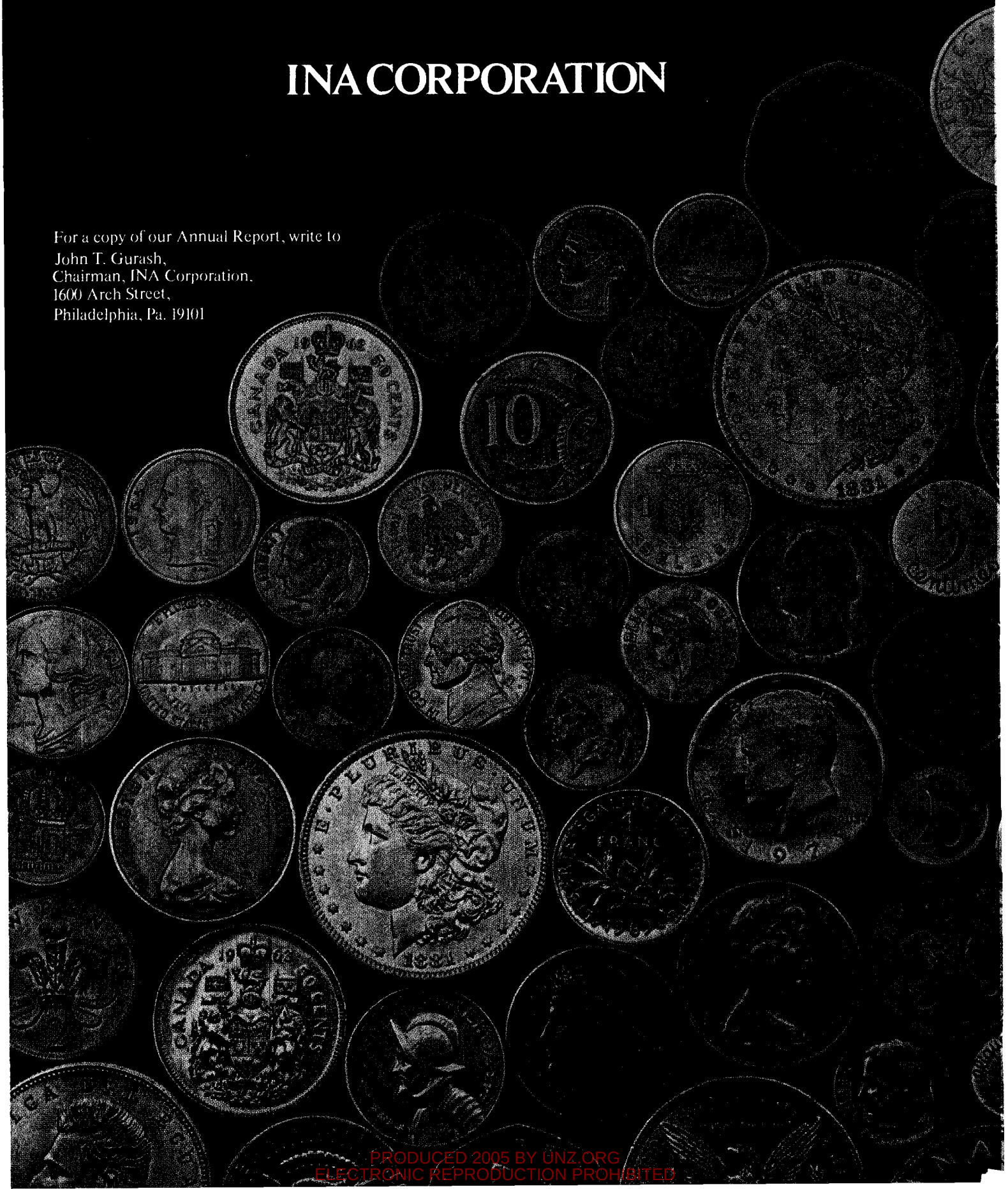

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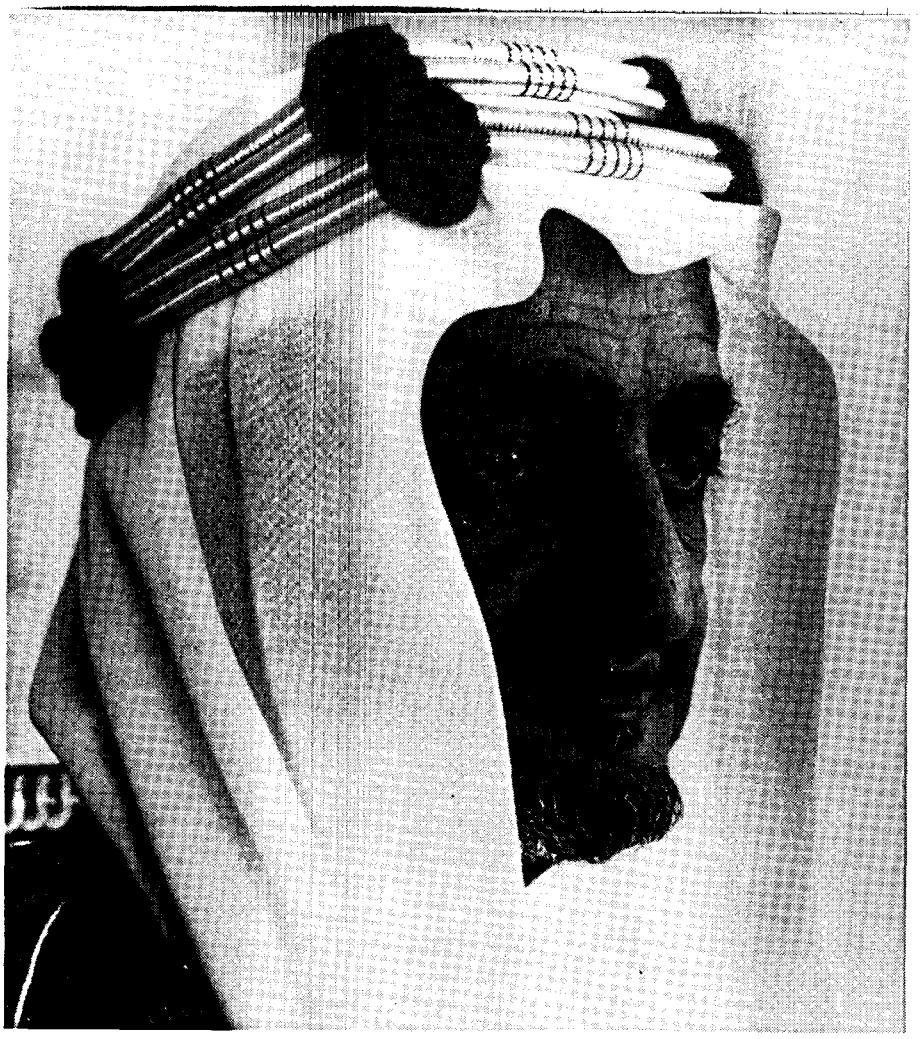

UPI

Saudi Arabia's King Faisal—"The king appears to worry less about Israel than about Mideastern rivalries."

The Ecopolitics of Oil

How long will the West accept an oil-supply situation that erodes its currencies, alliances, and standards of living? War with Araby? The possibility exists.

by Richard C. Longworth

When the governors of the International Monetary Fund met in Nairobi, Kenya, last fall to debate the world's new monetary system, they gave relatively little thought to the impact of the oil crisis on that system. The ministers and bankers were not blind to the problems an energy crisis could cause; rather, nearly everyone thought the new system would be in place by 1975, presumably before the crisis would hit. A Libyan delegate warned that the oil nations would oppose any restriction on their right to pile up huge monetary reserves, but few money men heard him. Most were playing hooky among the lions and zebras in Nairobi's game park, and the Kenyatta Conference Center was three-fourths empty.

Now, a half-year later, the crisis is nearly upon us and holds huge potential for upsetting the reformed monetary system before it even goes into effect. The crisis, it should be stressed, is not a matter of the short-term shortages caused this winter by the Arab embargo on oil shipments to America and by the cuts in production for Europe and Japan, both aimed at putting pressure on Israel. The long-term problem has nothing to do with Israel and probably would persist even if Israel were to vanish. It is the squeeze over the next ten to fifteen years caused by the probable refusal of the oil nations, Arab and non-Arab, to produce as much oil as the industrial nations need. The oil producers' logic is impeccable: First, they cannot begin to spend the money they would get by supplying all the world's needs, and, second, oil is their only source of income and should be conserved to guarantee a prosperous future. They threaten no cutback in present production. Rather, they say they are unlikely to double that production —which is what an oil-thirsty world will need to keep going.

Much has been written already on the effect an oil drought could have on life in the West—the death of air conditioning, for instance, or night baseball or the private car. Just as imminent are wrenching changes in America's role in the world—e.g., injury to the American-European-Japanese economy and the impending breakup (already begun) of NATO, on which U.S. policy has been based since 1941. Responsible men are even suggesting that the United States may go to war to secure the oil it needs to live.

Of that, more later. For a glimpse into the future, it is necessary to begin, as the crisis itself began, with money.

James E. Akins, the new U.S. ambassador to Saudi Arabia, early last year wrote that the Arab nations and Iran must produce 48.5 million barrels of oil per day by 1980 to satisfy the growing Western economies. That is more than double the 23.8 million barrels that those nations drilled per day in 1972. Akins predicted five dollars per barrel as the probable average 1980 price. From that, he calculated that these arid, underpopulated nations would earn a staggering $210 billion between now and then, including $63 billion in 1980 alone. The *Financial Times* of London noted that income on this scale "could enable countries like Saudi Arabia to buy companies the size of Exxon or Shell at the rate of one a year without feeling the pinch."

Two things, both surmised by Ambassador Akins, have happened in the brief year since his predictions appeared. First, the Arabs warned that they have no intention of raising production that much. For most of them, the unspent

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surplus funds would bring more trouble than good. And oil left in the ground is a fine hedge against inflation. That would cause a Western oil drought, of course, but it *would* bring our 1980 oil bill down, were it not for the second event—the Arabs' unilateral scrapping of price-setting negotiations with oil companies. From now on, the Arabs intend to set prices themselves at whatever level the market will bear. The five-dollar figure that Akins forecast for 1980 is already outdated. Sheikh Ahmed Zaki al-Yamani, the Harvard-educated oil minister of Saudi Arabia, has said his country could cut output by 80 percent and survive because "a barrel of crude oil . . . could be sold for fifteen or twenty dollars."

Worried bankers see a peril to the world monetary system in that high Arab oil income. For one thing, only a few nations, such as Iran and Iraq, will spend all their income on development. The rest, with fewer people and problems, will run up a surplus of $40 billion to $110 billion—maybe more—by 1980. So much money simply cannot help causing trouble: Last year's money crisis began with the speculative shift, in a much smaller amount, of the homeless U.S. Eurodollars overseas. Yet can that much money be usefully spent in such a short time? Can it be invested abroad without creating dangerous social and political pressures—an "Arab challenge" dwarfing the "American challenge" that so exercises Europeans? Is there a Faisal in our future?

If the money would cause trouble on arrival in the oil nations, it would do equal damage on its way out of America, Japan, and Europe.

Monetary reform has been postponed, and world currencies have been allowed to float until the badly skewed payments balances of the major nations—particularly the huge U.S. deficits—can be put right. At year's end that objective was in sight. The U.S. trade balance had moved suddenly into surplus. Agreement on the major elements of reform seemed likely by last summer. Oil has threatened all that.

By 1980 the United States may be sending $20 billion or more abroad each year to pay for oil. Europe's energy deficit could be even higher—some $25 billion—and Japan's, $15 billion. Outflows of that size not only would upset any payments balances but also would undercut a key reform—the punishment of nations with big and persistent deficits or surpluses. In that situation, can Europe and Japan, and probably America, avoid deficits? And can the unavoidable surpluses of the oil nations realistically be penalized? That Libyan delegate in Nairobi said no.

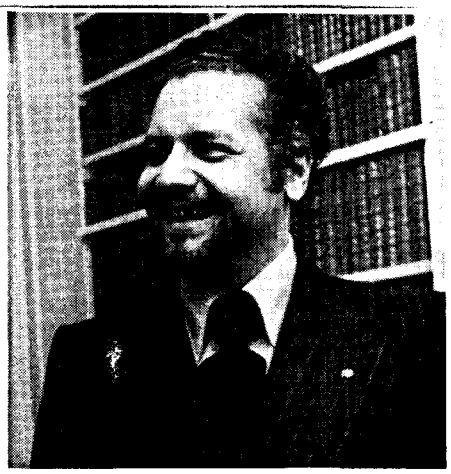
It is idle to hope, moreover, that the Arabs could resist the temptation to play the money markets. Most evidence indicates that they suffered by staying out of last year's money speculation. They are unlikely to abstain a second time.

Finally, the new monetary system will be based on an artificial currency called the Special Drawing Right. This SDR will be backed by a mélange of the more muscular currencies—gold plus the dollar, pound, yen, deutsche mark. But a nation's currency is only as strong as its economy. If the oil crisis damages Western economies, it also will damage their currencies. What good, then, will the SDR be? Or monetary reform itself, for that matter?

No sober and sophisticated Arab economist—and there are many—wants that. Oil will be sold, after all, for Western currencies. If these currencies collapse, so will Arab income. But the economics of the oil game has assumed a mad momentum of its own.

IN AN ARTICE I wrote for this magazine last year, I called the oil crisis the "joker in the deck" of transatlantic relations, because it would force the allies—already at odds over so many issues—to face the Middle East together or fall out in a competitive scramble for scarce oil reserves. That joker has been played, much sooner than expected, with the sharp U.S.-European division over the Arab oil boycott that began in October. The United States went one way, in continued support of Israel. The Common Market countries went the other, issuing a statement that, for the first time, put Europe on the Arab side. That statement was an error, because it forfeited Europe's bargaining chips—economic and political—in the first hand of the game. Holland signed the statement, but the Arabs boycotted the Dutch anyway, to punish them for pro-Israel statements during the Yom Kippur war. The other eight EEC nations, in a display of coordinated cowardice reminiscent of Munich, refused to support Holland for fear that the Arabs would boycott them, too. The affair afforded the spectacle of eight allies helping the Arabs enforce a boycott against a ninth—a sorry start for the "foreign policy" that Europe hopes to build.

The episode was the first in what will become a series of challenges to Western unity. From it, the Arabs already have learned that this unity hardly exists. They now know that Europe, at least, will pawn its foreign policy for oil. They have seen that a nation's support of Israel decreases as its dependence on Arab oil grows. Europe gets 72 percent of its oil from the Arabs; the United States gets 11 percent. Who can blame the Arabs for thinking that if U.S. oil imports rise as fast as expected, Washington might see new merit in the Arab case? And why, therefore, should they compromise?



UPI
Sheikh Yamani—"The Saudi Arabian oil minister has said his country could cut output by 80 percent and survive."

That situation stems, of course, from the Arab-Israeli war. For the long-term crisis, prospects for allied cooperation are not much better. The United States made a belated move toward a truly cooperative policy when Henry Kissinger proposed an "energy action group," uniting America, Europe, and Japan in a common attack on the crisis. Kissinger offered a "very major financial and intellectual contribution" from the United States and said the oil-producing states could join in, too. But the Europeans, fearful of being tarred by Washington's pro-Israel brush, are wary. France, in particular, opposes any all-European approach to Washington, because it believes (erroneously) that its good relations with Arab countries give it boycott-proof supplies.

The Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean is said to have fuel problems because the Arabs told Italy to cut off the fleet's oil. The logical extension of that squeeze is an end to the American presence in Europe. If the Arabs order West Germany to stop the sending of oil supplies to U.S. forces based there and Germany acquiesces, Congress will certainly have the soldiers on the next plane home.

In those testy circumstances, how can the West and the world get through the

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next decade with minimum damage to economies, currencies, and foreign relations? A few governments seem certain. Western governments must take the place of the independent oil companies in negotiations with the oil nations about prices and output. The oil business is too important to be left to the oil firms, which have become tax collectors and lobbyists for the Arabs, offering little protection to the consumer. The Common Market would like to turn Europe's oil firms into glorified public utilities. That trend probably will grow.

Another casualty will be the philosophy of waste expounded by President Nixon when he said: "There are only seven percent of the people of the world living in the United States, and we use thirty percent of all the energy. That isn't bad. That is good. That means we are the richest, strongest people in the world, and that we have the highest standard of living in the world. That is why we need so much energy, and may it always be that way." In fact, Americans use so much energy because they waste half of it. The average American uses two-and-a-half times as much energy as does the average European to support a standard of living only marginally higher. If China alone consumed energy with the per capita profligacy that Americans display, it would use up every watt, gallon, and BTU in the world.

Beyond that, many long-range policies have been proposed. U.S. oil expert Walter J. Levy has urged the United States, with its relatively small dependence on Arab oil, to protect its allies against extreme shortages. In return, Japan and Europe must "forego the temptation of looking only at their immediate self-interest." If that much trust can be built—and, on present evidence, the possibility is doubtful—the industrial nations, Levy says, could "avoid bidding against each other or being played against each other with ever-escalating political and economic demands being made upon them." A "countervailing power" to the oil-producing nations would emerge, and "the extraordinary political, strategic, and economic power of the Atlantic-Japanese group of nations" would restore balance to the oil picture.

Yet "Long-Term Projections of Political and Military Power," an authoritative study compiled for the U.S. Navy by a Princeton team, doubts the allies can find enough unity to make such pressure effective. It also discounts economic pressures, because the Arabs need nothing so badly as we need the oil. Nor, it adds dryly, "in view of their past experience with Western powers, would they be especially susceptible to moral and political arguments."

Some Westerners still see the Arab as an unlettered desert warrior, swapping his camels for Cadillacs as the oil gushes in. But the warrior's sons are in charge now. They have been to Harvard and Wharton and would rather invest in computers than Caddies.

"British strategist Neville Brown warns that the West 'may face the choice of capitulating or going in physically to get the oil.'"

A Western cartel for negotiating with the Arabs or for allocating supplies will probably be necessary. But unity must be assured in advance, since the Arabs say they would use a boycott to break up any "hostile" cartel. Everyone agrees on the need to develop nuclear and solar energy. In the long run, those plus coal will provide the answer. But only the White House believes they will be functioning effectively by 1980.

King Faisal appears to worry less about Israel (except for Jerusalem) than about Mideastern rivalries involving Saudi Arabia, Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, the two Yemens, and the seven sheikhdoms in the United Arab Emirates. The country that armed Faisal against these threats, as we have begun to do, might cash his gratitude in for oil. That could be an effective policy despite the moral and practical objections, not the least of which is that it is playing with fire.

But for all our futures, the best strategy is cooperation. The oil nations do need Western technology, finance, political support, and imports, and they will pay in oil to get them. An example is the recent deal between Germany and Iran, with Bonn getting oil and Tehran getting two steel mills, a refinery, and a petrochemical plant.

The wise use of such long-term cooperation could, if we are lucky, produce the best answer of all—international commodity agreements ensuring a steady oil supply to the benefit of both producer and consumer. Joseph Yager of the Brookings Institution urges the formation of an "international oil organization . . . stabilizing the production and marketing of oil." Both Arabia's Sheikh Yamani and Iran's Jahangir Amuzegar suggest that the oil nations invest their immense profits in refineries, pipelines, and other energy projects that the industrialized nations, by themselves, will be hard pressed to finance.

But before that can happen, the Arabs must realize they can gain nothing by playing the Western allies off against each other, by tying politics to oil, by imposing leapfrog price demands, and by cutting output to drought levels—whether out of self-interest or to fulfill the threat by Libya's Qaddafi to "ruin your industries." That realization, in turn, will not happen so long as Japan, America, and Europe undercut each other for every drop of Arab oil. In a world of "Nixon shokkus" and aborted "years of Europe," that unity is elusive. But on that issue, at least, the allies' interests are identical.

The alternative to cooperation has been clearly stated. British strategist Neville Brown warns that the West "may face the choice of capitulating or going in physically to get the oil." Sen. J. William Fulbright says Washington may "come to the conclusion that military action is required to secure the oil resources of the Middle East, to secure our exposed jugular." Sheikh Yamani says the Arabs would blow up their oil fields if that happened. But the study for the U.S. Navy says the Western powers, if they "became very desperate," could marshal overwhelming military strength.

These men are no warmongers. Brown says an invasion of Araby "is a possibility that I quite frankly regard as horrendous." Yet the possibility exists. Skeptical? Ask yourself this: Would the Western nations accept—*should* they accept—an oil-supply situation that undermines their currencies, economics, foreign policies, alliances, and standards of living? If the search for alternatives begins now, that question need never be asked. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 2

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 64.*

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XS. NIYRLIR

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Letter From Paris

by Clyde Farnsworth

Following is a letter from Tom Pinstripe, European financial director of Universal Multiabstractions, Inc., a multinational American company, to his friend of many years and business colleague in New York, Sam Flannel. Mr. Pinstripe is a composite personality whose thoughts and feelings represent those of many American financial officers in Europe.

Paris
8 January 1974

Dear Sam:

Sorry to be so long in replying to your letter of last month, but honestly, with these back-to-back crises—the dollar, the mark, the yen, gold, and now Arab money and oil—well, there just aren't enough hours in the day. I'm not telling you anything, I know. Maybe it even looks worse from 30 Rock Plaza. It's a leadership crisis in the States—I mean in Washington.

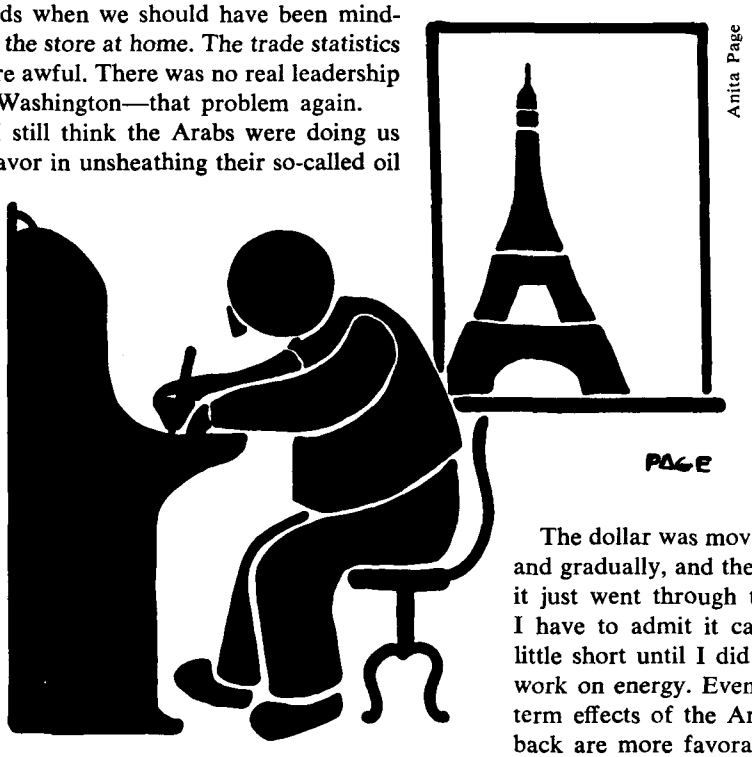
The problems are increasingly serious because everything seems to be breaking up. All the old relationships. If you'll forgive my pontificating for a moment, we're in a dangerous transition phase of history.

At any rate, I hope you've been observing the operations of the international division, and especially the financial operations, because we haven't been doing at all badly in defending our position and making a few bucks on the side—and have certainly more than made up for the fiasco last February when we didn't see the second devaluation of the dollar coming. Even after the second devaluation there was no confidence. That was clear. We were still in Vietnam, screwing around in other people's backyards when we should have been minding the store at home. The trade statistics were awful. There was no real leadership in Washington—that problem again.

I still think the Arabs were doing us a favor in unsheathing their so-called oil weapon because it was obvious that the cost of energy had to rise and that as soon as oil prices got up high enough, it would become commercial for the United States to use its ample coal and shale-oil reserves and become self-sufficient in energy. We were living in a dream world when Middle Eastern oil was only costing two dollars a barrel. And, of course, it wasn't helping the United States at all because we were paying four dollars a barrel for our own production, while Europe and Japan were getting the cheap Middle Eastern supplies. If you want my opinion, this was one of the reasons why our dollar was so overvalued in the 1960s. European industry was more competitive because it was paying less for energy. Now the situation is reversing. It won't help the subsidiaries in Europe, and that's why I think it would be foolish to make any more capital expenditures over here. But in the long run it should make domestic industry in the United States stronger, vis-à-vis Europe and Japan.

I had lunch with Ian MacGregor of American Metal Climax the other day. He told me that the coal reserves of Wyoming alone, coal that lies within 300 feet of the surface, are equivalent in BTUs to two-thirds of the oil reserves of Saudi Arabia. And then there's all that shale.

Well, as you can see, I've had to become something of an energy expert because the monetary implications are so enormous.



The dollar was moving up nice and gradually, and then suddenly it just went through the ceiling. I have to admit it caught me a little short until I did my homework on energy. Even the short-term effects of the Arab oil cutback are more favorable for the U.S. than for Europe or Japan because they really need the stuff, while we can tighten our belts a little and get by with our own and non-Mideast supplies. And it's good all this happened before we got too damned dependent on the Saudis. Because then we'd be in the same boat as Europe and Japan are in now.

So my problem is to pilot the finances here through a recession. I have to admit it helps my native pride to ask the Germans to pay us a little faster, because I don't like their currency so much anymore. I just hope the dollar doesn't get too strong too fast. What everybody's worried about is competitive devaluations, and I tell you that's a real danger unless they get some ground rules in this monetary system. I really can't see the Germans or the French, or anybody over here, taking a high rate of unemployment before devaluing first.

Let's hope it doesn't come to that. Meanwhile, we're putting our spare cash in dollars and, yes—why not?—Kuwaiti dinars. There's a currency that's solid, convertible, partially backed by gold, and dammit, sitting on all that oil.

All the best,
Tom

Clyde Farnsworth is a Paris-based economic correspondent for The New York Times.

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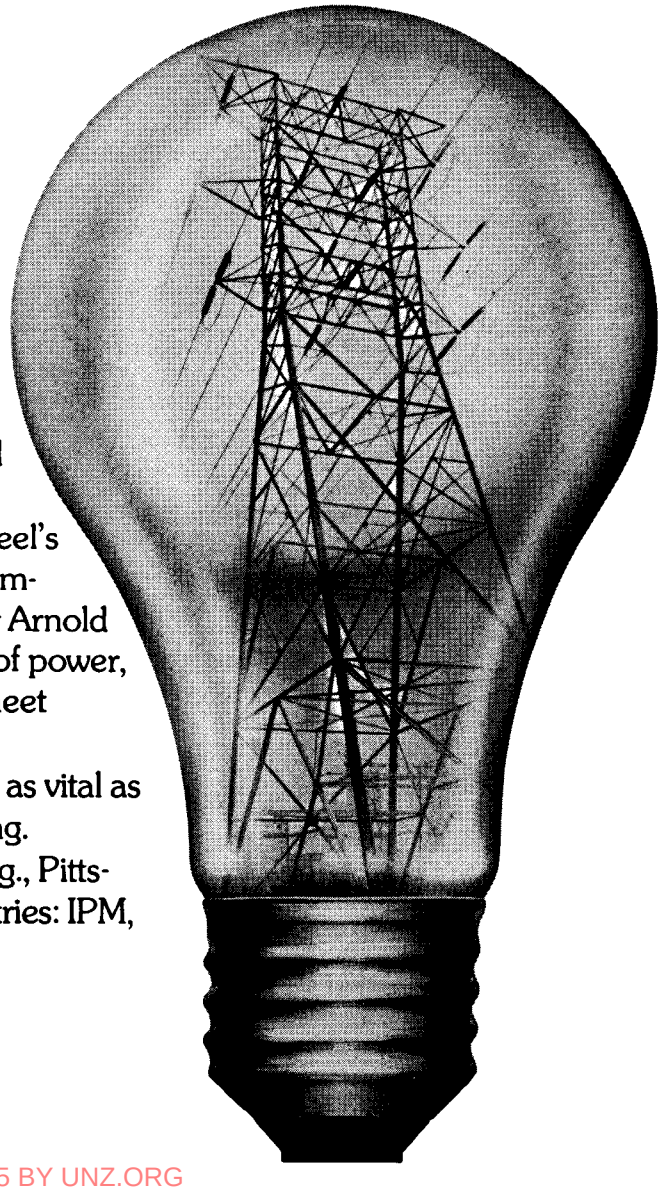

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Today's Big Red Market

by Harry Schwartz

For veteran Russia watchers in this country, there is a sense of *déjà vu* about the current boom in Soviet-American trade and about the even greater boom in expectations about that trade's future. There is much in the recent atmosphere that is reminiscent of the late 1920s and early 1930s, when American industry contributed so much to helping realize Stalin's initial program of Soviet industrialization. Once again we have enthusiastic meetings of American businessmen who cheer the messengers of Moscow bringing the good news that the Kremlin wants to buy. Once again Red Square has become a sort of Times Square for top American executives. And once again machinery manufactured in Ohio and Pennsylvania and New York and even California is being installed in Kharkov and Leningrad and Omsk and, no doubt, even Tomsk. It is rumored that forward-looking planners at Harvard Business School are suggesting that the study of the Russian language be made a required course for the M.B.A.

The bare statistics tell the dizzying tale plainly enough. In 1971 the United States sold about $160 million worth of goods to the Soviet Union. In 1972 that figure jumped to almost $550 million; in 1973, if the pace set from January to July was maintained the rest of the year, exports could approach $1.5 billion. The optimists argue that this is only the beginning and that by 1980 even the 1973 figures will look picayune. Now is the time to get on the Moscow trade bandwagon for fun and profit, they argue.

The optimists could prove to be correct, and certainly few major American industrial corporations today are without salesmen and market researchers probing more or less actively for Russian orders. However, there is also restraint and caution. And heed is being paid to pessimists who see the Russian trade expansion as a semi-mirage for the longer-run future and who also worry about the political backlash on their companies of too close and too extensive economic relations with Moscow.

The skeptics' case has both economic and political foundations. Economically, the doubters note that most of the recent export boom derives from last year's gigantic Soviet grain purchases here. With Moscow claiming a record 1973 grain harvest, Soviet buying agents are not likely to appear again soon in the American wheat market with the same almost insatiable appetite that they displayed in mid-1972.

Harry Schwartz is a longtime student of the Soviet economy and Soviet-American trade.

> "It is hard to see how multi-billion-dollar investments in Siberian natural gas would help make the U.S. self-sufficient in energy."

Even more, the skeptics worry about the colossal imbalance between recent Soviet purchases here and sales to this country. U.S. imports from Russia have been rising, but it would be surprising if in 1973 Soviet goods arriving here totaled very much more than $150 million, that is, little more than 10 percent of indicated 1973 U.S. exports. For the moment, Moscow is making up this huge gap by a combination of American credits plus payments in cash derived from Soviet sales of gold and other commodities elsewhere. Such a huge export-import imbalance as displayed in 1973 Soviet-American trade hardly seems supportable very long.

But the political hurdles ahead seem even more daunting to many observers than the economic problems. The simple fact is that many Americans still neither like nor trust the Soviet Union, and their sentiments are widely shared in Congress. The strength of these suspicions has been demonstrated vividly by Sen. Henry Jackson's success in frustrating the Nixon administration's efforts to deliver its promise to Moscow to give Soviet goods arriving here most-favored-nation tariff treatment.

Unpromising as the Soviet-American political atmosphere was regarding trade before the October Middle East war, that conflict worsened the situation. The brilliant display of the capability of Soviet advanced weapons during the conflict aroused new fears among many Americans and raised pointed questions about the wisdom of selling Moscow the American technology in computers and other fields that the Kremlin so badly wants.

But it is the Arab embargo on oil for the United States that has raised the most political worries before the most enthusiastic proponents of close Soviet-American economic cooperation. That is because the huge projects Moscow wants involve U.S. credits in the billions of dollars for developing Soviet natural-gas fields in frozen Siberia and for building the infrastructure required to carry that natural gas to markets. Moscow proposes to repay those credits by natural-gas deliveries after 1980.

But those promises seem less convincing now than earlier in this era. The spectacle of the American-owned oil giant Aramco being used as Saudi Arabia's prime servant in implementing and enforcing the Arab oil boycott against this country has been traumatic. If the Arabs, relatively weak militarily, can deny the fruits of American oil investment in the Middle East to the United States, what would stop the Soviet Union in the 1980s from reneging on its promises of natural-gas deliveries if new economic or political developments are made that seem advantageous to Moscow?

Even before the Yom Kippur war, the Nixon administration was being cautious about the Siberian natural-gas projects, showing nervousness about the large investments required and demanding that Moscow provide much more information than the Kremlin is accustomed to supply foreigners about its economic projects.

But these days President Nixon's line is that the United States must become self-sufficient in energy and not be dependent upon anyone else's whim. If that is meant seriously, it is hard to see how multi-billion-dollar investments in Siberian natural gas would help make the United States self-sufficient in energy. Couldn't the same money be used to better and more secure advantage in developing U.S. coal, oil, natural gas, shale, and other similar resources, either in the lower forty-eight states or in Alaska?

It may be that the Arabs will relent, that the chill in Moscow-Washington relations will warm up as the Middle East war recedes into history. But at the moment—though the trade statistics are still rocketing and though new contracts are being signed almost every week—the future of Soviet-American economic relations seems very cloudy. And the pessimists recall that after the boom of the late 1920s and early 1930s there was a sharp drop in the mid- and late 1930s. Will history repeat in the mid- and late 1970s? □

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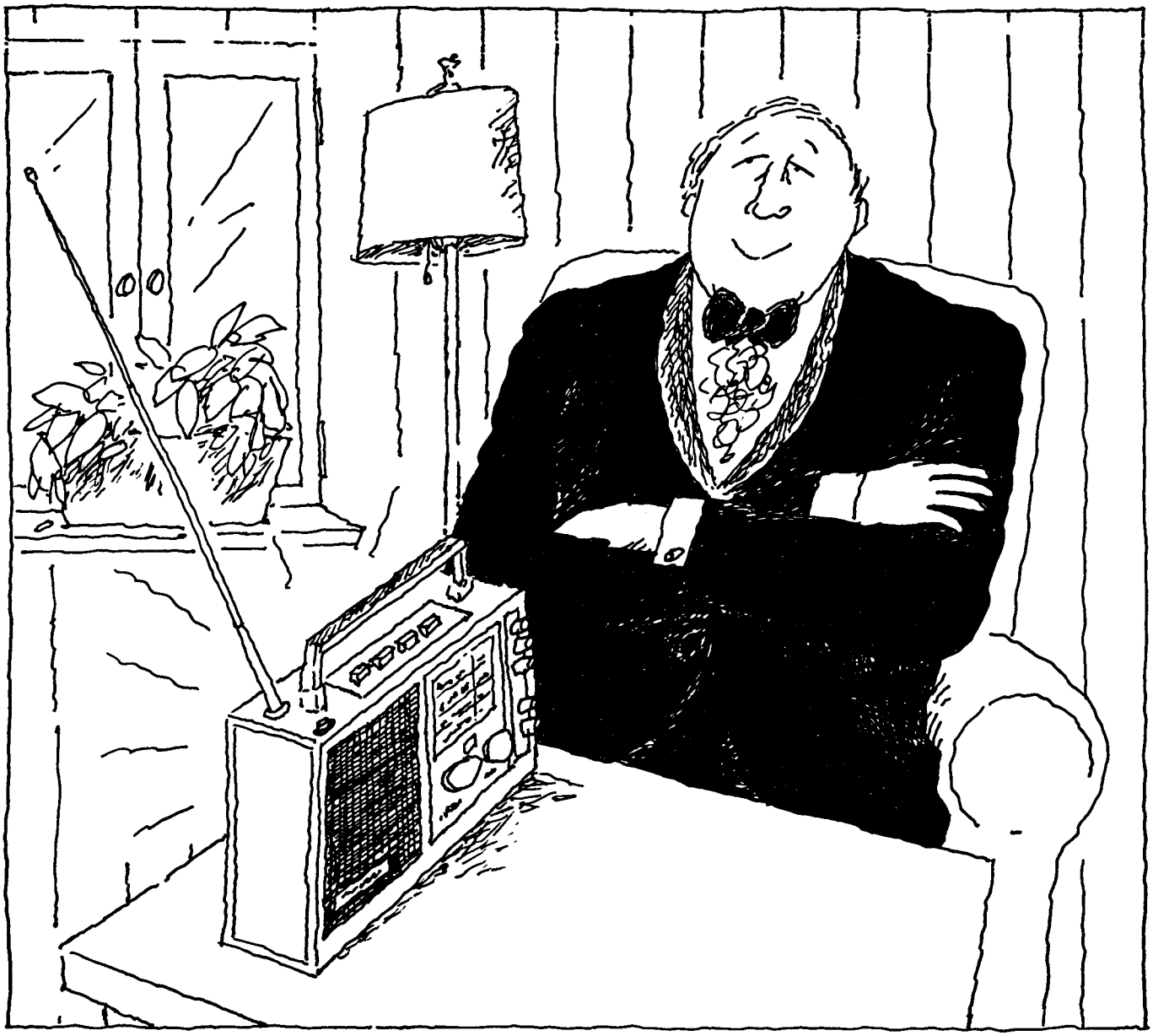

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The Nine Lives of Gold

The all-important metal has made another roaring worldwide comeback despite U.S. efforts to keep it immobilized.

by C. Gordon Tether

It is by this means that the Great Khan may have and, in fact, has more treasure than all the kings of the world. These pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and authority as if they were of pure gold or silver, and on every piece a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names and put their seals. And the Khan causes every year to be made such a vast quantity of this money, which costs nothing, that it must equal in amount all the treasures in the world.

With these pieces of paper, the Khan causes all payments on his account to be made, and he makes them pass universally over all his kingdom and possessions and territories and whithersoever his power and sovereignty extends. And no one, however important he may think himself, dares refuse them.

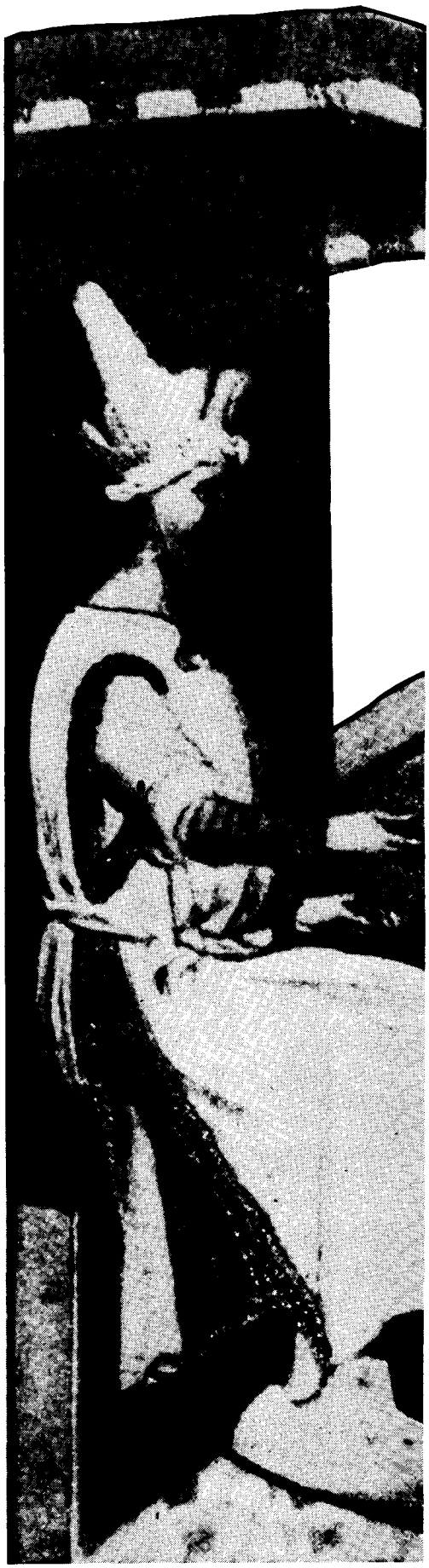
So wrote Marco Polo of the monetary system devised by the man who ruled over the greatest kingdom the world has ever known. That was seven centuries ago. Yet the passage could be fairly used to describe the monetary regime that the United States has imposed on the non-Communist world through the profligate dissemination of inconvertible paper dollars. And since money is a field wherein history is particularly apt to repeat itself, it is not surprising to find that the self-generated afflictions that eventually brought the Great Khan's monetary debauch to a disastrous conclusion are now besetting the dollar.

That, let it be clearly understood, is what the great debate currently raging over the future role of gold in world monetary affairs is really all about. If gold is dead, as Washington propaganda would have everyone believe, it won't lie down. The fact that the metal has roared into the headlines during the past year, with a popularity rating so high that its market price has more than doubled, is eloquent enough testimonial. Indeed, gold is standing right in the path of the Nixon administration's efforts to exploit the international monetary havoc it has itself done so much to create for one key purpose—to make the world safe for financial policies that depend on keeping a debased and discredited dollar afloat.

It is currently fashionable to denigrate the Bretton Woods System's procedure for maintaining international monetary law and order, which finally collapsed when the United States torpedoed its key feature—the convertibility link between gold and currencies—in the summer of 1971. That is just a way of deflecting attention from the real culprit. The setup was not, of course, entirely without defects. For one thing, its principal agency —the International Monetary Fund (IMF)—suffered from a certain rigidity in outlook, and that communicated itself in some measure to its members. But, in broad terms, it was an immense success story in all senses but one.

The one flaw the system had—and it turned out to be a fatal one—was the privileged status it conferred on the dollar by allowing it to share with gold the position of centerpiece around which the whole mechanism revolved. That was not a handicap so long as the United States played the game the way the architects had envisaged its being played, and so long as it was just as willing to apply the stipulated disciplines to itself as it was to insist on other countries' abiding by them. But when the American balance of payments started running into trouble in the first half of the 1960s, Washington began to abuse its special status.

The purpose of this deviation from the straight and narrow path of international financial rectitude that the Bretton Woods System had laid down was to get other countries to finance an emergent U.S. payments deficit, arising principally from enthusiasm to export capital for investment in the outside world—a luxury that the deteriorating relationship between American merchandise exports and imports had made impossible to support by orthodox means any longer. And Washington achieved its aim by pressuring these other countries to treat



"Self-generating afflictions that brought th

C. Gordon Tether writes the outspoken and widely read "Lombard" column in the Financial Times *of London.*

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the IMF's convertibility rules as being informally in suspension.

It is rightly said that the appetite grows by what it feeds on. The lack of resistance abroad to the initial and relatively modest excesses did not pass unnoticed. On the contrary, it encouraged those responsible for the new American prodigality to decide that it would be safe to perpetrate even bigger excesses, as the basic payments gap widened in response to the increasing flow of U.S. money into acquisition of assets in other countries.

Not surprisingly, concern abroad for the future of the vast quantities of unwanted dollars that had accumulated in foreign central banks eventually reached the point where some of these institutions felt impelled to risk offending Washington by insisting on at least partial conversion into gold. When they did, the reaction of the Nixon administration was to order the Treasury to close the gold window. The obligation to convert dollars into gold at $35 per ounce, which the United States had solemnly assumed in exchange for being given a highly privileged role in the Bretton Woods System, was unilaterally declared null and void—surely the biggest default in history, remembering that by this time some fifty billion dollars was involved. That was bad enough in itself. What made it worse was that, far from showing any disposition to cooperate with other countries in repairing the damage that had been done, the United States went on to complete the undermining of international monetary law and order by taking advantage of the more permissive atmosphere it had created to unload larger quantities of dollars than ever on the outside world.

The extent of the devastation this baleful process is causing internationally and nationally becomes more apparent with every day that passes. To begin with, the international monetary stability of the 1950s and 1960s has now given way to an unceasing turbulence, which is clearly destined to operate as a severe handicap on the development of healthy world-trading activity. During the past two years there have been two major currency-market upheavals that have given rise to radical alterations in the values of the principal currencies in relation to one another — changes that, for the most part, have little or no connection with the behavior of their purchasing power. And a third upheaval, which seems likely to have the effect of reversing many of the adjustments made by the second, has recently been getting under way.

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Khan's monetary debauch to disastrous conclusion now beset the dollar."

Even more serious still, if that is possible, is the massive contribution the United States has made, by pumping money into the outside world on such a huge scale, to the emergence and perpetuation of a global inflation that shows ominous signs of getting completely out of hand.

The threat to the West's way of life posed by this calamity cannot possibly be overstated. It would not be going too far to say that Lenin himself could not have devised a more effective way of bringing the capitalist system to its knees. For nothing is more likely to encompass its speedy collapse than the disintegration of the monetary arrangements around which it revolves and which are of its very essence.

Remembering that the takeoff point for this tragic story was the American decision to start driving gold out of the international monetary picture for purely selfish reasons, what is to be said of the almost religious fervor with which Washington is currently campaigning for the complete demonetization of the metal on the grounds that it is a barbarous relic that has no place in our sophisticated modern society? Is it possible to conceive of anything more barbaric in this context than flooding the world with vast quantities of unspendable paper money for the purpose of buying up other countries' real assets on a massive scale?

Whatever the reason—and it is hard to believe that it can be anything other than a die-hard refusal to modify, still less abandon, dollar imperialism until there is absolutely no alternative—one thing is clear: The challenge to the dollar represented by gold is not going to be easily beaten off. On the contrary, all the signs are that the growing and readily understandable universal loss of confidence in paper money is finding expression in a mounting enthusiasm for the metal as the only form of money that is worthy of the name.

"Leave the fire ashes: what survives is gold," wrote the poet Robert Browning. It is a precept of which the general public has shown itself increasingly mindful during the past year, as it watched savings held in paper-money form being wiped out at a frightening pace by the onward march of inflation. That explains why the market price of gold soared, at one time, to three times the of-

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ficial parity of forty-two dollars per ounce—and why it has, indeed, only been prevented from reaching even higher levels by intensive U.S. Treasury–inspired propaganda aimed at fostering the impression that a concerted counterattack by central bankers, designed to cut the ground from under the speculators' feet, would be launched at any moment.

And gold seems to be well on the way to enjoying a similar comeback for official monetary purposes. That is the message implicit in the collapse, toward the end of last year, of the so-called two-tier agreement for gold trading—an arrangement concluded by a number of leading countries in 1968, the main purpose of which was to prohibit all official operations in the open market whenever the price there was standing in excess of the official parity. Prepared never to miss a trick if they can help it, the American authorities have sought to portray this development as another success for their demonetization campaign. The theory they adduce in support of that claim is that, because IMF rules permit official sales, but not purchases of gold, at prices exceeding the prescribed parity, the withdrawal of the ban on open-market activity can only lead to official selling there.

In reality, it is obvious that the detailed IMF rules for gold traffic cannot be regarded as having any validity when the fundamental principle on which they are based—the free and automatic convertibility of currencies into gold and vice versa—is being totally disregarded. For all practical purposes, therefore, central banks are now free—as indeed the French authorities have emphasized—both to buy and to sell gold at prices other than the now entirely unrealistic official parity.

The new turn in the situation has, therefore, effectively put gold back in the picture in the monetary sense. The big question, needless to say, is: How far? At present all that can be said for certain is that the almost complete immobilization of the gold element in international reserves, which had been brought about by the natural disinclination of central banks to trade at an official parity considered totally unrealistic, is at an end. At the same time, it seems almost certain that, as time goes by, central banks will want to avail themselves more and more of their new freedom to use the metal in settling the payments imbalance.

The effect of some other developments has also been to cut the ground from

"Gold is, in short, now almost certainly assured of resuming a role that will enable it to recover some of its former glory."

under the feet of the anti-gold crusaders. It no longer makes sense, for example, to say that a gold-price increase would be harmful from a Free World point of view because it would help Russia, when the United States is pouring money as if it were water into the creation of Soviet consumer industries. So the demonetization campaign can probably be regarded as having been decisively blunted for some time to come.

On the other hand, it can be assumed that even the most enthusiastic supporters of remonetization among other countries will act with restraint for the time being in order not to tread with undue force on American toes. That is one reason why it seems probable that official trading in gold will take place at prices related to the open-market figure—in short, that remonetization will not be pushed, at the universal or regional level, to the point of reestablishing a fixed relationship between gold and currencies. Indeed, even if there were now extensive support in principle for the idea of returning to a fixed parity, the practical objections to doing so are so important as likely to be considered decisive. In these circumstances, a fluctuating gold price seems the most likely outcome—except in one eventuality that I will come to later.

Anti-gold diehards have been making much of the possible implications, for the future behavior of the price of the metal, of the relationship between the level of demand for gold and the stocks that exist throughout the world. And official and private holdings together would now be worth around one hundred ninety billion dollars at an official price of $100 per ounce, equivalent to about fifty years' offtake—official monetary absorption apart—at current levels of consumption.

The fact is, however, that there has never been any appreciable and sustained discarding of gold—officially or privately held—at any time in history. On the contrary, both types of stocks have more or less steadily increased, taking one decade with another. There is no very good reason for supposing that we are likely to see a major change from established pattern in this sense until the severe damage that has been inflicted on confidence in paper money by inflation during the past ten to twenty years has been repaired. And, even if all the main countries turned over an entirely new leaf in this respect tomorrow, the restoration of confidence would almost certainly take most of another twenty years.

A realistic assessment would start by recognizing that, at a level of $100 per ounce, gold would still be extremely cheap, as commodities go. To restore its traditional relationship with other commodities, the price would have to go up at least to $150. And our assessment would go on from there to make the point that, given that the outlook for other methods of holding wealth now looks so uncertain, central banks and the public at large are likely to display more enthusiasm for buying than for selling gold in the foreseeable future. In this connection it has to be remembered that, even if the efforts to establish the IMF's Special Drawing Right as the prime international reserve asset are successful, there may still be a widespread preference among monetary authorities for holding gold—if only because it is good to have something more than a bookkeeping entry to fall back on in an emergency.

Gold is, in short, now almost certainly assured of resuming a role that will enable it to recover some of its former glory. And, as I mentioned earlier, one cannot altogether disregard the possibility of its staging an even more full-blooded comeback, involving its reenthronement as kingpin of the international monetary system at a fixed parity. Some experts have been arguing—not least, Jacques Rueff, the prominent French economist—that the one way to halt the world's increasingly rapid drift toward economic disaster lies in reestablishing confidence in paper money in general and in the dollar in particular, notably by restoring its full convertibility into gold at a fixed parity. Up till now, they have been voices crying in the wilderness. But it is conceivable that, if the global runaway-inflation threat continues to wax in the way it has of late, the world may yet be forced to tread this path as the only way of escape left.

Man must not be crucified on a cross of gold, declared William Jennings Bryan at the end of the nineteenth century. It would be equally wrong to allow him to be crucified on a cross of debased paper money. The full resurrection of gold could come to provide the only way of saving him from that fate. □

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The Road Ahead

The major nations must negotiate more flexible exchange rates or face the possibility of a world split into autarkic, probably hostile, economic blocs.

by Leonard Silk

Is the world's monetary mess a political or a technical problem? In this mini-symposium, C. Gordon Tether, of the *Financial Times* of London, has stressed the political, moral, or perhaps demonic aspects of the problem—especially what he considers the "die-hard refusal" of the United States, for "purely selfish reasons," to give up its "dollar imperialism." By contrast, Prof. Richard N. Cooper of Yale University has emphasized the technical factors in the money muddle, and his analysis permits him to believe that a technical solution is possible.

But for a technical solution to work, it must fit political realities. The world monetary system that emerged after World War II was essentially based on fixed exchange rates and the convertibility of the U.S. dollar into gold. That system, whether called by the name of Bretton Woods or not, was founded on the dominant economic strength of the United States, with its "hard" dollar and its huge supply of international monetary reserves—which, immediately after the war, constituted over 70 percent of the reserves of all the developed regions, including Britain, Western Europe, Canada, Japan, Australia, and South Africa.

But that world monetary system began to crumble as the dollar, rigidly bound by fixed exchange rates to all other currencies (including those that elected to devalue against it), gradually lost its strength. The source of the trouble was the continuous deficits in the balance of payments of the United States. Those deficits did not begin, as Mr. Tether suggests, in the 1960s, but right after World War II ended, and they were incurred by deliberate design, as American aid to world reconstruction. As a result of those chronic deficits lasting for a quarter-century, the United States' gold stock was drawn down from a peak of $24.5 billion in 1949 to $10.9 billion in 1968. In addition, other nations piled up dollar holdings in excess of $50 billion to cover the American deficits. For better or worse, those continuous dollar deficits did help to get the world economy going after the war, did overcome the problem of "dollar shortage," did keep world trade expanding.

In large degree, the huge, cumulative deficits in the U.S. balance of payments resulted from America's assumption of a very heavy share of the non-Communist world's military and foreign-aid burdens. Political hegemony, whatever its benefits, is an economic drain. Prof. Fritz Machlup of Princeton has observed that other nations that have assumed similar burdens, as Britain did after the Napoleonic wars, have invariably been forced in the end to suspend gold convertibility or devalue their currency. Machlup calculates that U.S. foreign military and aid payments from 1949 to 1964 totaled from 48 to 63 percent of the export earnings needed to service them—a burden four times as great as that of Britain after the Napoleonic wars. The United States reached the end of that line—which had begun with the Marshall Plan and the building of the military defenses of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization—when the Vietnam war accelerated both American inflation and dollar outflow.

At the same time, the European nations, striving for independence, were no longer willing to accept American political and economic hegemony—or the continuing vast inflow of dollars that they blamed for their own inflation and saw as the means by which American business interests were taking over their own industries. The final agony of the post-war world monetary system came at the start of the 1970s with a veritable hemorrhage of dollars out of the United States. Having run deficits that averaged less than $2 billion a year in the 1950s and 1960s, the United States suffered balance-of-payments deficits of $9.8 billion in 1970, $29.8 billion in 1971, and $11.6 billion in 1972.

The final blow to the old monetary order did not come until 1973. In January 1973 what had begun as a barely noticed flow of funds from Italian lire into Swiss francs—the strike-ridden Italian economy looked like a poor place for rich Italians to park their ready cash—suddenly became a raging *dollar* crisis when the Swiss, worrying about inflation resulting from the influx of funds, floated their franc. Billions of dollars in the hands of speculators, multinational corporations, and some foreign central banks then went pouring into West Germany. The German Bundesbank threw billions of marks at speculators in a vain effort to prevent the mark's exchange rate from rising—until fears of inflation and the idiocy of endlessly throwing good money after bad at last caused German officials to yield. The mark floated up. And the dollar floated down.

Was this crisis that wiped out what was left of the old monetary order—and its most crucial feature, fixed exchange rates—the result of political or technical factors? The question is indeed vital, as Professor Cooper suggests, in determining whether the key to the solution is technical or political—or both.

A parallel can be found in the problem of depression and mass unemployment that racked the United States and other developed nations in the 1930s. Was that problem technical or political? It obviously had political aspects—Republicans against Democrats, labor against man-

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Leonard Silk is the economic specialist of the editorial board of The New York Times. *He is the author of* Nixonomics *and* Capitalism: The Moving Target.

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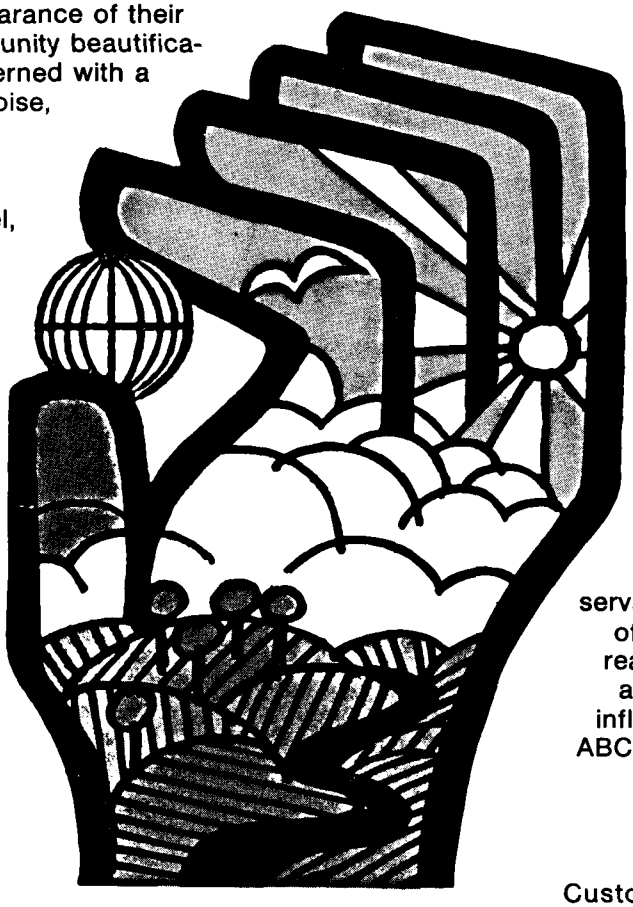

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President Nixon is a former Kiwanian.

Herb Klein, Director of Communications of the Executive Branch of the government, is Past President of the Kiwanis Club of San Diego.

Earl Butz, Secretary of Agriculture, is a member of the Lafayette, Indiana Club. Melvin R. Laird—Past Secretary of Defense and currently Assistant to the President for Domestic Affairs, is a Kiwanian.

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agement, liberals against conservatives. But it turned out that the essential problem of the Depression was not so much political as technical—a failure to understand the use that could be made of government spending, taxes, budget deficits, and monetary policy to promote full employment. Long after the bitter political strife of the 1930s, liberals and conservatives have come to accept modern fiscal policy and monetary expansion as essential for meeting popular demands for high employment as the normal state of the economy.

Is the international money muddle a comparable problem? Once again many economists believe they have the technical answer—floating or, at least, highly flexible exchange rates that will permit the world monetary system to adapt to different rates of inflation in different countries or regions and thereby allow world trade to go on growing and full employment to be preserved in each country. Though most economists now believe that a much wider degree of exchange-rate flexibility is needed, it took a severe crisis, bordering on catastrophe, for finance ministers, central bankers, presidents, and prime ministers to countenance that solution. Indeed, their resistance has revived, even though the floating solution has thus far worked tolerably well.

Many governments regard the exchange rate of their currency as too important—to their economies in general and to their export industries in particular—to be left to the market. Will the present "dirty" floating—involving heavy governmental intervention in the foreign-exchange markets—fail precisely because it *is* dirty and governments will not let exchange rates move to equilibrium levels? Will it take more crises before the grip of fixed ideas and the fixedly unenlightened pursuit of national self-interest is broken?

That was what the battle in Nairobi, Kenya, the scene of the latest annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund, was all about. The United States has pushed hard for an orderly system of exchange-rate flexibility, with "symmetrical" obligations on the part of both debtor and creditor countries to make the necessary adjustments to keep their balances of payments in more or less continuous equilibrium. The Europeans, Japanese, and many developing countries, while giving lip service to the need for "stable but adjustable" exchange rates, have opposed international disciplines that require them to make such adjustments. The result has been a stalemate.

But if a flexible exchange-rate solution cannot be negotiated—and last year's failure to meet its deadline seems in process of being followed by this year's failure—nations will be forced to take other courses to solve their international-payments problems. The United States, which has already slashed its foreign aid, is apparently now moving to cut its military outlays abroad by withdrawing some of its forces from Europe, a trend intensified by U.S. convictions that the European allies let their American ally down in the Mideast crisis. The end of the "American hegemony" in Europe is not exactly being hailed as good news there. "We have a sense of another Munich," one top French official told *The New York Times*. "The Americans will withdraw, and in five years we will see a Finlandization of Europe under Soviet political and diplomatic pressure." But the costs of America's staying in Europe are not low. Secretary of Defense James R. Schlesinger insists the Europeans should cover all of the U.S. $2.5 billion deficit related to NATO defense.

The future shape of America's European and Pacific alliances will obviously be determined by more than balance-of-payments considerations, but such economic considerations should not be underestimated. Political and economic factors are tightly bound together. Just as the international monetary system that emerged from World War II was founded on American economic strength—and the ability and willingness of the United States to run continuous deficits in its balance of payments—the new world monetary system must be one appropriate to a more equal and balanced relationship between the United States and its political and economic partners. Such a system will have to be one in which all nations, including the United States, stay close to balance-of-payments equilibrium nearly all of the time. That is going to require greater exchange-rate flexibility than in the past. If the major nations cannot negotiate such a flexible system, they may have to go on floating indefinitely—or split into autarkic, probably hostile, economic blocs. The political consequences could be grave. □

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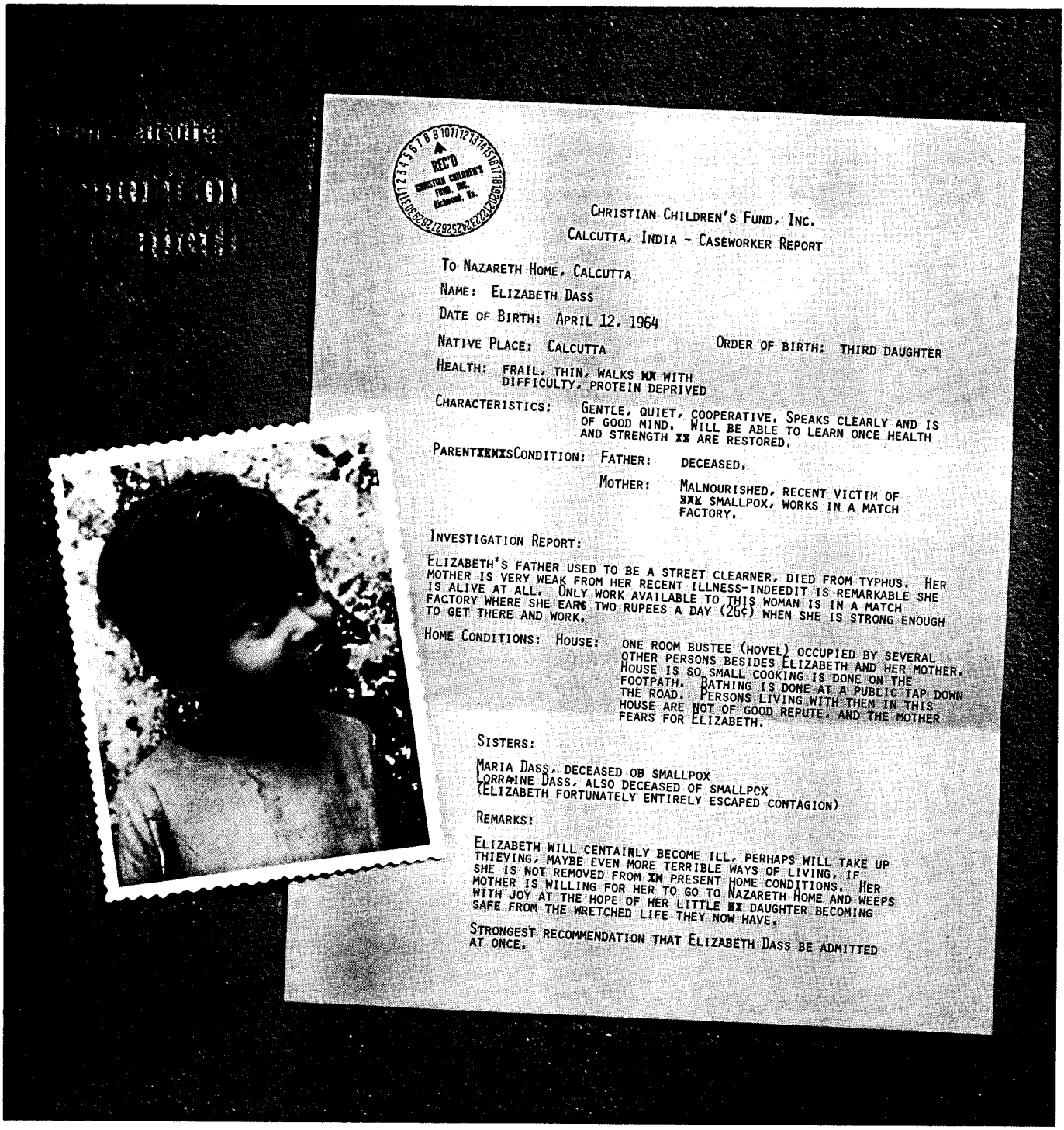

REC'D CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC. Richmond, Va.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
CALCUTTA, INDIA - CASEWORKER REPORT

TO NAZARETH HOME, CALCUTTA

NAME: ELIZABETH DASS

DATE OF BIRTH: APRIL 12, 1964

NATIVE PLACE: CALCUTTA ORDER OF BIRTH: THIRD DAUGHTER

HEALTH: FRAIL, THIN, WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY, PROTEIN DEPRIVED

CHARACTERISTICS: GENTLE, QUIET, COOPERATIVE, SPEAKS CLEARLY AND IS OF GOOD MIND. WILL BE ABLE TO LEARN ONCE HEALTH AND STRENGTH ARE RESTORED.

PARENT CONDITION: FATHER: DECEASED.

MOTHER: MALNOURISHED, RECENT VICTIM OF SMALLPOX, WORKS IN A MATCH FACTORY.

INVESTIGATION REPORT:

ELIZABETH'S FATHER USED TO BE A STREET CLEARNER, DIED FROM TYPHUS. HER MOTHER IS VERY WEAK FROM HER RECENT ILLNESS-INDEEDIT IS REMARKABLE SHE IS ALIVE AT ALL. ONLY WORK AVAILABLE TO THIS WOMAN IS IN A MATCH FACTORY WHERE SHE EARNS TWO RUPEES A DAY (26¢) WHEN SHE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO GET THERE AND WORK.

HOME CONDITIONS: HOUSE: ONE ROOM BUSTEE (HOVEL) OCCUPIED BY SEVERAL OTHER PERSONS BESIDES ELIZABETH AND HER MOTHER. HOUSE IS SO SMALL COOKING IS DONE ON THE FOOTPATH. BATHING IS DONE AT A PUBLIC TAP DOWN THE ROAD. PERSONS LIVING WITH THEM IN THIS HOUSE ARE NOT OF GOOD REPUTE, AND THE MOTHER FEARS FOR ELIZABETH.

SISTERS:

MARIA DASS, DECEASED OB SMALLPOX
LORRAINE DASS, ALSO DECEASED OF SMALLPOX
(ELIZABETH FORTUNATELY ENTIRELY ESCAPED CONTAGION)

REMARKS:

ELIZABETH WILL CENTAINLY BECOME ILL, PERHAPS WILL TAKE UP THIEVING, MAYBE EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WAYS OF LIVING, IF SHE IS NOT REMOVED FROM PRESENT HOME CONDITIONS. HER MOTHER IS WILLING FOR HER TO GO TO NAZARETH HOME AND WEEPS WITH JOY AT THE HOPE OF HER LITTLE DAUGHTER BECOMING SAFE FROM THE WRETCHED LIFE THEY NOW HAVE.

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☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

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Power of the Word

POEMS OF AKHMATOVA
Translated by Stanley Kunitz with Max Hayward
Atlantic Monthly Press–Little, Brown
173 pp., $7.95

OSIP MANDELSTAM: SELECTED POEMS
Translated by Clarence Brown and W. S. Merwin
Atheneum, 99 pp., $7.50

COMPLETE POETRY OF OSIP EMILEVICH MANDELSTAM
Translated by Burton Raffel and Alla Burago, with an introduction by Sidney Monas
State University of New York Press, 353 pp., $15.00

JOSEPH BRODSKY: SELECTED POEMS
Translated by George L. Kline, with a foreword by W. H. Auden
Harper & Row, 172 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Susan Jacoby

Translations of great poetry are always major literary events, but the emergence of these Russian poets into their rightful place in world literature is something more in the nature of a miracle. Russian poetry offers the twentieth century's most eloquent testimony to the enduring power of the uncorrupted word.

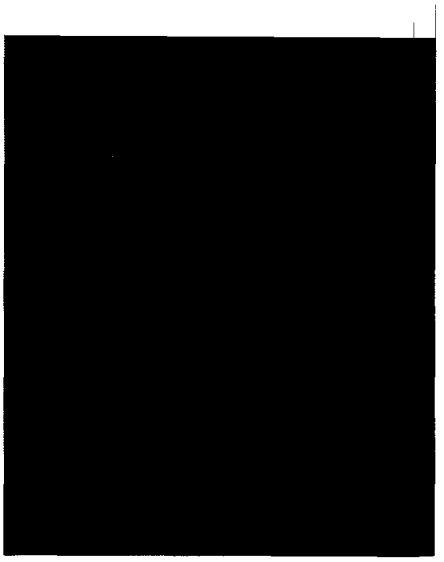
Poetry occupies a totally different place in Russia than it does in the Anglo-Saxon world. It is a moral force, a mechanism that helps people deal with life, a way of "bearing witness" in the early Christian sense. All of these poetic functions are implicit in Anna Akhmatova's austere introduction to her poem "Requiem," a near-biblical lament for the sufferings of the Russian people under Stalin.

In the terrible years of the Yezhov terror I spent seventeen months waiting in line outside the prison in Leningrad. One day somebody in the crowd identified me. Standing behind me was a woman, with lips blue from the cold, who had, of course, never heard me called by name before. Now she started out of the torpor common to us all and asked me in a whisper (everyone whispered there):

"Can you describe this?"

And I said: "I can."

Susan Jacoby has written for many periodicals on Russian literature and Soviet affairs. She is the author of Moscow Conversations, *a book of profiles of ten Russians ranging from political dissidents to party members.*



Then something like a smile passed fleetingly over what had once been her face.

Successive Soviet leaders have always understood the importance of poetry; that is why they have tried so hard to bend poets to the service of the state. It is difficult to imagine an American dictator expending much energy on the fate of poems or of the men and women who compose them. Osip Mandelstam once remarked that Russia was the only country where poetry was really important, because people were killed for it.

The failure of the Soviets to kill genuine poetry is demonstrated by the lives and art of Mandelstam, Akhmatova, and Joseph Brodsky. Censors must be appalled by the tenacity of the moral and esthetic links between the verse of Akhmatova and Mandelstam, rooted in the Silver Age of Russian poetry at the turn of the century, and the thirty-three-year-old Brodsky, who is generally regarded as the most talented Russian poet of this generation. At the time of Stalin's death twenty years ago, many Russian intellectuals thought those links had been dissolved.

Their pessimism was understandable. Mandelstam, now acknowledged as the supreme Russian poet of the twentieth century, died in a prison camp in 1938, when he was only forty-seven years old. He was arrested for the first time in 1934, after writing—and recklessly reciting to a circle of friends—a poem that described Stalin handing down murderous edicts, "one for the groin, one for the forehead, the temple, the eye." There could have been no other fate for a man whose cultural values, firmly rooted in humanism, classicism, and the Judeo-Christian tradition, were anathema to the philistinism of any New Order. After the revolution, the wanton destruction of cultural traditions became a recurring theme in Mandelstam's poetry.

My animal, my age, who will ever be able
to look back into your eyes?
Who will ever glue back together the
vertebrae
of two centuries with his blood? . . .

The buds will go on swelling,
the rush of green will explode
but your spine has been shattered,
my splendid derelict, my age.
Cruel and feeble, you'll look back
with the smile of a half-wit:
an animal that could run once,
staring at his own tracks.

—1923
[translation by Brown and Merwin]

A different painful destiny awaited Akhmatova, who was Mandelstam's close friend. Her first husband, the poet Nikolai Gumilev, was shot in 1921 for his role in an alleged conspiracy against the Bolshevik government. Their son Lev was arrested three times during the Stalin years, and his precarious position was used to torment and threaten his mother. After a brief period of official toleration (and occasional publication) during World War II, Akhmatova was expelled from the Soviet Writers' Union and was officially denounced as a "half-nun, half-whore who combines harlotry with prayer." Unlike her beloved friend Mandelstam, she lived to see her official reputation restored and much of her work published in her own land (albeit in censored form—"Requiem" is one of the many poems that have never appeared in full in the Soviet Union).

Before her death in 1966, Akhmatova lived to see something much more important than the publication of any bowdlerized poems: a resurgence of the values that had been preserved during the years of the terror by the courage and anguished determination of a few members of the older generation. Respect for the integrity of language was one of the values that began to reassert themselves in the young people who came to maturity after Stalin's death. The late 1950s gave rise to the extraordinary phenomenon known as *samizdat* (literally, "self-publishing"), under which typed copies of suppressed literature were passed from hand to hand. *Samizdat* introduced young Russians to an entire generation of writers who had not been published—whose very names had been proscribed—since the Twenties. Mandelstam's widow, Nadezhda, describes the relationship between *samizdat* and the cultural regeneration in the second volume of her

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memoirs (*Hope Abandoned*, also to be published this month by Atheneum). She recalls how she and Akhmatova lived through eighteen years in which they could only mention Mandelstam's name when they were alone together, "trembling over a handful of his poems."

When at last the first signs of hope appeared, Akhmatova kept saying: "Nadia, all's well with Osia." By this she meant that he was being read again. It took me some time to appreciate the importance of *samizdat*, and I was upset because M. wasn't printed, but Akhmatova had an answer to this as well: "We live in a pre-Gutenberg age" and "Osia has no need of a printing press." . . . I gradually saw how right she was: poetry is an elusive thing that can neither be hidden nor locked away. It was poetry that blazed the trail for prose along the mysterious byways leading to the new readers who suddenly sprang up from nowhere.

Terrence McCarthy

Brodsky—"Combines pagan and Christian symbolism with a modern sensibility."

Joseph Brodsky was a member of the *samizdat* generation. He was fortunate to have been Akhmatova's friend and protégé during the last years of her life; in her native city of Leningrad, she provided a physical as well as a spiritual link between her own generation and those young people who were awakening to their cultural heritage. Even though death no longer hovered over every word, the life of an authentic poet was difficult enough in the new generation. In 1964 Brodsky was exiled as a "social parasite" to a farm in the Arctic. Like Mandelstam, his work appears only in *samizdat* in his own country. And he is now an unwilling exile from the Soviet Union: In 1972 the secret police offered him a set of unpalatable choices and "invited" him to leave. He lives in the United States, lecturing on comparative poetry at universities and continuing to write in his own language. Some of his new poetry is already turning up inside the Soviet Union in *samizdat*.

IT IS FORTUNATE THAT different English translations are becoming available at the same time, because the connective tissue between the poets and the generations provides part of the intellectual pleasure for a reader. No extensive translations of Mandelstam or Akhmatova would have been possible before now: complete Russian-language editions were not available until the mid-1960s. Since the Soviets have published Akhmatova only in part and Mandelstam not at all, the task of preparing complete editions of their work fell largely to émigré scholars. Foreign readers and translators owe a great debt to Gleb Struve and Boris Filippov, who edited the massive Russian editions of Mandelstam and Akhmatova upon which all of the English translations are based. Brodsky's poetry has been translated much more quickly, of course, because he began writing at a time when there was a relatively steady flow of *samizdat* to the West. He met his American translator, George Kline, long before he was forced to emigrate from the Soviet Union.

None of these poets is easy to translate. Mandelstam is a poet of the highest complexity, both in language and imagery. His poems command the same intensity of attention from a Russian reader as Wallace Stevens does from an English one, and they are saturated with as many levels of meaning. Akhmatova's style and language are similar and more traditional, but she may be even more difficult to translate because her ideas are clothed in such chaste form. In *The New York Review of Books*, Joseph Brodsky has written that "the contrast of traditional form to so-called contemporary content gives the work greater scale and tension. The principle is extremely simple: Here is a normal person, with arms and legs, properly dressed, a tie and stickpin, but just look at the way he talks!" Brodsky's own poetry poses a formidable task for a translator. His extensive use of Greek mythology, a special echo of Mandelstam, is an important element in the heavy intellectual demands he makes on his readers. Brodsky combines pagan and Christian symbolism with a modern sensibility that transforms old myths into stunning contemporary allegories. The ability to breathe new life into myth is so rare among young poets that it immediately sets Brodsky apart as an "old man's young man." In this respect, he bears comparison to the young T. S. Eliot as well as to Mandelstam.

The Russian language makes exceedingly difficult demands on poetic translators. Russian is a more onomatopoeic language than English; there is simply no way to translate some of the relationships between sound and meaning. In translation, the first section of Akhmatova's "Requiem" begins with the line, "At dawn they came and took you away" and ends with, "I'll stand and howl under the Kremlin towers." The Russian phrase for "to howl under the towers" is *pod bashniyami vyt*. To my ear, the word *vyt* conveys a compound of screeching and moaning, fear and fury. *Bashniya*, the nominative singular for tower (*bashniyami* is the plural of the prepositional case), is a word that suggests the implacable solidity of a feudal structure. The combination of the two Russian words captures a precise image of impotent grief juxtaposed against the indifferent symbols of power. Any translation can only be an approximation (and I think Stanley Kunitz and Max Hayward came up with a rather good one in this instance).

In translating Russian poetry into English, a special problem is created by the fact that the Russian language does not demand strict word order. A line of

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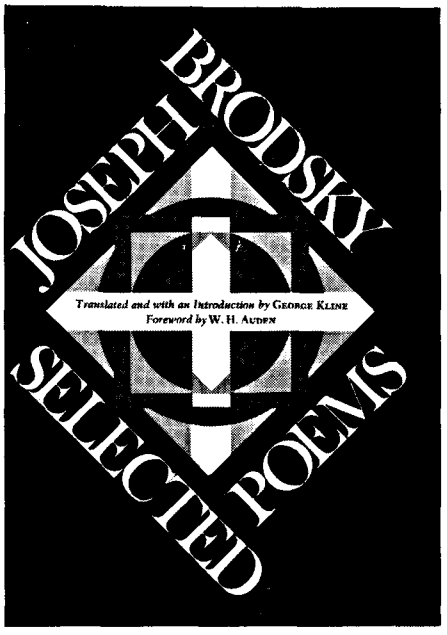

Russian prose or poetry may be arranged in several different ways, all grammatically correct and more than one pleasing to the eye and ear. The English translator, in contrast, does not have a free hand in juggling nouns, verbs, and modifiers.

The ideal translator would obviously be a great English-language poet with an intimate knowledge of Russian. In the absence of such a fortunate freak of genius and education, the reading public can expect two types of poetic translations. The most common method is a collaboration between a poet with little or no knowledge of Russian and a scholar who understands the language. The translations of Akhmatova and Mandelstam are examples of the collaborative method. The only other alternative is to leave translating entirely to scholars of Russian language and literature. That method has usually proven unsatisfactory, because the scholars were unable to produce translations worthy of being considered poetry. George Kline's translations of Brodsky are a happy exception to the rule. A professor of philosophy at Bryn Mawr, Kline has been more faithful to the spirit (and, not incidentally, to the metrical structure) of Brodsky's poetry than the other translators have been to Akhmatova and Mandelstam. W. S. Merwin and Burton Raffel have made virtually no attempt to reproduce the meter of Mandelstam's verse; Kunitz has tried (and succeeded) in some poems but not in others.

Clarence Brown, an eminent scholar who has devoted much of his career to Mandelstam's poetry, seemed to be anticipating criticism when he wrote in his introduction that "Merwin has translated Mandelstam into Merwin" and that "this strikes me as the happiest of coincidences." He also grumbled that "arbiters of their own brand of literalism everywhere have probably by now read far enough into this book." With all due respect to Brown's academic distinction, this strikes me as a rather cavalier dismissal of a serious issue: the extent to which a translator should reshape a poem in his own image. The problem becomes more acute when a poet-translator must depend on someone else for access to the language, and therefore to the deepest levels of meaning, of the original poem. "Twilight of Freedom," written in 1918, provides some insights into what is lost when a poet of Mandelstam's stature is translated into something other than Mandelstam.

Let us praise the twilight of freedom,
brothers,
the great year of twilight.
A thick forest of nets has been let down
into the seething waters of night.
O sun, judge, people, desolate
are the years into which you are rising!

Let us praise the momentous burden
that the people's leader assumes, in tears.
Let us praise the twilight burden of power,
its weight too great to be borne.
Time, whoever has a heart
will hear your ship going down.

We have roped swallows together
into legions.
Now we can't see the sun.
Everywhere nature twitters as it moves.
In the deepening twilight the earth swims
into the nets
and the sun can't be seen.

But what can we lose if we try one
groaning, wide, ungainly sweep of the
rudder?
The earth swims. Courage,
brothers, as the cleft sea falls back from our
plow.
Even as we freeze in Lethe we'll remember
the ten heavens the earth cost us.

The meaning of this poem is not fully clarified until the last line, and Merwin's translation conveys a fundamental misunderstanding to a reader who is not completely familiar with the time in which the poem was written. The confusion in the last line is created by the verb *stoit,* which has the dual Russian meaning of "to cost" and "to be worth." Russians who know English invariably translate the line as "the earth was *worth* ten heavens to us." The essence of Mandelstam's philosophy, expressed in this poem and many others, was his preference for the pain and pleasure of ordinary human life over the revolutionary dreams of heaven on earth. His wife mentions this particular line of poetry in her many references to her husband's humanistic philosophy; Mandelstam simply did not spend his personal or poetic energy yearning after heavens. Merwin may understand this himself, but the translation is totally misleading.

The Raffel and Burago edition correctly translates the last line but also offers some clumsy poetry that characterizes much of the book. The first two lines read: "Glorify, brothers, freedom's twilight—/the great crepuscular year." *Crepuscular*? The word may be educational for anyone who did not take Latin seriously in high school (which means most Americans under the age of thirty-five), but it has nothing of Mandelstam in it. He uses complex language, but only when the complexity is essential to precision. The Russian word for twilight, which Mandelstam uses in the poem, is straightforward.

I find George Kline's philosophy of translation more congenial, because he insists on a more scrupulous respect for the meter, imagery, and tone of the poet. Kline occasionally betrays the fact that he is not a poet himself when he commits banal couplets like: "The Wise Men will unlearn your name./Above your head no star will flame." But many of his translations are masterful reconstructions that convey something of the tone of Brodsky's writing as well as his unique combination of myth and a modern sense of the absurd. The poem "Nunc Dimittis," written in 1972, begins with what seems to be a simple Bible-based account of Christ's presentation in the temple and shifts to compelling images of death.

He ended and moved toward the temple's
great door.
Old Anna, bent down with the weight
of her years.
and Mary, gazed after him, perfect
in silence.
He moved and grew smaller, in size and
in meaning. . . .

He went forth to die. It was not the loud din
of streets that he faced when he flung
the door wide.
but rather the deaf-and-dumb fields of
death's kingdom.
He strode through a space that was no
longer solid.

The roaring of time ebbed away in his ears.
And Simeon's soul held the form of the
Child—
its feathery crown now enveloped
in glory—
aloft, like a torch, pressing back the
black shadows,

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to light up the path that leads into
death's realm,
where never before until this point in time
had any man managed to lighten his
pathway.
The old man's torch glowed and the
pathway grew wider.

Kline then makes a successful shift to the ironic tone of "Odysseus to Telemachus," the last poem in the Brodsky volume.

My dear Telemachus,
The Trojan War
is over now, I don't recall who won it.
The Greeks, no doubt, for only they
would leave
so many dead so far from their own
homeland. . . .

Regardless of their individual merits, each of these translations would better serve its readers by more detailed explanatory notes, including English transliterations of lines that do not yield easily to translation. The translations of Akhmatova are the only ones published in a bilingual edition; although such editions are admirable and desirable, they are not especially useful to readers who do not know the Cyrillic alphabet. Many Russian scholars insist that transliterations are too "foreign looking" to the American eye. I think they underestimate both the devotion and the linguistic curiosity of people who love poetry. The dedication to "Requiem" is sensitively translated as: "Such grief might make the mountains stoop." An American can certainly appreciate the more evocative sound of the Russian when it is spelled out: *Pered etim gorem gnutsya gory.* The phonetic connection between the Russian words for grief, stoop, and mountain can be understood by any reader; the explanation belongs in a note on the poem and not in a book review.

Despite their deficiencies, all of these translations are major contributions to world literature. They are pioneering works, and the first translations of great writing have a way of generating better translations in the future. There is a universal imperative in the greatest poetry of any language. As Akhmatova wrote in a tribute to Boris Pasternak, another great poet of her generation:

For spying Laocoön in a puff of smoke,
for making a song out of graveyard thistles,
for filling the world with a new sound
of verse reverberating in new space,

he has been rewarded by a kind of eternal
childhood
with the generosity and brilliance of
the stars;
the whole of the earth was his to inherit,
and his to share with every human spirit. □

Faulkner's Fancywork

FLAGS IN THE DUST
by William Faulkner
Random House, 370 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Panthea Broughton

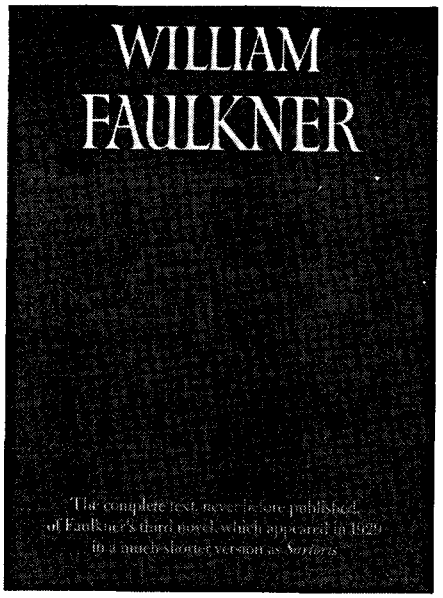
Random House must have been tempted to promote this book as an all new but hitherto unknown novel by the late William Faulkner and to imply that a sleuthful professor has just now discovered it moldering away on an obscure library shelf. The publication history of *Flags in the Dust,* though curious, is not quite that dramatic, and Random House has fortunately resisted the temptation to exaggerate it.

Finishing the book in 1927, Faulkner assumed it, his third novel, would make his reputation. Instead, it almost finished his career; during one year a total of eleven different publishers rejected *Flags.* Finally Harrison Smith,* then at Harcourt Brace, saw the manuscript and strongly recommended it for publication. Alfred Harcourt agreed to publish it but stipulated that it be cut, preferably by someone other than Faulkner. Thus, in September 1928, Harcourt Brace sent Faulkner a contract calling for a shortened version of *Flags in the Dust,* to be entitled *Sartoris* and delivered in sixteen days. By that time Faulkner was willing to let his agent, Ben Wasson, reduce *Flags* to *Sartoris* (for fifty dollars); apparently that was then the only way any of it could get published. And so *Sartoris* was published in 1929 as Faulkner's third novel. Nevertheless, Faulkner preserved some five versions of *Flags in the Dust.* Deposited at the University of Virginia library, they may have been virtually forgotten, but they did not molder and they were not lost.

Throughout the years *Sartoris* held an important place in the Faulkner canon as the first of the Yoknapatawpha novels. Only the restored *Flags in the Dust* really indicates just how varied and inexhaustible a resource that Mississippi setting, Faulkner's "own little postage stamp of native soil," would be.

*Later, publisher of *Saturday Review.*

Panthea Broughton teaches English at Virginia Tech. Her book William Faulkner: The Abstract and the Actual *will be published by Louisiana State University Press in September.*



Ostensibly the book deals with the return of young Bayard Sartoris after World War I, his marriage to and desertion of Narcissa Benbow, and his death on the very day his son is born. But events compound throughout the novel so that the doings of the Benbows, the Snopeses, and the MacCallums rival those of the Sartoris family. Blacks and poor whites and *nouveaux riches* and aristocrats thickly people its pages, until heroes fade into the crowd and die with scarcely an epitaph. Plot and subplots merge and finally become indistinguishable. The very existence of a plot is, in fact, questionable. And that, of course, is what worked against the novel in 1928. Outraged over its apparent plotlessness, no one before Hal Smith had seen what a considerable achievement this book was; no one had sensed its promise of greater things to come.

And so it is rather like time-traveling to have, hot off the press in 1973, a novel whose strengths eluded the professionals in 1928. The question for modern readers thus becomes: Are we any smarter than those eleven foolish publishers who rejected the book in 1927–28? Or, more precisely, Are our standards more refined than theirs? Thus we are tempted to read the book, not in its own right, but rather as a gauge for testing the sophistication and subtlety of our present critical standards.

In 1928 apparently the only operative standard was an inflexible notion of plot unity; *Flags* failed that test. Editors and publishers deemed it prolix, diffuse, unstructured, unacceptable. From that point of view, Faulkner's novel was a little like the "interminable fancywork" of a certain old lady in *Flags.* Faulkner somewhat ironically explains how she worked on her patchwork for fifteen years without ever divulging what it was to be when completed. This woman car-

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ried "always about with her a shapeless bag of dingy, threadbare brocade containing odds and ends of colored fabric in all possible shapes." Her problem, though, was that she could

> never bring herself to trim any of them to any pattern; so she shifted and fitted and mused and shifted them like pieces of a puzzle picture, trying to fit them to a pattern or to create a pattern about them without cutting them.

Now Faulkner, too, through the years, carried about with him a colorful assortment of tall tales, macabre incidents, and heroic deeds. They came in "all possible shapes," and perhaps they were a little threadbare by the time he used them. The Snopes material, for instance, was complete in Faulkner's head years before he wrote *Flags*; yet some of it had to wait until 1959 to be written down.

In *Flags in the Dust* Faulkner does seem, rather like the old lady with her fancywork, to be trying to assemble his disparate patchwork pieces and to "create a pattern about them without cutting them." Consequently, the seams holding them together may appear a bit strained, the pattern a bit misshapen. Faulkner's labor on *Flags*, moreover, may have seemed as interminable as that fancywork.

But unlike the old lady's work, Faulkner's does have a unified design. His entire canon explores various manifestations of the impulse for sanctuary. Repeatedly his characters try to retreat from chaos by denying their own involvement in circumstance, their own complicity with humanity. Nowhere in the fiction is that denial more explicitly treated than in *Flags in the Dust* when, after the death of his grandfather, young Bayard recognizes that he is "afraid to face the consequences of [his] own acts."

That passage was not deleted from *Sartoris*, but we have to read *Flags* to discover just how many other characters likewise wish to become impervious to actuality. Narcissa Benbow presents the impression that she lives in a "walled and windless garden" where the world comes not. She marries Bayard Sartoris and bears his son; yet she is pleased when Bayard dies, because then her illusion of inviolate peace may be restored.

Like his sister, Horace Benbow would be happiest in a walled garden or even in a cage. The cage Horace devises for himself is entirely mental, and yet he imagines it to be hopelessly physical. Horace allows himself to be victimized, according to the "fatalism of his nature," by his own sexual impulses: He propositions a girl scarcely in her teens (she is so young, in fact, that she doesn't know what he's talking about); and he has a surreptitious affair with his fiancée's sister. Even Horace does some "spiritual stocktaking" and begins to see himself as an "antic and irresponsible worm."

Nevertheless, Horace goes on and marries Belle Mitchell (after her divorce), even though he realizes that she is vain and unscrupulous (clearly both a bitch and a disaster to him). Recognizing that Belle wears about her "the odor of death," Horace apparently prefers death to life.

In this Horace is very much like the Sartoris twins to whom ostensibly he bears no relation whatsoever. John Sartoris, Faulkner tells us, found World War I a convenient excuse to kill himself; and his brother Bayard, with his daredevil escapades, is only looking for a similarly convenient excuse. Bayard returns from the war seeking adventure, the more dangerous and foolhardy the better. Horace returns seeking a quiet, dull peace. Yet as the novel progresses, we realize that both quests are really romantic flights from the entanglements and caprices of the human community. On the surface, the Sartorises and the Benbows are very different sorts of people. In *Flags*, however, Faulkner makes it clear just how similar their fatalism and their irresponsibility are.

And the sweaty-palmed, illiterate Byron Snopes, who writes obscene letters to Narcissa Benbow, is like them as well. In *Sartoris* Byron's obscenity and voyeurism are so briefly treated they seem irrelevant. But in *Flags in the Dust* several sections written from his point of view indicate that his obsessions are as desperate as those of the Sartoris twins, his actions as doomed as those of Horace Benbow.

In *Sartoris* there is an interesting, but somewhat pointless, tale about how poor old man Falls removes a wen from old Bayard Sartoris's face. In *Flags in the Dust*, however, this tale, set against the other examples of fatalism, becomes thematically significant. For when old Bayard allows Falls to take the wen off his face, he "spits in deestruction's face, sort of, fer his own good"—and thus defies fatality rather than acquiesce to it.

In *Flags in the Dust* such diverse incidents in concert with one another take on fresh implications and a new tonal harmony. Paring *Flags* down by deleting many of these incidents, Ben Wasson did considerable damage to Faulkner's art. Wasson was probably one of the originals for Horace Benbow; thus he was no doubt delighted (and relieved) to delete some of the less flattering revelations about Horace. And he was willing to delete revelations about Narcissa Benbow and about Byron Snopes and to focus the novel on the Sartorises alone, because he apparently did not understand Faulkner's fledgling experiment in incremental patterning.

In this novel Faulkner worked by choice with an unwieldy conglomerate of odd-shaped patchwork pieces. Judged conventionally, these elements are only tangentially related; in terms of theme, however, they display a startling similarity. In *Flags* Faulkner takes the themes of fatalism and irresponsibility and makes of them the warp and woof into which even his most ill-shaped materials are woven. And he reveals similarity beneath apparent dissimilarity. The procedure is hardly perfected in *Flags in the Dust*. Yet *Flags* stands today as Faulkner's first significant experiment with the effects of juxtaposition.

Marya Mannes "brings her own succinct and profound insights to one of American society's last remaining taboos."*

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A CASE FOR THE GOOD DEATH

Every human being should be able to choose the manner of his dying, in dignity, argues Marya Mannes in this "courageous...fascinating and very comprehensive book."
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$5.95

*Publishers Weekly

Photo by Nicholas Sapieha

WILLIAM MORROW
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He was to explore the potentials of that device throughout the remainder of his career. Almost all of Faulkner's novels are experiments in the evolution of a new concept of the novel. Faulkner's new novel is not restricted but inclusive, not linear but multidimensional. Some of his novels are entirely episodic (even Random House thought *Go Down, Moses* was a collection of short stories until Faulkner himself insisted that they remove *and Other Stories* from the title of that novel).

Faulkner was fascinated not only by episodic structure (which Sherwood Anderson had tried before him) but also by his own experiments with various forms of dual patterning. He foiled and paralleled points of view (*The Sound and the Fury*), characters (*Light in August*), incidents (*Absalom, Absalom!*), entire plots (*Wild Palms*), and even techniques (*Requiem for a Nun*).

Faulkner's art is elaborate because he composes such complex, involuted patterns out of such diffuse elements. At first these elements collide and clash. They reverberate against and then underscore each other so that dissonance soon becomes resonance and eventually consonance. Faulkner's art defies conventional notions of plot unity, and it takes on density and intensity precisely because opposing sounds are incorporated into its incremental design and texture.

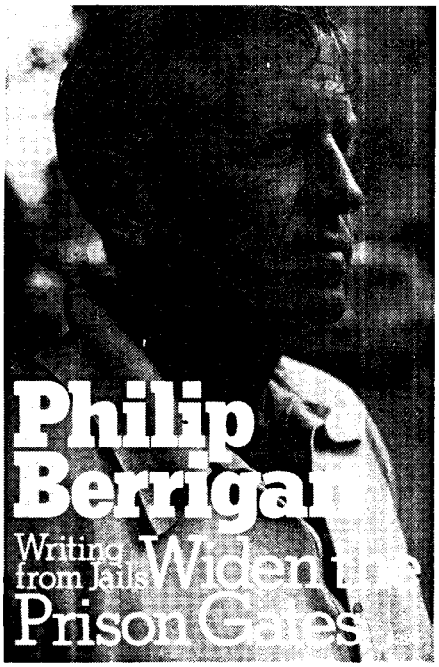
And so it is significant that Random House, under the editorship of Prof. Douglas Day, is at last issuing the original *Flags in the Dust*. Its publication testifies to Random House's commendable, though somewhat overdue, respect for the author's own intention and estimation of his work. Or perhaps the event is a gesture of gratitude—after all, Faulkner is lucrative property today. It might even be a good business venture in 1973 to publish William Faulkner's third novel. The justifications thus are perhaps sentimental, probably economic, certainly aesthetic.

At any rate, *Flags in the Dust* is a rich and rewarding reading experience in its own right. And it stands now as an incipient, but profoundly consequential, technical experiment—which is not to say that I think *Flags in the Dust* is one of Faulkner's best; it is not. Diction here is often overblown; characterization—especially of the blacks—is weak. Nevertheless, *Flags* was the beginning of a great experiment. It represents the first of Faulkner's mature fiction, not the last of his apprenticeship. □

Berrigan Bound

WIDEN THE PRISON GATES
by Philip Berrigan
Simon & Schuster, 261 pp.,
$7.95 cloth, $2.95 paper

Reviewed by Walter Goodman



However the career of Philip Berrigan, S.S.J., strikes any of us, perhaps we can agree that he has earned our attention. He has paid for that courtesy with acts of conscience that have cost him dearly. Part of the cost was the two-and-a-half years he spent in prison for burning draft files (with homemade napalm) in Catonsville, Maryland. Out of that experience, from April 1970 to December 1972, comes this book.

These reflections and letters have to do mainly with the condition of America (abysmal), the condition of the Church (worse), the condition of Philip Berrigan's spirit at various stages of his imprisonment (up and down), and the condition of the movement as it devises strategies to bring on a revolution against the existing powers (mostly down). Berrigan writes of his efforts in prison, by fasts and other sorts of resistance, to radicalize the uncommitted committed; of his adoration for his brother Dan, fellow priest and activist; of his affection and admiration for Sister Elizabeth McAlister—"a resistance woman, a true Christian revolutionary"—whom he married in 1969; of his trial, along with five co-defendants, on the charge of conspiring to kidnap Henry Kissinger and blow up the heating system of federal buildings in the capital—a prosecution, based on the testimony of a crooked informer and some foolish letters between Berrigan and Sister Elizabeth, that was at once vicious and ludicrous, not uncharacteristic of the Justice Department under John Mitchell.

I brought to this book many of the attitudes of those pragmatic, secularist liberal marginals or pharisees whom Berrigan despises: I credited his commitment and admired his courage; I shared his outrage at the system's inequities and cruelties; I was doubtful about his preferred tactics (some months before using napalm on this batch of draft files, he had poured blood on another batch); I was put off by his prose. *Widen the Prison Gates* provides persons of my ilk with fresh reasons to be troubled about the man and his cause.

Berrigan is a firm proponent of nonviolence. A disciple of Gandhi (from whom the book's title is taken), he is impatient with those brothers and sisters within the movement who propose to redeem America with explosives. But his opposition to this country is no less total for that. The United States, in his view, "is the planet's Public Enemy Number One." It is "inhuman, antisocial, immoral." It is also "unhappy, fanatic, helpless, insane, a human ant heap as thoroughly immunized to its own delusions as it is to the misery of others." Furthermore, "sexism will disappear only when the profit motive loses its hold on us." He reports that "our culture—dominated by commercial unrealities—exercises better social control than totalitarian measures employed by Hitler's Germany or today's Greece and Brazil."

When the system does something bad, like denying him parole, that is to be expected, and it reminds Berrigan of America's actions in Indochina. When the system does something good, like granting him parole, that means the powers are scared or see some advantage in it for their own base interests. If the authorities are slow to transfer him to a pleasanter prison, they are behaving in character. When they do in fact transfer him to the minimum-security Federal Correctional Institute at Danbury, Connecticut, where he can be with his brother Dan, it is a shrewd means of keeping him out of another prison "where I would most certainly agitate the resisters."

Given this set of mind, it is understandable that Berrigan should mock persons who put their energies and hopes into

Walter Goodman is author of A Percentage of the Take *and* The Committee.

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political action. He scorns those outside the movement who try to work in relatively conventional, unexhilarating ways to eliminate some of society's abuses and to alleviate others. His position is reasonable—for where the power of evil holds sway, attempts at amelioration are fatuous if not criminal. When faced with the conspiracy charge, Berrigan wanted to stage a new Nuremberg trial, conducted by William Kunstler (who, needless to say, compared the case to the Reichstag fire), and he was disappointed when most of the defendants chose to wage a more ordinary (and successful) "legal" defense, handled by Ramsey Clark and Leonard Boudin—for that could be interpreted as collaborating with an illegitimate government.

"I don't hold much truck for those in politics, whether doves or hawks," Berrigan writes. "Politics is about the organization of profits, and usually at the *real* expense of people." The essential difference that he can find between Frank Church of Idaho and John Stennis of Mississippi is that Idaho has little in the way of defense plants, whereas Gulfport, Mississippi, depends on Litton Industries.

Now, Berrigan does not always succumb, as above, to the pleasures of squeezing people into his favored categories. Toward individuals within the movement he often shows considerable discernment as he analyzes their strengths and weaknesses. But for the outside world, with which he seems to have had little contact in recent years, he can spare no time. Whole sections of the population are swept away by a phrase. Suburbia, for example, is a "flabby disaster; its somnolence, primness, and order disguise the stagnation and violence of Middle America." Our campuses are Big Government/Big Business/Big Military turf. His attitude toward the press is similar to Richard Nixon's. He complains that he has been unable to find a journalist who is both "trustworthy and knowledgeable." Even the very sympathetic articles of the psychiatrist Robert Coles are marked down as "incompetent, frantic, and close to falsehood," because Coles suggested that during one period in prison Berrigan was "frightened, anxious, and depressed."

The image that Berrigan here presents of himself, and would, I guess, like to have that trustworthy journalist project to the nation, is of a central figure in the ongoing war between the spirit and the powers of the world. In order to make his imagined role plausible even to himself, he has to escalate his adventures, to relate his own mild incarceration to that of prisoners in the most brutal dungeons on the globe. When guards, "their faces screwed up with solicitude," bring him copies of *The New York Times* in solitary confinement, he is reminded of "the juggernaut we sent to Indochina, lumbering around the jungle shooting itself up." While in Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary he reflects, "Given time and a certain logic, our masters could as well convert this seat of misery into an extermination camp. . . ." When federal marshals take him and other fasting prisoners from Danbury to the airport for a flight to a prison hospital in Springfield, Missouri, he is reminded of "a military convoy, similar to those we run through enemy territory in Vietnam." On another trip, being crowded into the back seat of a marshal's car with two other prisoners in chains brings to his mind the overpopulation of India "after receiving refugees from East Pakistan." The last may have been meant as a joke; if so, it would be the only intentional joke in the book.

"What is notable about the priest Berrigan is his inability to accept the humanity of the human beings whom he writes off so casually. . . ."

For a man like Philip Berrigan, whose vocation, after all, is the priesthood, who spends much time with the Gospels, and who identifies himself as one of the "few Christians in the United States, jailed or underground, [who] rescue the Church from total and willing manipulation by the respectable murderers," it may be necessary to see all events as bearing on his own salvation. He is exasperated by the difficulty of committing an act of conscience that will somehow be appropriate to Western civilization's crimes. He is a witness bearer, and if any of his acts is criticized, he gets annoyed: How can anybody criticize him considering what America did in Vietnam?

It may be the light of revelation or the light of ego, but for plain self-righteousness, Berrigan in this book is the equal of John Ehrlichman on television, and it is a constant frustration for him that the American system, depraved in every respect, will not treat him as cruelly as the righteous have traditionally been treated by Caesar in religious and popular literature. At Danbury, famed as an easy place to do time, he writes: "I have committed the unpardonable sin—questioned Caesar's lies and murders with my words and with my life—and so condemnation, ostracism, and silence become my lot." The trouble is that nothing he does and nothing that is done to him can reach the pitch of his imagination.

The movement with which Philip Berrigan is identified is in shambles today—due mainly to this society's resilience, which may be a deterrent to our salvation but also saves us from assorted lunacies. Still, the sorry condition of the movement owes something to the insistent demands within it for the satisfaction of the diverse, irreconcilable private needs of its constituency, including Philip Berrigan.

Today, as ever, and in this country, as everywhere, most people are trying to get through their days without too much pain or discomfort. Not a heroic stance, that, downright selfish, in fact, and highly prejudicial to the poor among us, but human withal. What is notable about the priest Berrigan is his inability to accept the humanity of the human beings whom he writes off so casually and so definitely. When other inmates at Lewisburg disappoint him by backing down from a strike, he describes them as "curious, well-intentioned pseudo-radicals—not men. They may be men later, or they may never be men. More certainly, they are not men now." Who can doubt the truth in Berrigan's assertion that Americans are "pampered, soft, morally sterile, frightened"? Who can doubt that he is tougher than his fellow citizens, morally more fruitful, altogether more manly? Sure he is. But anyone who presumes to put forward any sort of program for this country ought at least to be able to comprehend the majority of its citizens, to be somehow in touch with them. For those of us who do not belong to the tiny circle of the committed, yet are not part of "the people," that enormous abstraction beloved by revolutionaries, Berrigan has no use.

So be it. To those liberals who still feel impelled to defer to this man, I recommend his book; it will not be Philip Berrigan's fault if they fail to understand that his cause is not theirs. For myself, I find that his vision, in company with that of most zealots, is inhuman. His view of America is cockeyed and his view of himself is inflated. I am glad that he is out of prison. I am glad that he is happily married. I am glad that he is powerless. □

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Muckraker

It's a tough job to write the biography of a man whose autobiography is a classic, as biographers of Casanova and Henry Adams have found, but Justin Kaplan does a fine job in *Lincoln Steffens* (Simon & Schuster, March). As I remember from Steffens's book, most of his childhood seems to have been spent on horseback, in California. Kaplan goes into this thoroughly, emendating here and adding a bit there, then takes his man on to study and high jinks in Europe, newspaper muckraking in New York, and finally great fame and influential books. In New York City Steffens worked with Theodore Roosevelt, about whom Kaplan writes:

His friends and admirers agreed not only among themselves but also with strangers and his enemies that even when he had become President, Roosevelt's peculiarity still was that he had essentially a boy's mind. "You must always remember," said one of Roosevelt's closest friends, "that the President is about six." "Mr. Roosevelt is the Tom Sawyer of the political world of the twentieth century," said Mark Twain, who generally despised him.

Beautiful People

Helen Bevington's sort-of-commonplace book *When Found, Make a Verse of* (1961) has always been one of my favorites. Now she's written *Beautiful Lofty People* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, early February), a charming collection of light literary essays and semi-light literary verse about the peculiarities and peccadilloes of people who interest her—Gilbert White, Mrs. Trollope, Sydney Smith, who cured himself of shyness by two discoveries: "(1) That all mankind were not solely employed in observing me" and "(2) That shamming was no use, that the world was very clearsighted and soon estimated a man at his just value." She's amusing about Byron's weight problems:

He waged a mighty but intermittent struggle to stay thin, alternating from skeleton to fat man and back again. At intervals despairing of his figure, he starved himself, fasting to excess: a cup of tea for breakfast, a cup of tea for supper, a light vegetable dinner doused in vinegar, plus a dose of Epsom salts. He chewed tobacco to forget his hunger. And his face, said Scott, was pale "like an alabaster vase." Thus the reports of Byron's friends as to his size, shape, and appearance differ sharply from year to year, one from the other.

Love Poem?

Robert Watson, a professor of English at the University of North Carolina, in his forties, has published three volumes of poetry and a novel. Later this month his *Selected Poems* will come out via Atheneum. Here's one he calls "Do You Love Me?":

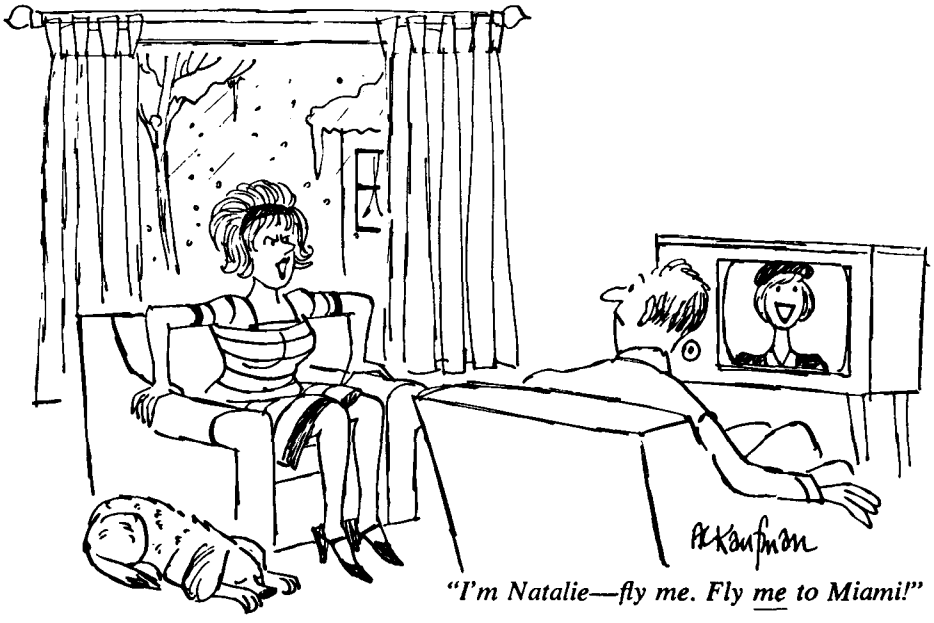
Love? I'd rather be condemned to Grand Opera,
Crammed in those little seats, that muck in my ears.
I'm too sensitive for love. The act of love
Repeats itself, repeats itself. And you?
Without my glasses are much like the last.
This bed scrambling of limbs is commonplace
As plates of breakfast eggs. Our flesh is comic.
Such odd handles, pouches, spouts, and pipes
That twitch, swell, or spurt. Like dish washing,
Done, then time to start again.
Dignity?
Animals have it over man.

Portrait of a Marriage

Dad was a little bit *this* way;
Mother was quite a bit *that*;
Such a peculiar family—
I can't keep it under my hat!

Paper Pleasures

The High Society (with the emphasis on *high*) by Mort Gerberg, just out from Warner Paperback Library, is a funny cartoon/text treatment of what things will be like when marijuana is finally legalized. I'll bet there will be a serious book on the same subject soon, too. . . . On the stands now is *American Review #19*, with a nervy, talked-about tour-de-farce by previously unpublished Max Apple, "The Oranging of America" (or how Howard Johnson *might* have done it). . . . Seven dollars for a paperback? Yes, and worth it: *Other People's Mail: Letters of Men and Women of Letters*, published by the New York Public Library. Oversize, it reproduces original letters by Pope, Thoreau, Eliot (his in verse), Wilde, Lawrence, and so on. Printed text, too, for some of the handwriting is difficult. The letters are from the library's famous Berg Collection and have been selected by curator Lola L. Szladits. Cover drawing by Edward Gorey. This may be ordered from the library, or try your bookseller and mention distributor Readex Books. . . . A bit cheaper—$6.95—is a well-produced paperback, *Celebration with Anaïs Nin*, which will appeal strictly to her devotees (what *do* they call themselves?). This is the record of a weekend that thirty diverse followers spent with Miss N. at a rented mansion in Rye, New York. The book was edited, with commentary and photography, by Valerie Harms, and published by Magic Circle Press, 31 Chapel Lane, Riverside, Conn. 06878, who I trust will send you a copy if you send them money.



"I'm Natalie—fly me. Fly me to Miami!"

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Books in Brief

THE OLD MAN AND LESSER MORTALS
by Larry L. King
Viking, 300 pp., $8.95

Most of the essays in this collection are reprinted from various periodicals. The best and the worst of them come from *Harper's,* from that green time when, as Mr. King tells it, Mr. Willie Morris and his editors passed their days and their nights in creative activity, when they were not playing funny, wholesome jokes on one another. One of Mr. King's essays to come out of that period is indeed memorable. It is "The Old Man," the title essay and a strong, affecting portrait of a man and a father. There is a difference—a powerful one—between feeling and sentimentality, and Mr. King appears to know it far better in this piece than in any of the rest of those collected here, most of which suffer from hoked-up feelings in such exotic variety as to stun the mind. The altogether tellingly titled essay "Blowing My Mind at Harvard" is one of those works whose ailments are specifically of its time. Its fashionable conviction that the Black Panthers were the victims of police genocide, its idealization—in the guise of criticism, now and then—of the young, of their special honesty and straightforwardness, are all familiar. "Whatever Happened to Brother Dave?" is a more complicated and interesting piece, and its sensibility, too, is wholly of its time. Mr. King goes to a bottle club in Charlotte, North Carolina, and in the fact that the maitre d' is annoyed because his customers do not cover their whiskey bottles with the obligatory brown paper bags Mr. King can detect at once the South's capacity for self-deception. The belief that sociological perception is made up of such things has always been a hallmark of the school of personal journalism to which Mr. King belongs; it is, and it has always been, a grandiose idea.

One of the strengths of personal journalism might have been that it was eccentric and interesting, as a man's mind is always interesting. When that journalism began to take itself for truth and, worse, for goodness (of a political sort), there was hope neither for eccentricity nor for mind. Mr. King is a good writer; there is an intelligence in him that makes itself known throughout, but it is an uphill climb here: For there is a war on in Mr. King, between the instincts of the ideologue and those of the eccentric, and in these times it is, not surprisingly, the former that gets the upper hand most of the time.

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FALLING BODIES
by Sue Kaufman
Doubleday, 288 pp., $7.95

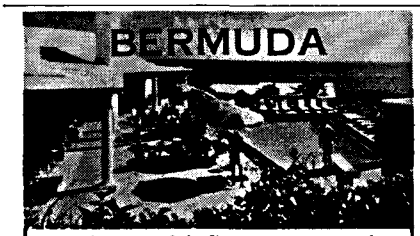
Mrs. Kaufman has written a novel about marriage and motherhood that gives every sign it is about to follow the tedious path worn by similar novels. Indeed, Mrs. Kaufman comes very close to that tedium a number of times: This novel has its full measure of thwarted ambition, poetesses destroyed by male psychiatrists, and nervous breakdowns induced by marriage and domesticity. On the other hand, there is a humanness in the characters, a readiness on the author's part to keep defining them—and not always predictably—till the end, which makes this novel about an educated, upper-middle-class housewife far superior to anything in its genre. The faults evident here are the major sort, the sort for which other novels are put down for good: The characters are defined not by personality so much as by their response to contemporary events. Often, the interior monologues read like political tracts, and not very advanced or subtle tracts either But Mrs. Kaufman does have a gift for making her story move, as well as a wry ear for accents; nor is she afraid of the latter, which forwardness results in one of the best characterizations in the book: the remarkable and doubtless insane South American maid Maria. So tradition-bound (in the worst way) is the novel in its basic assumptions, it is a wonder to see it work; and it does, through sheer exercise of the comic imagination, work well enough to be called diverting and an eminently good read.

•

LAST RIGHTS
by Marya Mannes
William Morrow, 150 pp., $5.95

Marya Mannes's book is likely to be misunderstood on a number of counts, despite the evident pains she has taken to be clear about her position. There is no way to write about euthanasia without running into trouble, and Miss Mannes has here written in defense of euthanasia of a carefully defined sort. It is "the ability to die with dignity at a moment when life is devoid of it" or "the alternative to the prolongation of a steadily waning mind by machines." The difficulty with Miss Mannes's book is not with her thesis, but with the route to its construction—with the broad strokes by which, for example, the old and the terminally ill are run together in the category of the dying. There is much that is facile here, much that appears to be the result of haste to get to the point. Like any number of essayists, Miss Mannes is rather better when she has arrived at her point than she is en route to it, the former being the condition for which all the rhetorical intensity and focus have been primed to flow. That intensity is considerable here, and it will have its impact, for, wound up, Miss Mannes is a straightforward and intelligent rhetorician. Her point is that death as an idea—as a fact of life—has been unnaturally rooted out of our consciousness; that men have the right to choose death, in certain conditions; that there is a good death and a bad death, and that one of the conditions of the former is that man's will has had a hand in it. Miss Mannes is forthright in her antagonism toward those who claim the sanctity of life for every life, including, for example, children who are born mongoloid or retarded. It is a sober book and, in its astringent way, a moving one.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ



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by Leo Rosten

Sex Among the Sea Squids

If you know my shameless hang-up about odd facts—any old odd facts—you will realize how mesmerized I am by a description I've just read of the mating habits of the sea squid. This cousin of the octopus is silvery blue, has luminous eyes and tentacles, and—all in all—looks like a bad dream by Picasso. Compared with the sea squid, the octopus is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Before I initiate you into the hair-raising sex life of the squid, I should tick off the most conspicuous aspects of this mollusk's appearance and habits, which cause constant embarrassment, if not downright shame, to its cousin. Sea squids are much larger than octopuses, most of whom are under eight inches long; but some squids reach sixty feet in length (!) and boast tentacles fifty feet long (!!) and weigh over a ton (!!!). The squid has an enormous reach—and ten "arms," of which two are longer than the other eight; these two snap out to catch a victim, who is then pulled into the nest of sucker-rings on the other eight tentacles. *Yech!*

Octopuses *rarely* attack anything, despite the vile canards of sailors, but sea squids are among the most ferocious predators to inhabit the sea around us. (I assume you are reading this in a rowboat.) Very swift, very strong, and very voracious, a sea squid will head with murderous intent for anything from a canoe to a submarine. Should you ever go skin diving and have to choose with whom to cozy up, I beseech you to select the octopus and flee from his cousin. This is not easy, since the sea squid zooms around the deep via jet propulsion; that is, it takes in water, which it then shoots out, from near its head, in a powerful squirt—which rockets the squid through the water backward. That baffles other pisces.

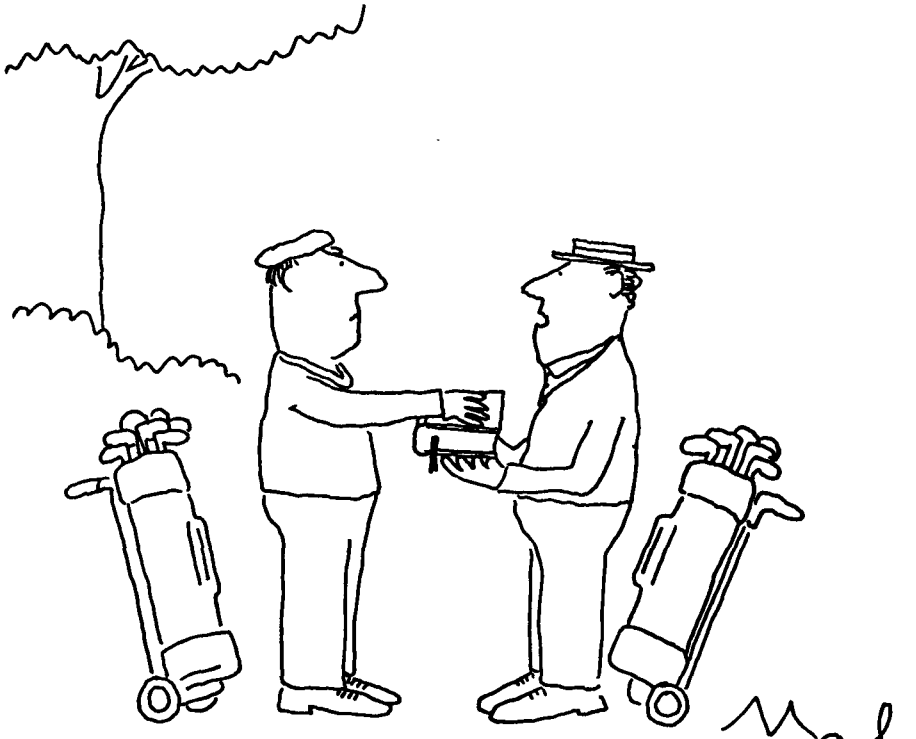
The squid's eyes are *most* unusual for a creature that looks like an invertebrate glob, for the orbs have a pupil, an iris, and a mobile lens that can zero in on objects quite far away.

Sea squids are exceptionally versatile: They change color, for instance, like a chameleon; and when pressed (or just depressed) they shoot out a balloon of inky goo, which conceals them from enemies. In an extremity, a squid even emits a brilliant flare, which lights up the whole area around him: That astounds any enemy long enough for the squid to make a regressive getaway.

Little squids are gobbled up by larger squids; and whales and sharks eat young squids by the millions. So do men. Anyone who has "done" Greece, Italy, or Spain knows that the sea squid tastes delicious—if it has been severely pounded, before frying, to diminish the pristine toughness of the meat.

And *now* I am ready to tell you about the squid's mating habits. This creature's romantic ritual differs most dramatically from the courtship patterns of other forms of marine life. The male squid shows off a good deal to attract a female and—like sea lions—fights off his rivals ferociously; then, without even a wink, shimmer, or other gesture of amour, he grabs his inamorata and, like the boor he is, proceeds to "have his way," as the Victorians put it, with the squidess. So far, so good.

But (and what a "but" that is) a sea squid Romeo often forgets what it was he was so intent on doing when he snatched the broad, and, in the middle of his concupiscent thrashings, begins (oh, God!) to eat his partner. That is not conducive to sustained romance; nor does it promise a happy life together with little squidettes to make the couple happy. It is a grisly, sobering fact of life—a fact we all must face without flinching—that some male sea squids completely consume the ladies on whom they have just lavished so much attention, to say nothing of energy.



"Do you swear that the score you are about to post is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

OH, I KNOW there are many cases of cannibalism in the world of nature—including cannibalism that follows coitus, thus precluding connubiality. But there is something especially horrifying in the image of all those frantic, waving tentacles enveloping a bride; and there is something especially startling in the un-Freudian conduct that causes the powerful instinct of sex, in the middle of the very protocol of seduction, to surrender to a sudden yen for lunch.

I think I am safe in reassuring women's libbers that post-prandial bliss (even among our finned or feathered fellows) does not often follow a menu on which the *pièce de résistance* was your loved one. Still . . . □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

We are indebted to the Golden State Humane Society for something called *The Humane Non-Workers' Dictionary*. And since we believe that this dictionary might even work for the non-humane, we are herewith presenting it to you without further ado—albeit ado is one of the many old-fashioned things we nowadays could use not less of, but more of. Also, if there is any office that doesn't think it needs this dictionary—well, it's obviously the one that needs it most.

A PROGRAM—Any assignment that can't be completed by one telephone call.
NOTE AND INITIAL—Let's spread the responsibility for this.
NO ONE AVAILABLE—We're too busy to promote it, anyway.
TO EXPEDITE—To confound confusion with commotion.
COORDINATOR—The guy who has the desk between two expediters.
UNDER CONSIDERATION—Never heard of it.
UNDER ACTIVE CONSIDERATION—We're looking for it in the files.
CONSULTANT (OR EXPERT)—Any ordinary guy more than fifty miles from home.
RE-ORIENTATION—Getting used to working again.
A MEETING—Mass mulling by the masterminds.
A CONFERENCE—A place where talk is substituted for the dreariness of work and the loneliness of thought.
TO GIVE SOMEONE THE PICTURE—A long, confused, and inaccurate statement to a newcomer.
GIVE US THE BENEFIT OF YOUR THINKING—We'll listen to what you have to say if it doesn't conflict with what we have to do.
LET'S GET TOGETHER ON THIS—I'm assuming that you're as confused as I am.
SEE ME, OR LET'S DISCUSS—Come down to the office; I'm lonesome.
UNIMPEACHABLE SOURCE—The guy who started the rumor.
RELIABLE SOURCE—The guy you last met.

"To my knowledge, my wife has not been guilty of any infidelity since 1936, when she voted for Roosevelt."

CAPITAL NEWS—as forwarded by Stanley Corwin of Grosset & Dunlap, from the *International Herald Tribune*:

WASHINGTON (NYT)—On orders from the White Mouse, the FBI last night. . . .

Well, at least *someone's* taking charge.

LIBRARY CARD—as located by Howard Anderson of Riverside, California, in the *Press-Enterprise*:

SEATTLE (UPI)—Wyoming's original state constitution, written in 1889, has a new lease on life because of a special preserving solution invented by an assistant professor of librariansip. . . . Smith has been at the University of Washington since 1971. He teaches deterioration. . . .

And there's so *much* of it today.

SHOW TIME—uncurtained by Dr. Gaea Leinhardt of Pittsburgh in *The New York Times*:

Peter Bart, a former *New York Times* correspondent in Hollywood, who is now an independent producer at Paramount Pictures, said, "The older executives tend to be inflexible, even a bit stuffy. But in a field that is marked by slovenly management, the Morris office is superbly run and, by and large, honest."

You know—like being by and large pregnant.

PERSONAL NOTE—spotted by Arthur H. Clarke of Springfield, Massachusetts, in the *Springfield Daily News:*

A Northampton man has been sentenced to five years in prison for shooting but not killing his estranged wife.

Well, it makes an item—even if an estrange one.

ERRATUM TIME—blue-penciled by Constance Kite of Burlington, Vermont, in *Natural History* magazine:

Due to a typographical error in Jean Briggs's review of *Pitseolak*, the Eskimo word for shaman was misspelled. The correct word is *angaqquq*.

These printers today—slipshod. □

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENTAL AFFAIRS
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Curbing Pollution From Ships

Although roughly 90 percent of the pollution of the seas comes from sources on land, the remaining 10 percent spilled by ships at sea is by no means insignificant and includes nearly half of the ocean pollution caused by oil. In a major development that was largely ignored by the press, seventy-one nations have agreed (with three abstentions) to measures that will go far in reducing pollution from ocean-going ships, though two to five years will elapse before all the provisions go into effect.

The convention was negotiated in the International Maritime Consultative Organization (IMCO), a UN agency widely believed to be dominated by shipping interests. But the document that emerged in November is reasonably tough, better than most environmentalists had expected, and an improvement on the draft as first presented. Assuming ratification and adherence, the Convention for the Prevention of Pollution From Ships does the following:

- Prohibits the dumping of plastics and places limits on the discharge of other trash and garbage.
- Prohibits the discharge of the most harmful chemical substances and regulates the discharge of others.
- Forbids the discharge of oil within fifty miles of land and defines the Mediterranean, Baltic, Black, and Red seas and the Persian Gulf as special areas where any discharge of oil will be prohibited.
- Calls for the construction of facilities for the reception of waste oil and chemicals at all major ports.
- Stipulates that within three years of the convention's coming into force (after ratification by at least fifteen nations having not less than half the world's shipping tonnage), all tankers, whether old or new, shall be equipped to retain oily ballast waste on board rather than washing it directly into the sea.
- Requires that all tankers of more than 70,000 tons built after 1975 be equipped with segregated ballast tanks.
- Includes refined petroleum as well as crude in these requirements (the so-called single standard).
- Provides for compulsory arbitration of disputes.

On to Caracas

Laying aside doubts as to whether preparations were far enough advanced to ensure a reasonable chance of success, the UN General Assembly has decided that the Law of the Sea Conference shall go on as scheduled, with only a minor change in dates. For political reasons, the site has been changed from Santiago to Caracas, and the conference will extend from June 20 through August 29. It is not expected that all issues will be settled in those ten weeks; the conference is scheduled to reconvene in 1975, probably in Vienna.

Possibly the major weakness of the convention is enforcement. Unless an offense is committed within an area of "national jurisdiction," prosecution can be brought only by the state whose flag the offending ship flies. What constitutes the limit of "national jurisdiction" is to be determined at the Law of the Sea Conference (see box).

The most extended debate was on whether coastal states should have the right to impose more stringent standards in their own territorial waters than are called for in the convention. The United States strongly favored the provision of this right. (Present U.S. law authorizes the secretary of transportation to set such standards at whatever level he deems appropriate.) A compromise solution was defeated when antagonists on both sides of the issue voted against it. Thus the convention is silent on the point, which must be resolved at the Law of the Sea Conference.

To no one's great surprise, the United Kingdom became spokesman for the most conservative position of the maritime powers, while the United States, among the major powers, took the strongest position in defense of the marine environment, closely seconded by the Soviet Union.

THE WORLD FOOD SHORTAGE

Concern with energy has distracted attention from the larger problem of food—larger in the number of people it may affect and larger in its long-term implications. The Malthusian forecast has never seemed so threatening. Food reserves are negligible; the resources of the World Food Program have been slashed almost in half by spiraling prices; global food production, which for decades has barely kept a jump ahead of population growth, must be doubled by the end of the century just to maintain the present inadequate levels of nutrition. It's "going to be a much more difficult task," says Maurice Strong of the UN Environment Program, "than most people have realized."

To be sure, last year was one of the worst on record for the production of staple food crops. The United States, the largest food exporter, is returning vast acreage to production, and hardly a week passes without an announcement of some new means of overcoming protein deficiency: a high-protein strain of sorghum, the normally nutritionally deficient crop on which 300 million of the world's poorest people subsist; a crossing of wheat and rye to produce a new, sturdy species (triticale); treatment of waste to provide an edible protein additive for human as well as animal consumption; and other promises of technological miracles. "How," asked Barbara Ward, as she received the highest award of the National Audubon Society, "are we to find a path of reason between the doomsayers and the technofixers . . . [between] Cassandra and Polyanna?

One way is to listen to those who demonstrably fit neither of these categories:

- In Nairobi Robert McNamara, president of the World Bank, urges governments to give highest development priority to the small farm and pledges the bank's support.
- In New York, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger proposes the convening of a World Food Conference, and with rare dispatch, UNESCO adopts the suggestion.
- In Mexico City the Nobel Prize–winning plant scientist, Norman Borlaug, appeals for "international granaries of food reserves, financed by all nations. . . . These granaries

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should be strategically placed . . . available to all countries that need them—and before famine strikes, not afterwards."

- In Washington a conference of experts recommends a world food reserve of 100 million tons (international trade in grain amounted to 140 million tons in 1972–73).
- In Rome the director general of the Food and Agricultural Organization, A. H. Boerma, says that the inability of the World Food Program to adopt any new projects at this time "is a unique step backward in the history of the program," a program that represents "a special kind of indicator of the richer world's sincerity toward the developing countries and their real needs." Is the program, he asks, to be "just an elegant international device for surplus disposal?"
- In Boulder, Colorado, meteorologist Walter Orr Roberts points out that the Great Plains of North America, which produces two-thirds of the world's exportable surpluses of grain and 90 percent of its soybeans, is vulnerable to droughts, which have occurred at intervals of about twenty-five years, the last of which was the dustbowl period of the 1930s.
- In Washington Lester R. Brown of the Overseas Development Council observes that, while one in every six acres of cropland in the United States is planted to soybeans, the nation's most valuable export ($2 billion plus), yields per acre have increased only marginally; he proposes a joint Soybean Research Institute with China, where the soybean originated.

Others have pointed to the decline in food resources of the seas, largely a result of overfishing, and to the vast diversion of grain to feed cattle in order to meet the growing demand from the well-to-do for meat. North Americans consume *in the form of meat alone* about three times as much grain as directly sustains people of developing countries.

Almost everyone is now agreed that substantial buffer stocks of cereals are urgently needed. An exception is Earl L. Butz, secretary of agriculture of the one country most capable of creating surpluses. He is for all-out production but intends that the government shall hold no reserves; buffer stocks will exist at the whim of farmers and dealers. That is a dangerous policy for the United States; for the world, it could be disastrous. Mr. Butz's position, opposed by senior members of his own staff, is precisely the one that so much concerns A. H. Boerma (see box).

The Need for Adjustment

Despite the pressures of increasing demands for food against stagnating supplies (see story on page 51), A. H. Boerma of FAO believes that the problem is not so much absolute shortages as the absence of "international consultative machinery on adjustments." According to a summary of a recent FAO report:

"Adjustment is usually presumed to occur through the operation of the price mechanism, but in the case of agriculture the response to changes in market prices is often either inadequate or exaggerated. Consequently, governments have intervened more in agriculture than in other sectors in order to influence production and to achieve various social goals. 'In many countries these agricultural adjustment policies have proliferated into a formidable complex of legislative and administrative arrangements.' At the national level every nation defines its own goals and adopts its own measures to achieve them. . . . 'There are strong grounds for fearing that a continuation of such policies could, in fact, lead to trade wars, in which there is no doubt that those who would come off worst would be the developing countries.' "

Even if the high-consumption habits of the developed world could be altered, and that seems doubtful, there is no escaping the necessity of greater self-reliance on the part of the developing nations. In her address to the National Audubon Society, Barbara Ward not only emphasized the obligations of the rich nations but also stressed the urgency of "the building up of agricultural capacity on a sound and sustainable basis in the developing lands." She noted especially the need for "labor-intensive technology, credit for the cooperatives of small farmers, farming practices which use decentralized forms of energy—above all, solar power—fertilizer practices which carefully use all organic wastes, weeding and insect control which accept the availability of labor. . . .

"The kind of research and technology needed for ecologically sane, labor-intensive farms and for decentralized towns and markets is small, patient, interconnected, respectful of fragilities, temperate in energy use. It is not the big bang-bang stuff. It does not 'break through'; it connects. The economics of small-scale farming is not a drive for economic growth at all costs, concentrating wealth and high investment, increasing the gap between rich and poor. It is, on the contrary, the economics of cooperation, of participation, of greater equality, and the building up of a million small achievements."

Global Report

Abidjan—Like its former colonial master, France, Ivory Coast officially takes a dim view of birth control and provides family allowances. By contrast, Ghana, a former British territory, has an active family-planning program but no family allowances. Yet Ivory Coast has a birthrate and natural growth slightly below those of Ghana.

The point is made in a worldwide study, sponsored by the International Labor Organization, of the influence of family allowances on rates of population growth. The conclusion reached is that only occasionally and for relatively short periods have family allowances spurred higher birthrates. Not only are many other factors more important in determining growth rates, but also, surveys show, couples rate family allowances behind at least three other inducements to have an additional child: greater opportunities for part-time work for women, larger educational grants, and better housing.

Kiel—In a two-day period last fall, an estimated 4 million fish died in Kiel Bay—the largest fish kill in the Baltic in over a decade. Twelve miles of beach were covered with cod, flounder, and smelt. Although the fish are presumed to have expired from lack of oxygen, no unusual spills were recorded in that time or place; thus the specific cause of death is unknown.

Washington—The Atomic Energy Commission is putting a show on the road, and by next June it will have played in more than forty cities in twenty-nine states. The program is called Citizens' Workshops on Energy and the Environment. The main event, supplemented by videotapes and slide presentations by scientists and engineers, is the opportunity for participants to use an "energy-environment simulator" as a tool for making decisions on energy policy.

The simulator stores data on energy resources, consumption, conservation, environmental quality, and their complex interrelationships; it analyzes the solution proposed by the participant and promptly displays the results of the hypothetical decision. It can safely be

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assumed that the computer is programmed to flunk anyone who opposes the use of nuclear energy.

Toronto—U.S. citizens are said to be flocking to Canada, especially to this city. One attraction, which has much to do with the quality of the city, is its extensive, integrated, and subsidized transit system, serving 240 square miles. While New Yorkers are threatened with an increase to sixty cents for a ride on their ancient subway, Torontonians ride their new twenty-three-mile system for twenty-five cents. According to *The Environment Monthly*, a local real estate man reports that the first four-and-a-half miles of subway, costing $67 million, "ignited a $10 billion development explosion along the route."

Johannesburg—For decades, the carefully sculptured hills surrounding this city and others of South Africa have sat bare, dusty, and forbidding. They are mine dumps or tailings. Now, with the new environmental awareness, the South African Chamber of Mines is doing something about them. It is treating the mining refuse so that it will support life. Ultimately, greenery will cover 1.25 million acres of wasteland.

Bogotá—Colombia is one of the few developing countries where the construction of housing is nearly keeping up with the increased demand. Sixty thousand housing units are expected to be completed this year, while the deficit is estimated to be growing at the rate of seventy thousand a year. Given the rates of population growth and of urbanization, this is a superior showing.

In most cases of low- and middle-income housing, an official agency, the Real Estate Credit Institute, finances 50 percent of the cost, private builders provide 25 percent, and the buyer pays the balance through low-interest mortgages of up to twelve years. The homes are intended for families with incomes of $30 to $160 per month.

Vancouver—In this city, which appears to spawn more active environmentalists per capita than any other place in the world, an artist, punster, and wit has founded yet another movement, which happily has no organization. Herb Gilbert calls it ESPerception, and ESP stands for Earthling Survival Party. Gilbert believes we are making a "heavy trip" out of our efforts to do something about the environment. "It could," he says, "be a celebration of life, an expanded 'art-game,' a grand global party: Lovers, Workers, Artists of the World, Unite!"

Last month at the University of British Columbia gallery, Gilbert put on an exhibition of "collages, photographs, images, statements, ideas, information, drawings," contributed by himself and others, some from distant places. He also produces a letter decorated with butterflies, as well as a postcard picturing a UFO that may be discerned as the human brain. ESPerception's membership cards show interlocked polar projections of earth; on the reverse is a membership number approximating the current population of the world and innumerable slogans, such as: many songs, many foods, many dances, many cultures, no passports, state of mind not nation-state, ESPouse wilderness, ESPrit de biosphere, mother earth not fatherland.

Requests for membership, letters of encouragement or ideas, and contributions of art should be addressed to P.O. 'G' 6341, but Gilbert requests that debunkers write Dr. Plonk at another address.

Washington—In an address to the National Press Club, Russell E. Train, the new administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency, said that it is pollution, not its control, that limits economic growth. The public cannot tolerate unrestrained activities that adversely affect health and welfare. The real anti-growth forces, he contended, are those that continually oppose environmental progress.

IUCN Gets Its Harpoons Crossed

Of all earth's creatures, not excluding man, it would appear that the whale has the most numerous and passionate defenders. No issue at the United Nations Conference on the Human Environment aroused so much enthusiasm, both inside and outside the conference halls, as the move to declare a ten-year moratorium on whaling.

Since then, innumerable environmental organizations have adopted the preservation of the whale as a major project, and several ad hoc groups have been formed especially for this purpose. The largest of these is Project Jonah, which has mounted a worldwide campaign to encourage children to write letters of appeal to leaders of the Japanese and Soviet governments, whose nationals conduct 80 percent of the world's whaling. When Japan and Russia announced that they would not abide by decisions taken by majority vote at the last meeting of the International Whaling Commission (IWC), conservationists were enraged; many organizations, including the National Wildlife Federation, are demanding a boycott of Soviet and Japanese goods.

In the face of such fervor and unanimity among environmentalists and the public generally, it is not a little embarrassing that the world's preeminent conservation organization, in terms of size and scope—the International Union for the Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—is torn on the matter of the ten-year moratorium. The membership of IUCN consists of 18 international organizations, 33 national governments, 95 agencies or departments of government, and 198 non-governmental organizations in 57 countries. The governing body of IUCN is the General Assembly; and to advise it on technical matters of species preservation, there is an expert Survival Service Commission, which maintains a group especially for whales. This body does *not* favor a moratorium, and its recommended policy of whale cropping was adhered to by IUCN until recently.

Then, in September 1972, IUCN's General Assembly voted in favor of the ten-year moratorium—a decision subsequently supported by the union's executive committee. The SSC whale group was incensed, especially because it "had not been consulted in time to influence consideration of the new policy or to permit substantial revision of the statement before its issue to the IWC." Virtually every premise on which the IUCN policy decision had been made was questioned by the expert group. Its position was the more remarkable because the Technical Committee of the much less conservationist-minded IWC voted in favor of the moratorium. The SSC group did concede that "in common with many wildlife population studies, there are inherent sources of uncertainty in assessments of whale stocks and in yield calculations." In simpler language, estimates of the numbers of particular whale species diverge wildly. The IUCN leadership and its SSC whaling group each used the uncertainty, as well as different estimates, as an argument for opposite policies. The salt spray hasn't settled yet. And while the children go on composing their pictures, poems, and letters, Kosygin and Tanaka must be chortling at this windfall counsel from experts of the world's largest conservationist organization.

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Environment and Freedom of the Seas

Many observers believe that the last issue to be settled at the Law of the Sea Conference will be that of free passage through straits and archipelagoes. This is not because it is the most contentious issue, but because it is one in which a number of developing nations can (or will try to) exert weighty leverage on the major maritime powers in order to win other concessions.

The question quite simply is whether the freedom of the seas will be preserved or whether some of the principal ocean passages will be closed by the riparian state(s) on the grounds that these waters are now "territorial." Increasingly, the pretext for asserting the right to deny free passage is the danger of environmental pollution in coastal waters.

The danger, of course, is real enough, but the solution does not lie in unilateral action by states that may have motives other than protection of their marine environment. Rather, the solution rests in international agreements on common standards for protection of the seas combined with ad hoc bodies, composed of major users and riparian states, to set ground rules for particularly critical and endangered waters.

One such zone is Canada's west coast, particularly the Juan de Fuca Strait between the island of Vancouver and the state of Washington, through which tankers carrying oil from Alaska will pass. Although much of the oil from the North Slope is expected to be exported to Japan or sent to the Caribbean for refining, the Canadians are entitled to demand that exceptional precautions be taken against the possibility of oil spills near their coastline or in shared territorial waters.

This is essentially a bilateral issue. Of far greater consequence to world shipping and to the navies of the world is the threat by Indonesia and Malaysia to reject the right of innocent passage through the Strait of Malacca, which lies beween them. More than 50,000 ships of fifty nations pass through these waters each year, making the strait one of the world's major thoroughfares. Until the British left Singapore, which lies near the southeastern end of the strait, no one questioned that the Strait of Malacca was an international waterway, and Singapore today would like to keep it that way. Restraints on passage could severely hurt the world's fourth busiest port. For the major maritime nations, especially Japan, nationalization of the strait would be a potential disaster.

While seeking to gain international support for the notion that the Strait of Malacca is subject to the control of the riparian states, Indonesia also is asserting the principle that all the waters of its 3300-mile-long archipelago are territorial, thereby giving it the right to deny passage to ships of any nation.

To the extent that these claims are bids for power and prestige, they are not likely to win much support. There are 114 other straits in the world, and to deny the right of innocent passage in all of them would create chaos. But the environmental hazards in the Strait of Malacca are not imagined and deserve international attention and cooperation. More than a third of the ocean-going vessels passing through the strait are tankers, and 600 per year are supertankers of more than 180,000 tons. Japan, 90 percent of whose oil imports are transported via the strait, rather cavalierly has declared it safe for tankers of 200,000 tons and over. Others disagree. The strait needs far better aids to navigation, and its shifting shallows require constant surveillance.

The suggestion by a high Malaysian official that a toll of $5000 be exacted from every tanker and one of $3000 from every cargo vessel is sheer larceny, but major users of the waterway might reasonably be asked to share the costs of protecting the coastal environment.

Indonesia and Malaysia are not alone in wishing to assert control over waterways that have long been treated as international. But the Strait of Malacca may be the most important geographically and politically. To use the threat of pollution as an excuse for curbing freedom of the seas is a new and unacceptable kind of imposition on the environment.

(For a fuller discussion, see "Nationalizing the Straits of Malacca," by Willard A. Hanna, American Universities Field Staff, P.O. Box 150, Hanover, New Hampshire 03755.)

Whatever the Problem

At least until very recently, more and better street lighting has been peddled as a catchall remedy for anything that ails a community. It is practically guaranteed to reduce crime, enhance traffic safety, improve after-dark retail business, and increase attendance at sports events. "Whatever the problem, community leaders are turning on the lights and getting the results they want." So writes the executive director of the Street and Highway Safety Lighting Bureau, "an educational service of companies which research, develop, and manufacture street and highway lights."

The arguments for better street lighting are, of course, compelling. In addition to local efforts, there are at least four federally funded programs for this purpose. But the cost in energy has rarely been mentioned or calculated. In addition, we now know that high-output mercury vapor lamps are killing trees by preventing their normal winter dormancy. The dilemma is real, but the solution will no longer be to turn night into day without heed of the costs.

A Documental Test of Solar Heating

Though regional in name, the Massachusetts Audubon Society has a national and international reputation, an annual budget of $2 million, a staff of scientists representing many disciplines, and broad environmental concerns that go far beyond conservation or bird-watching. When more space was needed at its Lincoln headquarters, the society decided to put some of its money and its reputation where its mouth is. It is building a two-story structure with 8000 square feet of space for offices, a library, and a lecture hall, using solar energy for heating and cooling.

Preliminary plans drawn by Arthur D. Little, Inc., estimate that a two-pane solar collector of 3500 square feet, angled at 45 degrees, will provide between 65 and 75 percent of total heating requirements. If that can be accomplished with reasonable economy in a part of the country where the weather is cold and the average annual hours of sunshine are relatively few, the commercial feasibility of solar energy will have been powerfully demonstrated.

The society will document its experience in fine detail to serve as a record and guide for others. In addition, it is seeking to engage the interest and participation of the largest possible number of planners, architects, builders, manufacturers, and bankers through all phases of the project. By widely sharing its learning process, the society hopes to encourage others to go forth and do likewise.

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Let Me Make One Thing More-or-Less Clear

Editor's Note: John Ciardi is on vacation this week, and his column is being written by a brilliant, if unknown, economist of, curiously, the same name.

It is too expensive to be poor. For lack of purchasing power, the poor have to pay more for things. Having used up their money in higher prices, they must borrow in order to buy the rest of what they need. Having borrowed, they must pay interest to those who are rich enough to lend. The interest they pay could, of course, be deducted from their taxes. But deductions must be against income, and the poor lack enough income to justify deductions. The rich, therefore, claim the deductions the poor lack enough income to justify. Lacking the justifications of the rich, the poor end up paying all the taxes. That necessity to pay taxes for lack of a deduction-justifying income is an additional expense of poverty.

It isn't that the poor might not qualify for a few small deductions here and there. The essential economic fact is that all the available deductions have already been claimed by the people with enough income to justify their deductions and with enough left over to pay smart tax lawyers to justify the justifications for those deductions.

The poor, for example, cannot afford to buy houses. A man who owns a house is allowed to deduct real-estate taxes and interest on mortgage payments. If one of his prize trees is blown down, he can even deduct the value of the tree. If the poor, on the other hand, rent a tree house, they discover rent is not deductible, not even when the tree is blown over. For that, one must apply to the Red Cross, an international organization. Our national government is sincerely tree-conscious, but only when the trees are owned, not when they are rented.

The government is just as sincerely concerned for the poor, but what can it do for people who do not earn enough to justify deductions? All it can do is take whatever is left over in taxes. True, the poor have nothing left over, but there is no cause for alarm. It is at exactly this point that we see the firmness of our balanced economy. And let there be no grumbling. The government never set out to soak the poor. It just works out that way. For sound economic reasons, moreover, it works well. For the poor are forced to borrow again to pay the taxes they did not make enough money to deduct. The rich use the interest from those loans to pay the smart lawyers who later run for Congress and make the laws that keep the economy sound. Never sell America short. We are still a government of checks and balances, though with most of the checks coming in from the poor and with all of the balances remaining with the rich. These are economic imperatives. Simply stated, the law is: *To be poor is so expensive that only the very rich can afford it, and never for long.*

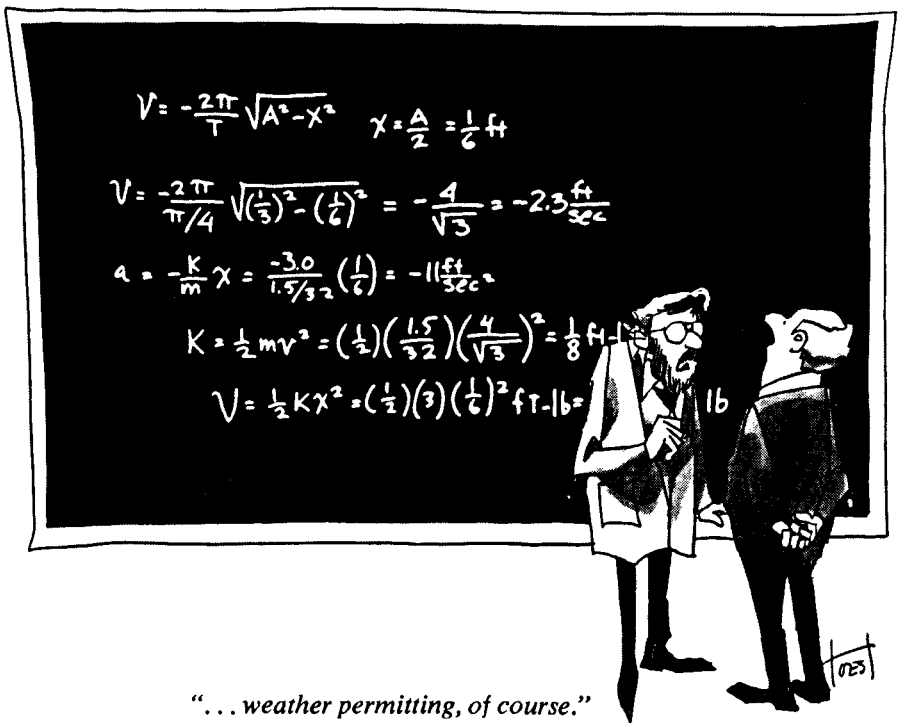
For consider what would happen if the rich went to the expense of being poor. They would start by saving the money they pay to smart tax lawyers, but they would be put to the greater expense of paying their taxes, and where could they borrow the money for such payments? Not from the poor certainly. They would have to turn to the even richer.

Before you could say Dick Nixon, a handful of the super-rich would have all the money. Then what would the millions of taxpayers use for money with which to pay the interest on the money they borrowed to pay the taxes they have to pay because they lack the income against which they might have deducted them? They would have to default, thereby bankrupting even the super-rich. Then who would support the smart tax lawyers who run for Congress and make sound economic laws?

Leave well enough alone. If a hypothetical undergraduate works part-time to earn $4000 and has $1219.37 withheld, he is learning the economic facts of life on the undergraduate level. If a hypothetical President earns $200,000 plus miscellaneous, plus perquisites, and pays $800 in taxes, think of him as one who has learned the economic facts on the graduate level. The point is that we are all learning all the time.

The case was best put by a hypothetical ex-Vice President while discussing the housing shortage. "The poor," he said, "do not suffer from lack of housing. They suffer from lack of income." I don't see how any man could say more in fewer words. (Or less in more words, as the case may be.) It is exactly that lack of income that makes it so expensive to be poor.

Are there any questions? □



"... weather permitting, of course."

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MGM: The Lion Meows

by Hollis Alpert

It was just about twenty-five years ago that an important event took place at the MGM studios in Culver City, California. A luncheon was held to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the formation of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which had gone on to become the largest and most successful film company in the world. In attendance, according to Bosley Crowther, who chronicled the event, were hundreds of film salesmen, the entire Hollywood press corps, dozens of producers and executives of the company, and fifty-eight stellar contract players. In the latter roster were Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Judy Garland, Deborah Kerr, Ava Gardner, Katharine Hepburn, Gene Kelly, Jennifer Jones, Fred Astaire, and one dog, whose name, of course, was Lassie. All partook, with the possible exception of Lassie, "of a catered repast of stuffed squab, suitably garnished, and ice cream molded in the shape of the studio's trademark, the lion."

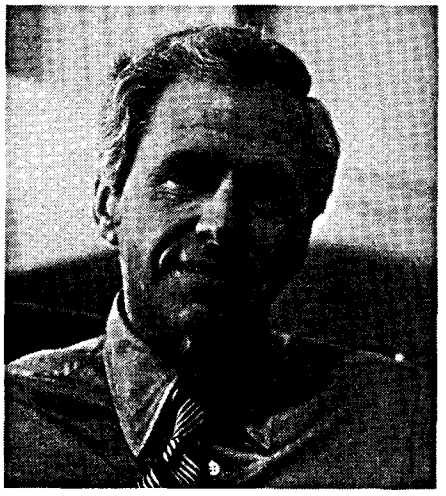
MGM's fiftieth anniversary is at hand, and it is reasonable to assume that the celebration will be a more sober and far less star-studded occasion. In fact, the studio's filmmaking operations have all but ground to a halt; its distribution arm has been taken over by United Artists; and a complex reshuffling of the company's structure has put it into the hotel business, with an active television subsidiary and plans for a small amount of virtually independent theatrical-film production. With the reshuffling came the resignation of James T. Aubrey, Jr., as president and chief executive officer of the company.

When the news of what many regarded as Aubrey's ouster came last November 1, shock waves of almost earthquake intensity were felt throughout Beverly Hills and Bel Air, through Trousdale Estates, North Hollywood, Malibu, and through the canyons and valleys where film people work and reside.

Rumors as to what had happened, what *really* had happened, abounded. Public statements were made, by Aubrey and others, but few people took them seriously. "I believe," said Aubrey, "the contribution I had to make, as far as the company is concerned, has been fulfilled."

The new president of MGM, Frank E. Rosenfelt, announced: "Contrary to recent public speculation, the roar of Leo the Lion will not be reduced to a weak *meow*. A revitalized, compact, commercially viable MGM is a continued assurance that the company will remain an important and significant force in the motion-picture industry."

But in talking with executives of other film companies and with a few individuals associated with the four-year Aubrey reign, I received a somewhat different impression, and also some fairly substantial accounts of the causes of MGM's corporate upheaval. The talks were off-the-record: There was understandable caution, not to say fearfulness, because today's discard may be tomorrow's mogul. Failure in Hollywood can be either downward or upward. So, to protect the talkative, no names.



James T. Aubrey—Out, at MGM.

Will MGM continue to remain an important force in the film industry? "Hardly," said one executive. "Financing for new motion pictures is not the problem. There's plenty of money around, if not from the major companies, then from dozens of outside industries willing to invest in feature-film-making. But the financing is meaningless without the necessary distribution deal and the all-important marketing of the product. As far as theatrical production is concerned, MGM is in the same position as a host of independent producers, all seeking distribution deals. The likelihood is that the new regime will get the leavings, so to speak."

Always in these talks the intriguing name of Aubrey kept popping up. The production head of another studio said: "You can't expect to make successful features in an atmosphere of confrontation." It was his circumspect way of saying that Aubrey had had conflicts with "creative filmmakers," some of whom referred to him privately as "the smiling cobra" and publicly accused him of meddling with and carving up their films.

Closer investigation bears this out to a degree, but only to a degree. Aubrey comes out far less of a villain than gossip and rumor make him out to be. In one sense, at least, Aubrey did accomplish what he was brought in to do, and here I'd better quote a source who was present during much of MGM's recent turmoil:

"After a series of all but ruinous proxy battles, during which Kirk Kerkorian, an airline and Las Vegas hotels tycoon, became the major stockholder and gained control, Aubrey was brought in, first of all, to lighten the complicated and disastrous load of dead wood at the studio. He came from a successful career in television. It must be admitted that he is a brilliant corporate executive, without equal at streamlining operations and firing people. After getting rid of the previous production regime that gave us such unsuccessful youth-oriented films as *The Strawberry Statement* and *Brewster McCloud*, a regime that apparently thought the youth movement was in its infancy when actually it was in decline, Aubrey came up with a plan for making MGM's feature production profitable. An analysis of costs versus returns convinced him that in no case was a budget to go over two million dollars."

"Aubrey got there," said one of my sources, "because one of the great powers in this industry, the lawyers, had him installed. It is not an overstatement to say that almost every present-day head of a studio is the product of the efforts of some powerful attorneys. They are the real movers and shakers, and a genuine history of Hollywood could be done in terms of its lawsuits. The lawyers and their financial alliances are the real undergirding of this town. Note that Rosenfelt, the new head, is a lawyer."

This same source discounted the prevalent theory that Aubrey was brought in to supervise the dissolution of MGM's entertainment functions. "The absolute fact of the matter is that his job was to streamline the operation and put it on a paying basis. Perhaps unhappily for him and for MGM, he became a picture maker himself."

In this era of conglomerates absorb-

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ing film companies, of outside industries moving into theatrical film production, there is a constant temptation for those in the corporate world to participate in the picture-making process. Why not? They control the financing, don't they? "These people," a former MGM executive said, "think motion pictures would be a good business if approached on a businesslike basis, which means a cost-accounting kind of procedure. There's nothing wrong with this in theory, except in practice the manufacture of dreams is hardly likely to be responsive to that kind of procedure.

"It can work for television, which operates on an entirely different basis. People generally don't understand the enormous economic disparity between features and television. In television, the profit consists of the margin between the money subscribed in front and the money spent. The cheaper you make it, the more your guaranteed profit. A feature, on the other hand, is a gambling game, in which the theoretical return is virtually unlimited. In television the premium is on what the old hands call 'doing it quick and dirty.' Aubrey was experienced in high-level corporate affairs and very well knew the difference between a convertible debenture and a convertible sofa. The difficulty with this damn business is that no matter how people get into it, the magnetism of making pictures and deciding what to make is so great that they can't keep their hands off it. A magnate hires someone to head up a program of pictures: The first week he assures you he will not in any way interfere with your decisions; the second week he calls up and says, 'Send me the pictures of the girls.' But that aspect is far from the worst. Generally people who care enough, even along those lines, can at least be counted on to have human responses."

I came across some verbal portraits of Aubrey in operation:

• "He felt he could deal with picture making and picture makers in a straightforward way. In conversation he is the most candid man I ever met. After conflicts with him, people went away screaming and raving. Aubrey would tell them exactly what he thought—not exactly common practice. This is an industry where a director who has just made an unutterable disaster, wasted millions of dollars, is generally greeted with a few kisses and told, 'Baby, it's terrific.' The kicker is that no one answers his phone calls any more."

Yul Brynner in "Westworld."

• "On one occasion, I was in the screening room, looking at a picture with Aubrey. The director and producer came in to hear his opinion, and he turned to them with a smile and said, 'This picture is so goddamn corny it's probably going to make some money.' The director all but sank to the floor."

• "To attend a postmortem with him on a script or a first cut was an experience, once you were aware of his style. He is a skillful, forensic counterpuncher. You sit there, waiting to discover which of the statements made is going to draw from him the terrible counterblast."

• "I liked the man and liked working with him. When he made decisions, he stuck by them. But he wounded the egos of some of the better filmmakers who did pictures for the studio. By being honest with them, he irritated them. They had never been talked to that way before."

But manner and personality aside, it must be said that Aubrey came a cropper at MGM for other reasons. The consensus is that he opted for "small-picture judgments. He couldn't imagine why a picture couldn't be made on a television-type schedule. Now, if you can't tell the difference between what *feels* like a major feature for theaters and one made for television, then it's fair to say you shouldn't be making features. The customers can apparently tell, since they have unanimously rejected every TV movie made when it was put in theaters."

In that same area of judgment, note that when *The Go-Between*, a Joseph Losey film made in England for less than a million dollars, turned out in Aubrey's opinion to be too arty for the market, he sold it at cost to Columbia. The picture then went on to win the Cannes Grand Prize and make money for Columbia. When he turned around and bought Visconti's arty and vastly boring *Ludwig*, it lost its entire cost.

"There were some Aubrey-sponsored films that made money," said an MGM executive with access to the figures. "The first of the three *Shafts*, *Travels With My Aunt*, *Skyjacked*, *Kansas City Bomber*. Others, though, went into the familiar void: *Every Little Crook and Nanny*, *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, *Savage Messiah*, *One is a Lonely Number*. Yes, there were complaints that we had not mounted adequate campaigns on their behalf, but the blunt fact is that they were rejected by the public.

"They were not always large losses, but it was a matter of a continuing, slow attrition, and don't forget that Kerkorian's Grand Hotel, being built in Las Vegas, was consuming cash in monstrous amounts. On the other hand, Aubrey increased the firm's television production, which was profitable. Toward the end, conflict developed between Kerkorian and Aubrey. Kerkorian didn't want to continue making movies. Aubrey did. Ironically enough, as Aubrey's tenure came to an end, MGM finally had a breakthrough movie: *Westworld*."

AUBREY IS SAID not to have been attracted to that project. "He didn't understand Michael Crichton, the writer and director." The movie, a macabre story about the ultimate vacation of the future, is expected to return close to twenty million dollars. And, again ironically, two upcoming Aubrey-sponsored projects have the look of winners. One is *The Super-Cops*, another in the current cop-picture craze, which sneak-preview audiences have accepted enthusiastically; the other is *That's Entertainment*, an astute amalgam of sixty musical numbers garnered from films of MGM's great period, calculated to hit the nostalgia bull's-eye. They will be United Artists releases, however.

"The bottom has fallen out of the feature-film market," Aubrey is quoted as having said. The wrong statement at the wrong time, apparently, for the productions made at the close of his MGM career seem to belie the words. Leo the Lion may have become a pussycat, but the industry will go on, for the lawyers and financiers are still behind it, and they know, they absolutely *know*, that with the right talismans—directors, producers, agents, and stars—and with proper cost-accounting procedures, and solid businesslike attitudes, and appropriate marketing procedures, the public will still buy—dreams. □

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Chinese Windfall

by Katharine Kuh

Unexpected windfalls can produce waves in the art world. In recent months, Americans have been reading rave notices about a spectacular Chinese exhibition of archaeological finds unearthed in mainland China since the People's Republic took over in 1949. The show, which includes pottery, bronze vessels, sculpture, textiles, ceramics, and jade carvings chiefly excavated from ancient tombs, has now left China for the first time to travel in Europe. Reviews may seem unduly euphoric, but they are not; they are, if anything, understatements, for the exhibition, far from an ordinary one, is an event that could only be duplicated in Communist China. In addition, these 385 works have been admirably restored, preserved, and documented by Chinese specialists. Nor should we overlook the news that all plundering of artifacts has ceased in China since the establishment of the present regime. In earlier times looting was rampant, which partly accounts for the profusion of Chinese masterpieces in Western collections.

But it is, of course, the recently excavated works themselves that are the true revelations—which is not to claim Chinese art is now bursting on us for the first time as a pivotal landmark in history. This we have long recognized. It is to say, however, that this cache of ineffable objects underlines an aesthetic continuity that is sometimes difficult to appreciate in the more fragmentary Chinese surveys we see in the West. As a matter of fact, many of the prehistoric and Shang works are too rare to have counterparts in either European or American museums. Starting with the earliest artifacts, the exhibition accents a sensibility scaled to human comprehension. Unlike Egypt and Mesopotamia or, later, pre-Columbian America and India, China developed an art that seldom lost touch with individual response, an art less humanistic than geared to human consumption. Objects, to be sure, were strongly ritualistic, but scarcely so awe inspiring or aggrandized as to become mainly reflections of authority. These

Guardian figure from a T'ang tomb—"Remarkable for its intricate modeling."

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were not vast monuments that astounded by sheer size or force; they were often intimate works demanding concentrated examination.

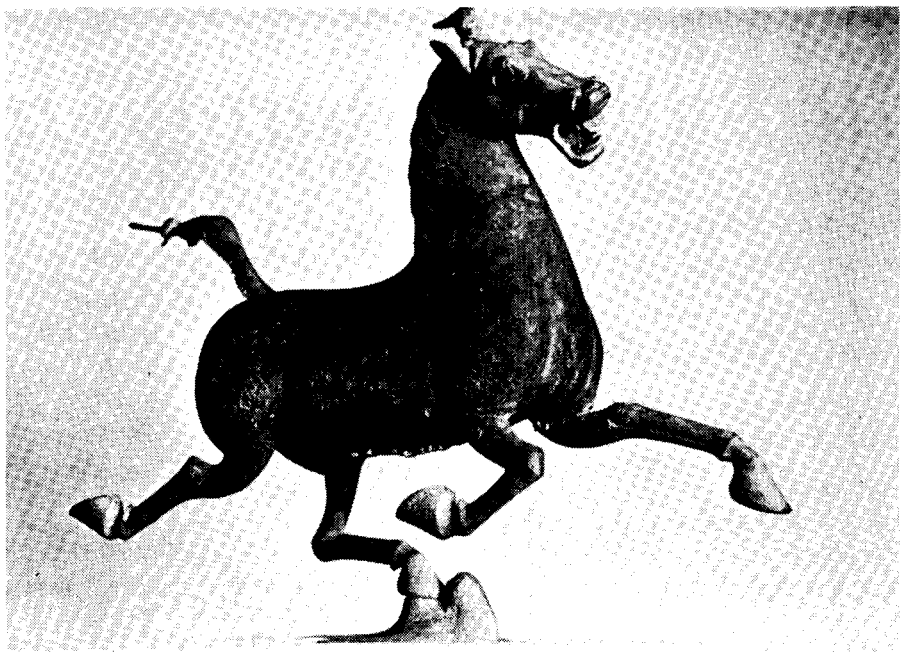
The exhibition, seen first in Paris and subsequently at the Royal Academy in London (where I caught up with it last fall), is slated to be shown elsewhere in Europe before traveling to Canada and the United States, though at present a firm itinerary has not been announced. To say that London appreciated the show (it closed there January 23) hardly describes the massive queues winding around the ticket counter in the Royal Academy courtyard. Aptly named *The Genius of China*, the exhibit reveals an uncanny correlation of skill and introspection, with the latter usually triumphing. When technique dominates, art at times becomes little more than a stereotyped exercise, a tendency surely not peculiar to any one country, but perhaps more immediately evident in China than elsewhere. Take Ming porcelains as an example. For me, their highly accomplished glazes seldom compensate for the banality of vacuous designs, an opinion not widely shared if we are to judge by the inordinate prices recently fetched at a Hong Kong auction.

Beginning with prehistory and appropriately ending with the Yüan dynasty, when Europe, in the person of Marco Polo, had already arrived in China, the survey deliberately stresses indigenous Asiatic sources, while at the same time demonstrating a logical progression from dynasty to dynasty. It all grows intelligibly. I am reminded of the magnificent early bronzes from the Shang period (1600–1027 B.C.), which in turn found their roots in even earlier pottery vessels. The show has a circular flow as it swings from clay to bronze and back once more to clay, if the incredibly delicate Chinese porcelains that developed from the tenth century A.D. on can be identified with so earthy a substance.

What the bronze vessels represented is not always clear, though early in the Han dynasty (third century B.C.) a practical manual was issued describing various ritualistic practices associated with different types of containers, some of which during early times were related to human and animal sacrifice, also to wine libations and cleansing ceremonies. No other civilization has surpassed the Chinese in the understanding of bronze casting. Enigmatically shaped bowls suggesting architectural structures were decorated with low and high relief, with

Bronze ritual vessel—Chou dynasty, tenth century B.C.

"Flying Horse"—"An evocation of life-giving energy."



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elusive tracery, masklike designs, and incised motifs fluctuating between positive and negative form. The fact that ancient Chinese buildings, usually fabricated from wood, have not survived makes the stylistic sources of the vessels all the more mysterious. Where did these noble forms come from? The earliest obviously derived from elegant, though utilitarian, tripod and spherical ceramic bowls created by the Chinese in Neolithic times, a fact that does not, however, explain the elaborate and highly developed shapes that proliferated during the Shang and Chou dynasties, unless the expanding social role for these receptacles dictated new forms. As the years passed, the bronzes were involved with more than cult superstitions; they took on political, commemorative, and historic functions.

Even when studded with ferocious monster masks (to ward off evil spirits or placate ancestors), violent designs were obscured in a labyrinth of double vision and double meaning. Brutality was submerged as realistic motifs joined ambiguously with abstracted ones. There was always that sense of "now you see it, now you don't." Typical is a ritual wine mixer cast in the shape of a mythical monster, its head and back acting as the vessel's lid. Crawling over the surface are stylized serpents, masks, and scrolls, which tend to obliterate the animal; yet on close observation it asserts itself with surprising fidelity. Likewise, handles of containers, which on first glance seem merely abstract appendages, metamorphose into carefully observed tigers, birds, or snakes, remarkable for both their faithful representation and ceaseless vitality. The abstract and the naturalistic appear interchangeable, at once strengthening and suppressing each other.

Later, during the Han dynasty, art moved even closer to nature, with hieratic symbols giving way to more modest portrayals of daily life. For this viewer the Han period was the climax of China's aesthetic achievement, not because of spectacular monuments or extraordinary technical exploits, but because of a new and tender humanism. One recalls those many pottery images of single figures, always simplified, often self-effacing, and yet of a transcendent purity. For some reason what might have been trivial became here an art of importance. Clay was gently manipulated to create seductive surfaces that never interfered, however, with the strange interior vigor that invested each small figure.

Even more memorable and surely a crowning glory of Han art was the encyclopedic handling of animals, especially horses. For the Chinese, this creature was endowed with an inexhaustible supply of attributes, ranging from aggression to patience, from humility to a fiery grace. Han and, later, T'ang artists individualized the horse with deeper insights than they brought to human interpretations. Just why is hard to say. It may have had something to do with the Chinese conception of highbred steeds as symbols of prestige. In any case, it was not until the first century B.C., with the introduction of so-called celestial blood-sweating horses from the West, that this people fully incorporated the new aristocrat into its animal pantheon. Earlier breeds were smaller and less distinguished, but the imported ones, with their taut muscles, prancing legs, and quivering poise, appealed to the Chinese sense of urbane refinement. Numerous small yet imperious equine sculptures were created as status symbols to be buried with wealthy masters.

"China early developed an art that seldom lost touch with individual response, an art less humanistic than geared to human consumption."

In 1969 archaeologists of the People's Republic unearthed the *Flying Horse,* which is actually a superlative bronze figure of a galloping steed, the only known one of its kind in existence. With every twist and contour an evocation of life-giving energy, the animal implies supernatural power as it balances one hoof on a mystic bird. In the exhibition there were numerous pawing, neighing horses, horses with riders, horses with carts and drivers—all miraculously extricated from tombs less than five years ago. At times the contrast between the animals and their attendants is unnerving, for the latter appeared often as little more than supine afterthoughts; the prima donna was always the horse. Except in early Greek carvings, this animal has never been revealed so exhaustively or so perceptively. It is almost as if these two cultivated civilizations had recognized their own aspirations in the patrician eloquence of the thoroughbred. During the T'ang dynasty, glazed ceramic horses, today avidly sought by collectors, continued the tradition, but they never quite approximated the breathless élan of their Han forerunners.

The most publicized object in the show was the least interesting. A jade funeral suit of the princess Tou Wan, excavated from a Han tomb, is more an extravagant tour de force than a work of art. We are told Taoist magicians believed jade could prevent decay, which explains why the dead princess was incarcerated in this fantastic outfit (another was created for her prince). Two thousand one hundred and sixty jade tablets were fitted together to make the impossible come true; yet even Taoist magicians were to be frustrated. Proof is: The prince and princess disintegrated while their jade armor lived on.

During the T'ang dynasty, pottery was treated with a dazzling array of glazes. By the end of the seventh century, tombs of the powerful were swarming with innumerable brilliantly fired figurines of horses, camels, and servants. In one burial chamber alone, more than eight hundred such sculptures surrounded a dead noble.

Less numerous were familiar Buddhist guardian figures, traditional images that later were taken over by the Japanese, who have long remained involved with these deities. In their land, towering, snarling guardians still flank temple entrances. Fewer are found in China, where Buddhism seemed to have exerted a less climactic influence on sculpture. Could it be that the teachings of Buddhism were too rigid for this country, too filled with authoritarian conventions? There are, however, several guardian figures in the Chinese show, one of which impressed me as a matchless prototype for many others that were to spread throughout the East. Remarkable for its intricate modeling and immaculately executed three-color glaze, this T'ang figure, rigged out in handsome armor, is trampling a demon. The extreme violence of both pose and expression was intended to cow hostile intruders. Repeatedly, the naiveté of the message belied the sophistication of the form.

After the T'ang dynasty, Chinese sculpture never again reached the inventive intensity of the previous 2500 years. Though connoisseurs breathlessly pursue Sung and Ming porcelains, and while painting still flourished, the apocalyptic era of Chinese art was beginning to falter as disconcerting intrusions from the West made inroads. The exhibition indelibly demonstrates *The Genius of China* before that genius became diluted. □

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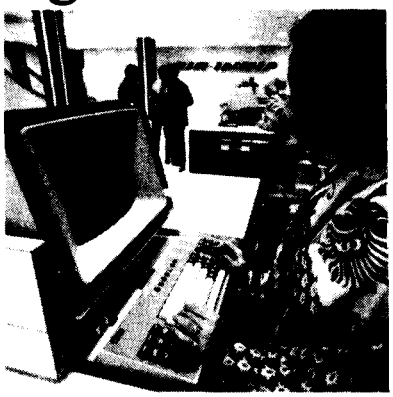

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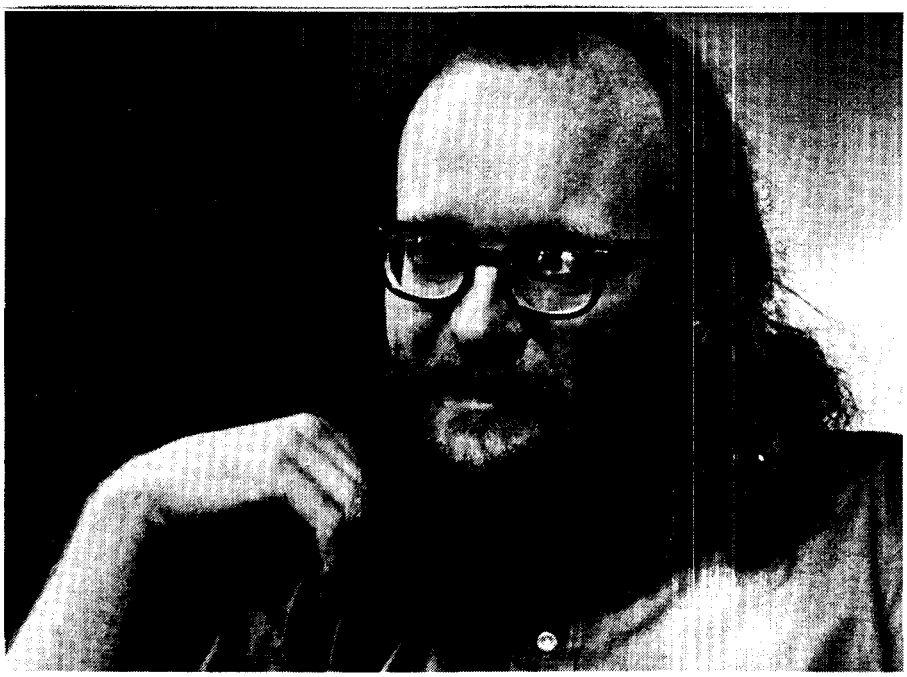

Charles Wuorinen—"Not wanting for either encouragement or an audience."

Wuorinen and the New American String Quartet

by Irving Kolodin

Charles Wuorinen is a singular apparition on the American musical scene: a composer of art music (as distinguished from rock, pop, folk, or other readily marketable merchandise) who is not wanting for either encouragement or an audience for what he prefers to do. What he prefers to do is to exercise his imagination in the creation of orchestral pieces, ensemble works, string quartets, and other matter not ordinarily considered a viable commodity in the free-enterprise system.

The status of Wuorinen, who will be thirty-six this year, may be capsulized by reference to the association of his name with those of Alice M. Ditson, Edward MacDowell, Lili Boulanger, Guggenheim, Pulitzer, Brandeis, and Koussevitzky. That is not to suggest that he is all of these rolled into one, but rather that he has steadily utilized the funds or foundations or art-supporting grants in their names to pursue his highly productive compositional career. If one can imagine some composers lingering in the lower echelons because they are non-commissioned, Wuorinen must have at least a brigadier general's rank in commissions to his credit. He has, to be sure, what he describes as a "full teaching schedule" (twelve hours a week) at the Manhattan School of Music, but this is merely the financial glue to keep home and family together. Creativity requires what, he agrees, can be called "accessory income"—and commissions are where such income comes from.

Wuorinen has been sailing on this course for nearly twenty years, since he won a New York Philharmonic Young Composers Award at the age of sixteen, in 1954. This may suggest an establishment orientation. Such a conclusion would be as fallacious as the contention that Beethoven was a Royalist because his patrons included the Viennese aristocracy of the time in which he lived. Wuorinen's education has been acquired in large part at Columbia University, where he received a B.A. in 1961, became an instructor in 1964, an assistant professor in 1969, and was, in effect, dismissed in 1971, when he was denied tenure. He will not particularize about the reasons for his dismissal but suggests that he was probably considered a "disruptive influence."

The row hurt him more than casually because, he says, "I practically grew up on campus, where my father was a professor and chairman of the history department. However, I am in good company. My dismissal was, in effect, part of an ongoing tradition that included Elliott Carter, Béla Bartók, when he was at Columbia, and even Edward MacDowell. Now I sometimes think I should write the faculty committee a letter of thanks, for it has turned out to be the best thing that ever happened to me."

Since 1970 Wuorinen has added substantially to an earlier output that included the well-known "Time's Encomium," which won him a Pulitzer Prize in that year. His deft "Politics of Harmony" was introduced at one of Pierre Boulez's earliest *Prospective Encounters* at the People's Theater, to the particular pleasure of those who could separate the real from the apparent purpose of the work. On the surface, it was an entertaining pantomime about a Chinese warlord who had, against the advice of his wiser counselors, wandered into a cul-de-sac contrived by a weaker opponent. In the context of the time, it was clearly a parable of the unhappy adventure of the United States in Vietnam.

These, and the other productions in a catalog now numbering more than a hundred scores, strike me as only preparatory to his most solid accomplishment to date. This is a string quartet completed in 1971 and introduced to New York by the Fine Arts Quartet at its first recital of the winter season. It adds another work of quality to what might be called the New American String Quartet. That category, without quotation marks, differs radically from such a work as Anton Dvořák's opus 96, subtitled "American," because it utilizes Indian, Negro, and other folk materials. It is, rather, another in a genre that is homegrown, a hybrid developed by Elliott Carter out of seeds scattered by composers as diverse as Beethoven and Ives.

Its special characteristic is that the participants are not so much performers as they are protagonists. It projects a musical dramaturgy that has engaged a clutch of younger American composers, among them—in varied ways—George Rochberg and George Crumb. In the manner pioneered by Carter, Wuorinen is concerned less with thematic development than he is with the personification of each player as an entity in a musical discourse. That is but a point of departure to a destination very much Wuorinen's own. He loves sonority, esteems dynamic contrast as a means for capturing the attention of the listener, recognizes that tonal drama must partake of emotion shared as well as expectations aroused.

It could be said that this is much to deduce from one public performance of a brand-new, uncompromising work. Such, however, is not the case. It has already been recorded (Turnabout 34515)

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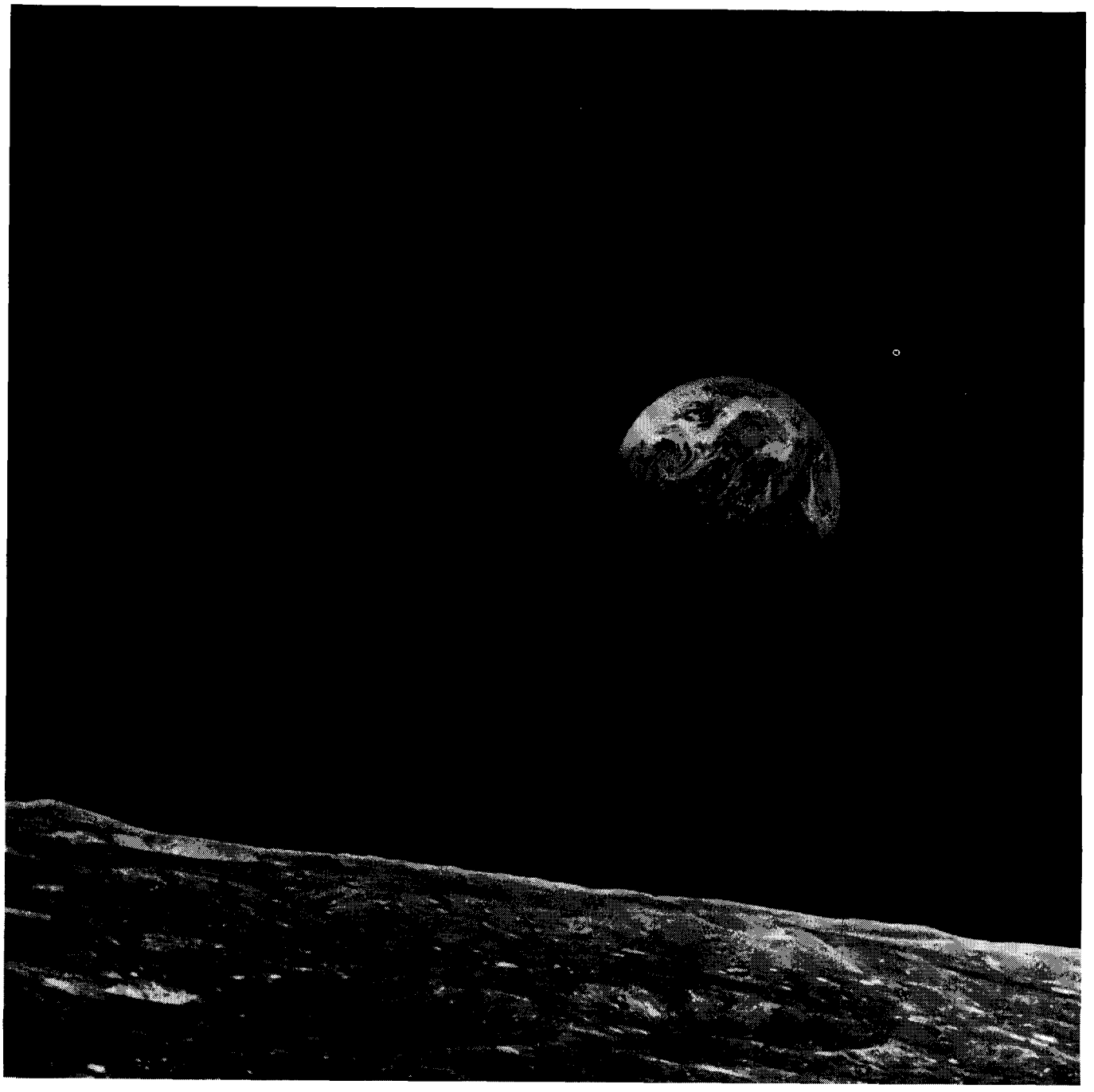

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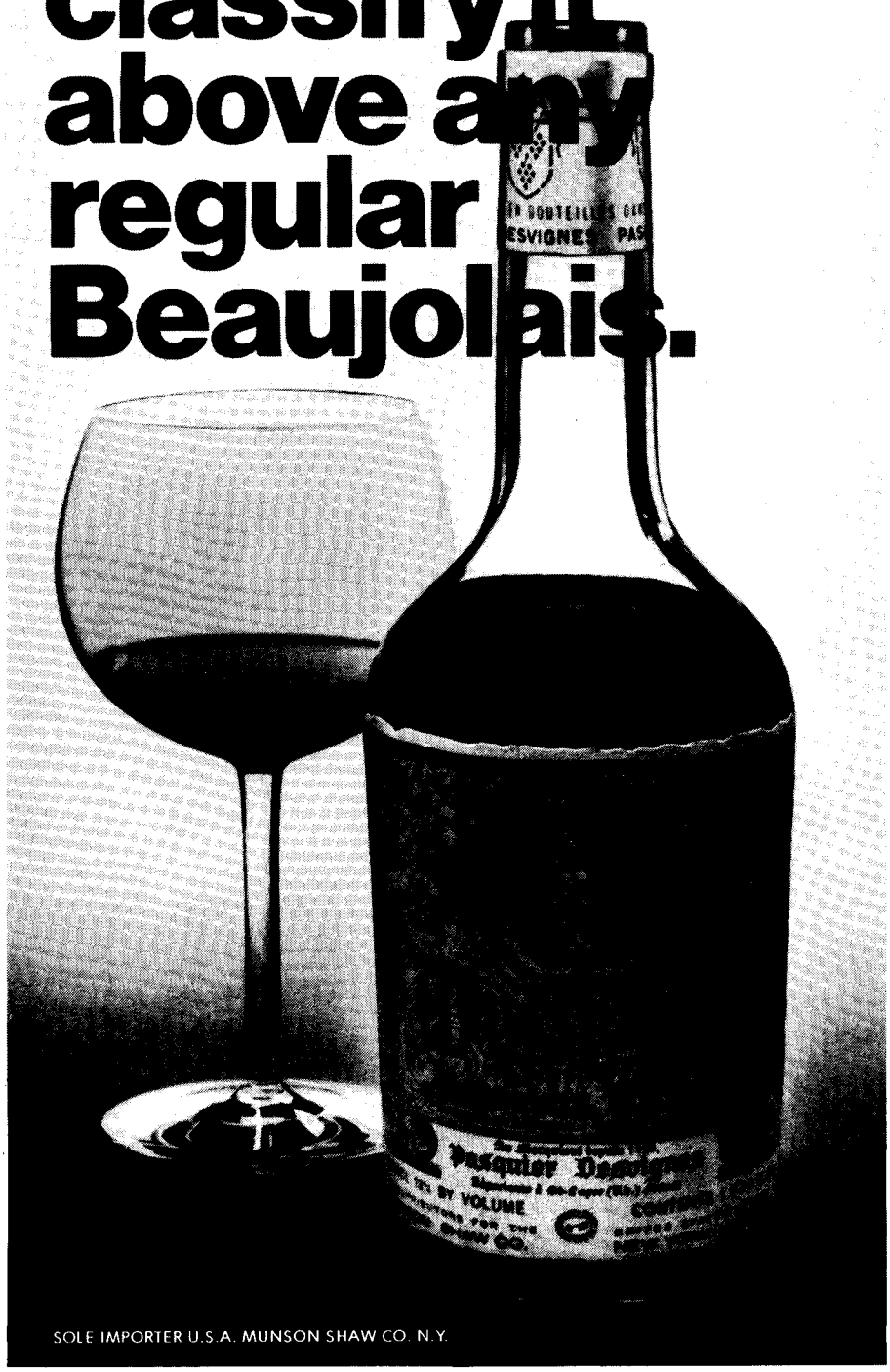

SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

by the Fine Arts foursome, which brought it into being by extending a commission to Wuorinen.

The combination of circumstances underscores the reality that were there no American quartets to sponsor, study, and perform such works, there would, in all probability, be no new examples of the New American Quartet to appreciate. The long-lasting Juilliard Quartet has been the particular liaison to the public for Carter's purpose, and others—including the Walden, the Composer's Quartet, and the La Salle, to mention but a few—have done their part as links in the chain.

The Fine Arts (artists-in-residence at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee) has been more enterprising than most. Its well-favored annual series in Chicago is sponsored by the Fine Arts Quartet Foundation, which also acts as a commissioning body. Since 1967, when Seymour Schifrin was the first recipient, it has brought into being works by Karel Husa (Pulitzer Prize winner in 1969), Milton Babbitt (his Quartet No. 3), Wuorinen, and Ben Johnston of the University of Illinois at Urbana. The Husa and Babbitt quartets, as well as the Wuorinen, have been recorded.

In combining a seasonal survey of the six Bartók quartets—two per concert—with a new work on each of its three New York programs, the group of which Leonard Sorkin, first violin, Abram Loft, second, and George Sopkin, cello, have long been adornments (Bernard Zaslav, viola, is a more recent addition) is demonstrating more than discrimination and good taste. It has set an example for all American quartets to emulate, on behalf of more New American Quartets. □

Answer to *Wit Twister*, see page 6: gats, stag, tags.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 27): Those who do not feel pain seldom think that it is felt.

Dr. Johnson

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 40

FAUBION BOWERS: THE NEW SCRIABIN

According to Scriabin, there was simply no illogic about Amphion building the walls of Thebes by charming stones into place with his flute's music. He was unquestioning of Orpheus with his lyre stilling savage beasts and making trees dance in the wind to their own aeolian harp.

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The "Factifuging" Syndrome

Independent researchers often complain that they can't get their theories and discoveries taken seriously by the scientific community because they lack official credentials or institutional affiliations. What they don't realize is that even scientists with the most unassailable credentials, who have secure positions in the most prestigious research or clinical centers, frequently have the same trouble getting their work recognized. That is as it should be. Experts can be as wrong as anyone else, and one of the functions of the scientific and medical establishment is to protect us from unproven claims.

All too often, though, resistance to innovative ideas and techniques is due not so much to protection of the public as to protection of ideas and practices in which established scientists have a large emotional investment. Dr. Irving Cooper, the subject of this week's cover story, was a long time in winning acceptance for his remarkable surgical techniques and even now remains a controversial figure. Sometimes it is hard to get a fellow scientist even to consider a new idea with real interest—especially if it challenges some favorite idea of his own or threatens his status.

Factifuging—flight from the facts—is a word coined back in 1962 by Dr. Nathan Kline of the Rockland State Hospital in Orangeburg, New York. Kline, a pioneer researcher in psychochemicals, wrote an amusing article in the British journal *Lancet,* in which he detailed twenty-or-so gambits for *avoiding* coming to grips with new facts (especially if they looked as if they might be uncomfortably correct), while pretending to be doing the opposite.

I was reminded of Kline's *Lancet* article on factifuging as I read an entertaining new book called *The Autobiography of Dr. Samuel Rosen.* The author is, of course, Dr. Samuel Rosen, the celebrated ear surgeon. But he was not always so celebrated. Particularly fascinating is an early chapter that describes the difficulty he had getting any of his colleagues at The Mount Sinai Hospital in New York to *look at* the stapes mobilization operation that later made him so famous. Until then, ear surgeons, including Sam Rosen, had performed a more complicated and risky operation, known as the Lempert fenestration, for a certain type of deafness. Rosen writes:

> Of course, the otologists at the hospital heard about what I was doing. I was in the operating room, performing stapes mobilizations more and more often. At first no more than one every ten days or so, but gradually the number of cases increased. And what was happening to the fenestrations? They disappeared from the operating room schedule—at least they did so opposite my name on the schedule. . . . It got around, I am sure. Rosen would go into the operating room for what ought to have been a two-hour procedure, but he would be out in half an hour, wearing his street clothes and going on rounds to see his patients. What the devil was the fellow up to, anyway? The gossip began to echo up and down the white-tiled corridors of the operating suite—and along the passageways. . . .
>
> As I accumulated cases, I became even more convinced that stapes mobilization was a genuine breakthrough. Not epoch-making, like Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, but nevertheless a new technique that potentially could restore millions of persons who were handicapped by hearing disabilities to the full *natural* hearing they had once enjoyed.

Rosen was eager to tell his colleagues about his work. "They were still doing fenestrations, for heaven's sake, and here was something they should know about and look at." He first broke the news to a friend and colleague of twenty-five years' standing: "Look! I've already done a dozen operations, but more are coming in all the time. Some of them are patients who are referred for fenestration; only I don't do that anymore. I don't need to. This operation takes only a few minutes, causes practically no vertigo or other symptoms of disturbance in the labyrinth, and is so untraumatic that I can discharge the patient the day after the operation."

The other surgeon sipped his coffee and said nothing.

"Tell you what," said Rosen. "Today is Tuesday. On Thursday I have another case. It's on the schedule. If you can come, I would be really tickled to have you, because I want you to see this." Rosen wanted to take his friend, step by step, through the operation, urging him to use his own audiologist to test the results and to offer his criticism. But his friend never came.

"Sorry, Sam, I was tied up and couldn't make it."

When the next operation was scheduled, Rosen called his friend's office and left word of the time and place. "I'd appreciate it if the doctor would let me know if he plans to be there," he told the secretary.

But, as Rosen records, "He didn't come. He didn't call." And he found excuses to avoid all further invitations. The pattern was repeated with the rest of his colleagues. They kept on doing Lempert fenestrations, and none of them ever came to see his new operation—until recognition from the outside finally made it unavoidable.

It is all reminiscent of that marvelous scene in Bertolt Brecht's *Galileo* in which—in the year 1609—the prince, professors, mathematicians, and other assorted authorities gather at Galileo's home in Florence. All he wants them to do is to look through his telescope and see with their own eyes the new objects in the skies. Instead, they quote in Latin from Aristotle and say such things as, "Why should we go out of our way to look for things that can only strike a discord with this ineffable harmony?"

Finally, Galileo is assured that, "His Highness will . . . seek the opinion of the greatest living authority—Christopher Clavius, chief astronomer of the Papal College of Rome." They depart—and no one has looked through the telescope.

Clavius, however, did have the courage to look through the telescope—and to admit what he saw. In the seventeenth century, as in the twentieth, it took an outside authority to prevail against a scientist's own colleagues. I am tempted to wonder if we have made any progress in 350 years. But I guess we have. For one thing, there is no one today who can force a Sam Rosen or an Irving Cooper to recant. For another, factifuging is not the scientist's *typical* reaction to new sets of data, as it may once have been—but it still is all too common. Scientific principles being what they are, factifuging ought to be the rarest kind of deviant behavior.

ALBERT ROSENFELD
Science Editor

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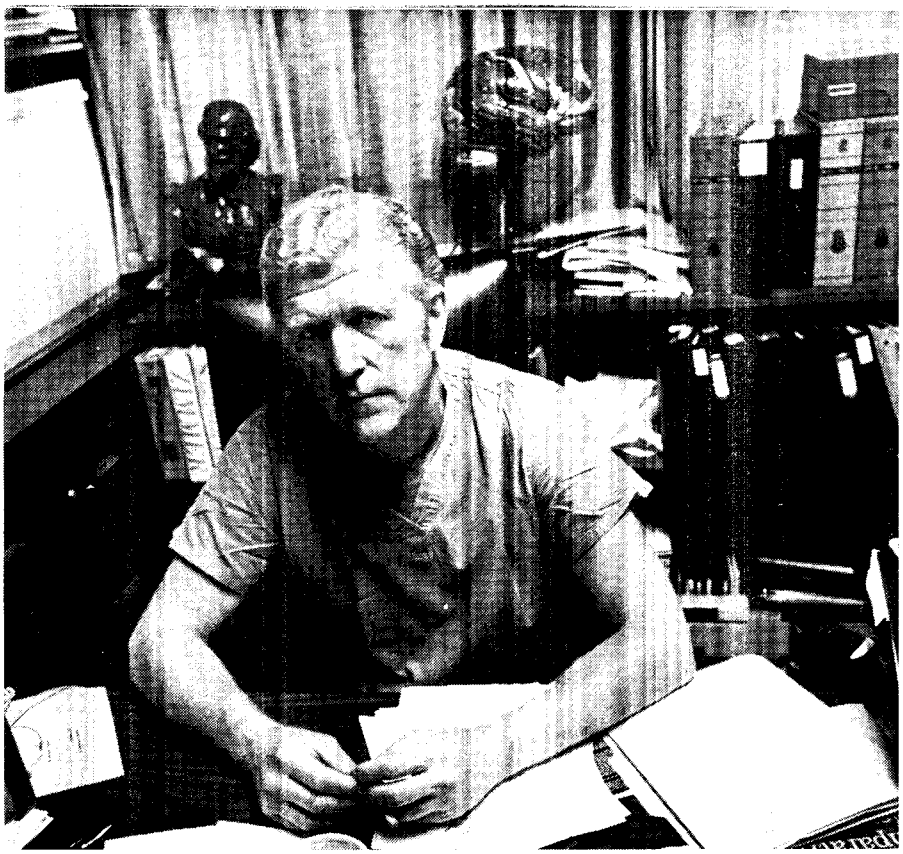

Allen Green/Visual Departures
Dr. Irving S. Cooper—". . . a compelling drive to help the presumably hopeless."

Pacemakers for the Brain

Dr. Irving S. Cooper, who tamed the frightful tremors of Parkinson's disease, has developed an electrical device for the control of spastic disorders.

by David Hendin

Beneath the decaying skeleton of New York City's Third Avenue El at 183rd Street in the Bronx stands the entrance to St. Barnabas Hospital for Chronic Diseases. Once called St. Barnabas Hospital for Incurables, the institution today is a far from hopeless place for many of its patients.

Over the past twenty years nearly 10,000 patients at the hospital and thousands more around the world have been given relief from crippling diseases through surgical techniques developed by Dr. Irving Spencer Cooper, a St. Barnabas neurosurgeon. At fifty, the blond, muscular Dr. Cooper plays a fast game of tennis, enjoys a good book and a good bottle of wine, and has a compelling drive to help the presumably hopeless. He also has to his credit more significant innovations in brain surgery than any other man alive. Recently, according to *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, Cooper has added "another bead—perhaps the largest yet—to his string of achievements in functional neurosurgery." This "biggest bead" is an ingenious device that delivers electrical impulses to the cerebellum.* In many cases, this "pacemaker" stops the disabling seizures of previously intractable epilepsy, reduces the spasticity of cerebral-palsy victims, and eases the spastic paralysis that often follows a stroke.

During the past fourteen months, Cooper has implanted his cerebellar stimulator, with varying degrees of success, in about fifty patients. None of the patients has had any adverse effects from the procedure, which, unlike most brain operations, does not destroy part of the brain itself. The surgery consists simply of placing over the front and rear of the cerebellum the system's two sets of silicone-coated, Dacron-enmeshed platinum electrodes. Wires are then run under the skin and down the neck to the chest, where two receivers are imbedded. Over this spot the surgeon tapes a battery-powered radio transmitter the size of a cigarette pack. When activated, the transmitter sends a small current through the cerebellum, an inhibitory part of the brain that functions somewhat like a rheostat, and regulates certain of its activities.

"We theorize," says Cooper, "that cerebellar stimulation is modulating the central nervous system in these patients. The effect is different in each case; that is, activity (electrical stimulation) is corrected according to the patient's needs."

One of Cooper's former neurology professors at the Mayo Clinic, Reginald Bickford, who is now at the University of California, San Diego, confirms that "this is very important work. Not only is it possible to abort epileptic seizures, but unexpectedly this seems to change the tendency even to have seizures. The surgery might also lead to research on drugs that accomplish the same thing. And it is important because it will tell us more about the brain."

The $3000 brain-pacemaker system, which is still being improved, was conceived by Cooper and developed by him and engineer Roger Avery.

As *The Journal of the American Medical Association* and others have noted, such triumphs are nothing new for Cooper, who has been director of neurologic surgery at St. Barnabas for twenty years and is currently research professor of neuroanatomy at the New York Medical College. He emerged as an important force in neurosurgery when, at age twenty-eight, he developed by "accident, experience, and logic" a brain operation that calmed the frightful tremors of Parkinson's disease without producing disabling side effects. Now he has a trunkful

Author and nationally syndicated health columnist David Hendin last year received the highest journalism awards of both the American Medical Association and the American Heart Association.

*The brain pacemaker as a theoretical concept, utilizing a beat-frequency oscillator similar in principle to that developed by Dr. Cooper, was put forth independently in a 1959 publication, "Extending Vision With Electronics," by Dr. F. J. G. Van den Bosch, a Belgian biophysicist now at the Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn, N.Y.

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of honors and awards. He has traveled around the world four times to talk of his work—and he does so in five languages besides English.

THOUGH STATISTICS and time have proved the value of his innovations, many were initially controversial—just as the greatest of medical discoveries have always been. One physician who has watched Cooper's career unfold is Howard Rusk, director of New York University's famed Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine. Rusk himself has often been in the center of medical controversy—his now-classic rehabilitation programs were once called "Rusk's Folly."

"When you go into something you believe in," says Rusk, "you have to be willing to scrap it. Coop went through a long period of having to prove his point with the Parkinson's surgery. More and more people began to believe, but some remained negative to him and his work."

The groundwork for Irving Cooper's career was laid in 1952, when, as an assistant professor of surgery at New York University, he performed an established operation on a Parkinson's patient. His intent was to cut the motor pathway in the mid-brain, thus swapping the victim's shaking palsy for partial paralysis. During the delicate operation, the young surgeon accidentally tore open the tiny anterior choroidal artery that leads to two motor areas of the brain, called the globus pallidus and the thalamus. He had to close the artery off immediately, because of severe bleeding, and stop the operation to determine the effects of the accident.

When the patient awoke from anesthesia, the tremor and rigidity of Parkinson's disease had disappeared, without paralysis or effect on other motor functions.

After testing the new procedure's anatomical and surgical details on several baboons, Cooper repeated the surgery on fifty Parkinson's patients. One of those patients had, in addition to the shaking palsy, a dystonic deformity of his left hand. For the previous sixteen years his wrist had been permanently bent downward with the fingers painfully stretched toward the arm. Such a "fixed" deformity had never before been reversed. But after surgery the patient walked for the first time in ten years, and the dystonic hand became flexible and relaxed.

Cooper's observation of this side benefit was to lead, later on, to another breakthrough procedure to relieve the symptoms of a crippling hereditary disease called dystonia musculorum deformans.

Meanwhile, the surgeon kept refining his techniques, because he considered the operation on the tiny artery in the brain too risky and unpredictable: Because the vessel nourishes slightly different portions of the brain in each individual, there was no telling what its effects might be. Cooper devised operations aimed at specific cerebral structures that he believed were the key to involuntary-movement disorders. His research led him to the thalamus, deep in the center of the brain. Using various chemicals, such as absolute alcohol, to make lesions in the thalamus itself, he improved the predictability of his results:

> "He has a trunkful of honors and awards and has traveled around the world four times to talk of his work—and he does so in six languages."

Then one Christmas I received a gift of one of those little carbon dioxide wine-bottle openers. I was playing with it, and the carbon dioxide was cooling my hand, and I was thinking how much the device looked like a brain cannula [a probelike instrument]. I got the idea of developing an instrument that would be a cannula, insulated on the sides with a cooling tip that could be put into different parts of the brain.

The bottle-opening gadget thus helped to open up a whole new field of surgical technique, which now has been used not only for brain procedures but also in operations ranging from eye surgery to hemorrhoid removal. It is called cryosurgery.

Cooper's deep-brain surgery for involuntary-movement disorders necessitated still another radical departure: The patient has to be awake during the operation. Before freezing and destroying part of the brain, Cooper cools the area in question. If the patient shows a relief of symptoms—in Parkinsonism the tremor stops the instant the appropriate area of the brain is cooled—without any side effects, the cryoprobe's temperature is lowered enough to kill the tissue. If the patient were anesthetized, however, that test could not be accomplished.

Today cryothalamectomy for Parkinsonism is rarely performed because of the discovery, several years ago, of the beneficial effects of the drug L-dopa. Before its successes were published, Cooper had learned about the L-dopa work of Dr. George Cotzias of Brookhaven National Laboratory in New York. "I was so impressed by the effects [of L-dopa] that I put an immediate moratorium on surgery for Parkinson's disease and cancelled 700 operations." (Those 700 patients, and others, participated in approved clinical trials of L-dopa at St. Barnabas.)

"The only Parkinson's patients we operate on now are those who have had good L-dopa therapy in very competent hands and whose tremor hasn't responded," Cooper says.

TODAY AT ST. BARNABAS, where the cryothalamectomy operation for Parkinsonism was pioneered, and where up to one thousand patients a year were once operated on, only a few such procedures are performed each month. Adds Cooper, "After having been an evangelist for this type of surgery for many years, I find that almost every other center is now doing more of it than we are." The irony of this point is not lost on Cooper, who remembers well the scorn many of those same physicians and centers once heaped on his discovery.

In *The New York Times Book Review* Lord C. P. Snow recently wrote that Cooper is "one of the most remarkable men alive. . . . He is regarded with intense respect, and something much warmer than that, by his English colleagues. They have told me that he attracts some envy, presumably because he appears to have all of the gifts that a man might conceivably wish for."

At times Cooper's treatment of Parkinsonism was questioned because certain surgeons could not reproduce his results. Some doctors simply refused to believe that the disease could be reversed without paralyzing the patient. "Surgeons used to come here," Cooper recalls, "and watch us for a day or a couple of days and then go home and do the surgery. Some of them insisted on putting their patients to sleep during the surgery. But you just can't tell if you are putting the lesions in the right place unless the patient is awake and you can see his response."

A LOOK BACK at the thousands of patients who received cryosurgery for Parkinsonism at St. Barnabas shows a mortality rate of less than 1.5 percent and lasting relief from tremor and rigidity in some 90 percent of good-risk patients. In poor-risk patients the success rate is about 60 percent. However, those who

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are not helped by his surgery are no worse off than before.

I once watched a dramatic operation in which Cooper halted the tremors of an L-dopa–resistant Parkinson's disease patient. Afterward I told him his results were "miraculous." "No miracle," the neurosurgeon explained. "We doctors are only human. We do our best. But no miracles."

Some have questioned the propriety of Cooper's occasionally subjecting patients to radical procedures that have not first been perfected in experiments on animals. One reason for that is there are no suitable animal "models" for many of the conditions being studied.

"We're talking about a patient," explains Cooper, "who has been sick not just for a week but for years and who is totally incapacitated, suffering both physically and mentally and willing to try anything. So I think the sole criterion should be the therapy of that patient."

In his recently published book, *The Victim Is Always the Same,* Cooper describes his own ethical-moral wrestling before he decided to operate on his first dystonic patient, an eleven-year-old girl. "How does one decide to place for the first time an instrument deep in a child's brain and destroy part of it? It's not just a question of overcoming the technical difficulties, which can always be worked out in the laboratory. It's a more profound moral question than that, because only human beings have this disease."

Near the end of 1953 he became the first physician to reverse the symptoms of dystonia. Now, with hundreds of cases behind him, his results can only be called dramatic. Seventy-seven percent of Cooper's patients have shown long-term reversal of symptoms without sensory, motor, or intellectual impairment. In the rest of the cases, either surgery failed to reverse symptoms or they later reappeared. The mortality rate has been 2.7 percent. And although Cooper won't use the word *cure*, many of his patients have been symptom-free for ten years or more.

A few months ago I saw what dystonia does to a human being. While I was making rounds with Cooper one weekday, we saw a skinny, battered girl, twisted grotesquely in her hospital bed. Flailing her arms and legs, she moved about convulsively, banging her head and limbs on the metal sides of the bed.

The tearful mother explained that the disease had begun several years earlier, with small muscular distortions of the child's foot and leg. Doctors referred both the woman and child for psychiatric help, for they could find no physical basis for the disease. Psychotherapy did not help, and the disease progressed.

"Some critics say more carefully controlled operations on humans must be undertaken before the brain pacemaker can be considered effective."

When the disease was finally diagnosed as dystonia, doctors told the woman it was hopeless. Hopeless—even though since 1953 Cooper's results had been widely known and published both in medical journals and in the lay press. Unfortunately, many doctors apparently chose to ignore the promise of his work. Then the child's mother wrote a plea for help to a medical newspaper, and it was published among the Letters to the Editor: "Can anybody help my child? She has dystonia."

Of the thousands of physicians who read the publication, none replied. But one, who had had a dystonic patient treated successfully by Cooper years before, passed the appeal along to that child's mother. Knowing personally the horrors of the disease, she wrote the woman about Cooper and his success with her own child and told her, "Don't believe those who say his operation doesn't work."

From her home in the mountains of Pennsylvania, the mother brought the child to New York. Somehow, though, she first went, not to St. Barnabas, but to one of the city's other renowned medical centers. The chief of neurology there told the woman that nothing could be done for her child.

"What about Dr. Cooper?" the woman asked.

"His operation doesn't work," said the doctor.

Recalling the experienced mother's warning, the woman carried her child out the door—for she could no longer walk unassisted—and went to St. Barnabas.

And now she stood at the girl's bedside, weeping over the pitiful creature that was her daughter. The green-clad neurosurgeon could only shake his head grimly. He had lived it all too many times before. Within days the girl was operated on. Having learned that cerebellar stimulation can also relieve dystonic deformities, Cooper implanted a stimulator in her head.

I'm sorry to say, however, that I cannot report on the success or failure of that case. Only days after the surgery, just as the gradual cumulative effect of the stimulation had begun, the mother came to Cooper and insisted on taking her child home: "I had a dream that the girl will die no matter what we do." Cooper spent a day pleading with the woman to leave the child at the hospital. But his efforts were to no avail. The mother rescinded her permission for medical treatment, a decision legally within her rights as a parent, and took her child home.

The entire area of consent to treatment by the patient, or by the patient's guardian, is a crucial one. It takes on even greater significance when innovative procedures are involved. Cooper explains that a sick patient can never give a true "informed consent" to treatment. "The patient is never free, because he is imprisoned by his disease."

Some critics say that more carefully controlled operations on human beings must be undertaken before such procedures as the brain-pacemaker implantation can be considered effective. They have suggested double-blind testing in which, for example, half the patients would receive working stimulators and the other half would get "dummies." That approach is similar to using sugar pills in drug-efficacy studies. Cooper asks:

> What kind of controlled experiment can you do with these patients? You have to be honest with yourself and admit that you're working in a human situation and every case is different. In a drug study you can do a double-blind study. But you can't do that with the cerebellar stimulation. You can't open their heads and pretend to stimulate them.
>
> Any time you put a patient to sleep [stimulator-implant patients, unlike cryothalamectomy patients, must be put to sleep because of the nature of the surgery], you risk his life. Who could do that in good conscience and then not even try to help them?

IT'S ALL A QUESTION of the surgeon's motives. Does he want to help people, or does he want to make discoveries that will embellish his own record? If the latter were the case with Cooper, as some have indeed charged, the surgeon would have left the small hospital in the Bronx years ago for greener pastures, as various "showboat" surgeons have done in recent years. (Cooper, incidentally, has worked essentially without government research grants over the last two decades. He plows 20 percent

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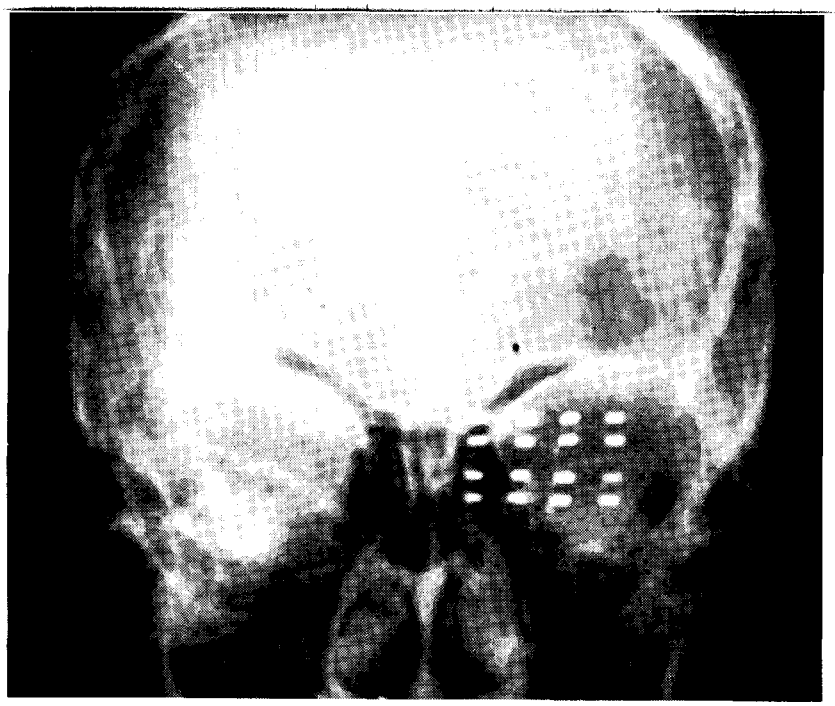

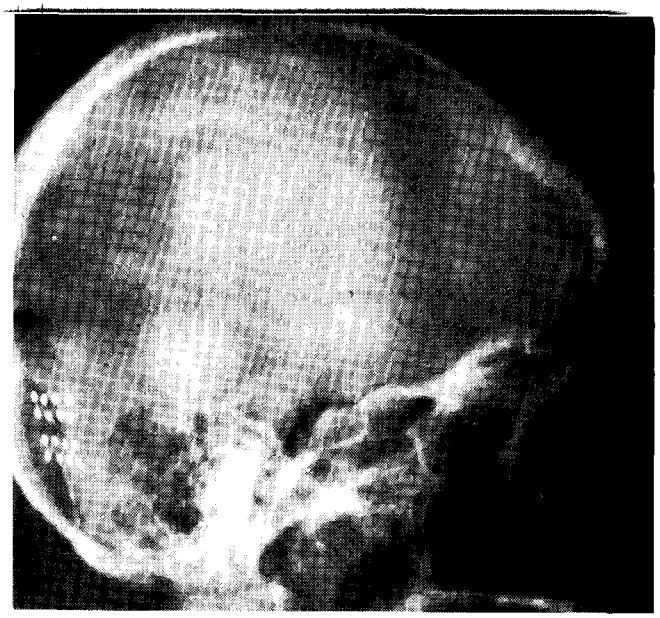

Wiring the Brain—X-ray photographs show implanted electrodes that are wired to receivers embedded in the chest.

of his income back into his research, and St. Barnabas itself has contributed some $2 million in free patient care.)

"I'm convinced," Cooper says, "that motivation is an impossible thing to define. One thing that drives me is seeing someone who is sick and nobody else can help."

But what of the responsibility? "It's standard to operate for brain tumors, and everyone knows that when you operate for a brain tumor, the patient may die. But if you're going to operate on something that's never been operated on before, your responsibility multiplies a thousand times. And if you're the type of person who identifies with the patient, you are agonized."

At a recent meeting of the American Neurological Association, Dr. William Sweet, professor of neurosurgery at Harvard Medical School, praised Cooper's pioneering work with the brain stimulator. But he added that it would have been a tough job to get any hospital research committee to approve such an original piece of work.

"That's a valid criticism," says Cooper. "One of the things you have to start with, though, is that when you're dealing with humans, whatever you come up with is going to be imperfect and some of it will have to be judged after the fact. When you present people with so many things that are new, and some of them can't really be understood, you threaten their whole world."

He adds, however, "If I had operated on ten patients and they all died, no matter how responsible I had been, then it would have been wrong. You have the ultimate responsibility to yourself to be right. And if you aren't, you must find it out quickly."

In the brain-pacemaker work Cooper has not been wrong. "Wayne A.," the first epileptic who received the system, has been essentially seizure-free for more than a year after his operation. This tall, handsome Nebraskan is now working with his physician, teaching other stimulator recipients how to care for and use their equipment.

For the four previous years, however, Wayne A. had been incapacitated by intractable epilepsy, apparently caused by a blow on the head from a baseball bat. He had full-blown seizures between one and five times a day and had auras of nervousness and nausea another ten or fifteen times daily. These symptoms, plus a constant drowsiness caused by heavy but ineffective doses of anti-convulsive drugs, forced Wayne to drop out of college.

Today Wayne's medication has been cut to less than a fifth of its previous level. Since surgery he has had several seizures, but all of them were linked to equipment malfunctions. Once it was discovered that a wire leading to the power source was broken, and Wayne admits that at other times, "I let my battery go dead."

IT WAS BEFORE the turn of the century that British physiologist Sir Charles Sherrington found that stimulation of the anterior lobe of the cerebellum could ease decerebrate rigidity in cats. Fifty years later young Cooper, then a fellow in neurosurgery at the Mayo Clinic, read a report on the work of Italian physiologist Giuseppe Moruzzi. The report said Moruzzi had found that electrical stimulation of the cerebellum could inhibit or facilitate motion, depending on the frequency used.

"I made a note in the book," Cooper recalls, "that chronic stimulation of the cerebellum in humans should relieve spastic states. I tried to work out the technology then but couldn't. Later my other work kept me too busy."

About two years ago, Cooper came across his earlier notation while he was preparing a lecture for medical students. "By then I had more time for reflection, and new stimulators were available. So I began working on chronic stimulation of the cerebellum." Before he began working with the stimulator, the neurosurgeon had considered retiring to write books. But now he says, "We're just beginning what will be at least a five- or ten-year study. I'm sure that a number of our colleagues elsewhere will try out techniques so that many aspects will be studied. . . . This is an early phase of the work, and it has all the unknowns of any new work."

So Dr. Irving Cooper will continue his two pressing love affairs—with the human brain itself and with the patients for whom he feels so deeply.

Meanwhile, because of his pioneering success in controlling involuntary-movement disorders, a mechanic is returned to his tools, a doctor to his practice, a magician to his tricks. A lovely young girl, who not so very long ago was grotesquely uncoordinated, is now able to dance at her senior prom. □

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Viruses: New Light on an Old Enemy

by Roger Lewin

CANTERBURY, ENGLAND

A virus's ultimate ambition is to live forever. And judging by what researchers are discovering about these minute molecular entities, it seems that many of them have learned how to achieve this Methuselan goal.

The trick, it appears, is for the virus to inveigle itself deep into its host's genetic material so that it gets passed from generation to generation without any effort of its own. Scientists at the Sixth Harden Conference of the Biological Society, held in Kent, England, were forced to admit that many more viruses can perform this trick than they ever thought likely, even as little as a year ago.

Research on the relationship between viruses and their hosts has taken giant strides recently: Using brilliant new techniques, researchers can now detect small fragments of viruses that lurk within the host's genetic material (DNA). It is principally through this technique that researchers have discovered that many viruses do not—as was once thought—simply enter a cell, multiply themselves by using the host's molecular machinery, and then vacate the cell. They now know that viruses can make permanent bases inside cells by integrating themselves into the host's DNA. That remarkable discovery has major implications for cancer virology, for the conquest of persistent virus infections, and for our understanding of how the viruses themselves evolve.

First, what do we mean by persistent infections, and how do viruses cause them? Perhaps the best example is herpes simplex infection, in which tiny, itchy blisters form on the skin or mucous membranes. Typically, the affliction begins as a simple skin sore that soon disappears, only to return many, many times. UCLA researcher Jack Stevens has been trying to discover how the virus brings off this reappearing act. Now Stevens and his associates think they have a working explanation. They believe the first stage of the disease occurs when the virus infects the skin. Later, the infective particles locate a nerve ending, into which they insinuate themselves. They then begin a journey through the nerve fiber, finally finishing up at the sensory ganglion, a way station just beside the spinal cord. Here the viruses just sit quietly in place, often for many years.

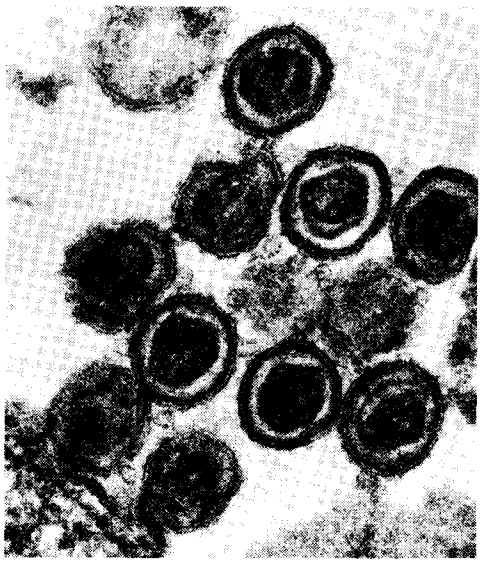
Meanwhile, the skin sore disappears and all seems well—that is, until some kind of stress triggers the infection. Then the viruses come teeming down the nerve, and the skin sore breaks out once again.

The fact that herpes simplex sequesters itself in the nerve cells explains the neurological symptoms often associated with this infection. But how do the viruses lie quiescent for so long? Stevens has seen the viruses in the sensory ganglion's nerve tissue (though he's not sure yet exactly where it is in the cells). He's even followed the progress of viruses along a nerve fiber. But so far he remains baffled about why—and how—the viruses maintain long periods of inactivity. Very probably it will turn out, as it has with many other viruses, that herpes simplex gets into some very intimate association with its host's genes.

To sit there among a cell's genes and occasionally to make a few copies of itself seems an admirably secure existence for a virus. But how does it get there in the first place? John Paul of Glasgow, Scotland, points out that the genes in the chromosomes of animal cells are anything but easy to get at, even for something as small as a virus, which may be no more than one ten-thousandth of a millimeter long. As part of their control systems, the genes, which are long chains of DNA, are covered by a forest of protein molecules. This protective forest, Paul suggests, must make access difficult, at least to some parts of the genes.

Nevertheless, equipped as they are with the necessary enzymes, many viruses appear able to penetrate this undergrowth of protein and finally to integrate themselves in the genetic material.

This integration process is best thought of if we imagine the virus as a short piece of string and the host genes as a long piece. The long piece is cut (by the virus's snipping enzymes), the short piece is slipped into place, and the loose ends are tied (again, by special enzymes). In her experiments at the Imperial Cancer Research Fund in London, Natalie Teich has found that in certain strains of mice this process happens at least four times in every infected cell. The virus involved actually causes leukemia.



Courtesy of Dr. E. de Harven, Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research, New York

Virus Particles—Electron photomicrograph of virus particles known to cause leukemia in mice.

In addition to the four whole viruses in these mouse genes, a number of viral fragments are also integrated—a fact that might be important in the virus's ability to cause leukemia.

Most people at the Kent conference work with semi-artificial situations in which laboratory strains of virus cause tumors, either in tissue cultures or in animals. Most of them find that in those cases in which virus infection causes tumors, at least some of the viruses that integrate into host genes are incomplete and fragmented. In these cases the integrated virus fragments do not multiply (presumably because they lack some essential element), but they do so disturb the host's metabolism as to cause cancer.

By contrast, cells that have so-called lytic infections—in which the viruses multiply prolifically, eventually killing the host cells—have whole viruses integrated into their genes. But that pattern is almost certainly not a universal law.

The question of a link between viruses and human cancer still presents many thorny problems, of course. Certainly, many natural animal tumors are virally induced—mammary tumors in mice and leukemia in cats, for example. And the cat-leukemia virus is now known to be integrated into the animal's genes so that it is passed from parent to offspring. But the situation in humans is still clouded

Dr. Roger Lewin is life science editor of the British-based magazine New Scientist.

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by conjecture and uncertainty. George Todaro and Robert Huebuer, of the National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland, have proposed that a special gene —the oncogene—which may be associated with an integrated virus in all animal cells, including man's, is responsible for triggering tumor formation.

That notion, known as the oncogene theory, is now losing support in the form in which it was originally proposed. Most participants at Kent favored the idea that cancer formation is linked to some kind of defective virus. University of Wisconsin researcher Howard Temin, whose presence was a great highlight of the meeting, suggested that such tumor viruses may even arise from the cell's own components. His team is now producing evidence to support his suggestion, first made a decade ago, that viruses evolved from a natural cellular control system that produces short strands of nucleic acid. The race to determine the origin of tumor viruses will likely be one of the main features of virology for some time to come.

ALTHOUGH VIRUSES are often thought of as being only on the borderline of life, it now seems there are particles that are even cruder—the viroids. These tiny structures are made up of nucleic acid—just as viruses are—but they are almost a thousand times smaller, and they aren't covered by protein coats as viruses are. Biologist H. Sanger tells of his disbelief when he realized just how small the viroids are. Like everyone else, Sanger had thought that, to be infective, even the smallest virus had to be at least ten times bigger than the viroids turned out to be. It is amazing that so short a piece of nucleic acid, carrying only a limited quantity of "information," can cause so much mischief.

Viroids cause infectious diseases in plants, but Sanger suggests that similar particles may also affect animals, including man. There are many curious diseases known as slow-virus infections (Kuru and Creutzfeldt-Jakob disease, for example), but no one has ever caught sight of a virus that might be responsible for them. Could viroids be the culprits? asks Sanger. There is certainly a growing body of evidence to support the idea. Bearing that in mind, we are chastened to realize that molecular biologists can already manufacture "harmless" strands of nucleic acid of a size very similar to that of the pathogenic viroids that are now being discovered. □

(**Report:** *continued from page 12.*)
Joy Car. After the war it was renamed Wolfsburg.

When World War II began, the plant had been only partially completed, and the town consisted principally of barracks and muddy streets. Almost immediately the Volkswagenwerk went over to war production. Not one passenger car came off the assembly line during the Nazi years. Instead the plant helped produce a jeeplike vehicle called the Kübelwagen and an amphibious offshoot known as the Schwimmkübel. The factory never worked anywhere near capacity. In 1945 the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey estimated total production for the five-year period 1940–45 at under 50,000 vehicles. Today the Volkswagen Company around the world turns out that many cars in five days.

When the U.S. Army arrived on April 11, 1945, they found a factory severely crippled by air raids and a population of mainly slave labor living in appallingly crowded conditions. Soon the zones of occupation were laid out, and the British forces took over, Wolfsburg just narrowly missing the Russian net. With a town full of unemployed workers, the British decided to get the plant tidied up—and, if possible, back in operation —until its fate could be determined. It says much for human resilience and ingenuity that the first production models of the Beetle began coming out of Wolfsburg that same summer. Luck played a part, too. Though the factory structure itself was appreciably damaged, much of the essential machinery for producing the Beetle had been dispersed throughout the surrounding countryside by the canny Dr. Porsche before the worst of the air raids. This equipment was now brought back, and by the end of 1945 the plant had managed to put together 1785 cars.

For three years the plant at Wolfsburg just about managed to stay alive, producing fewer cars in twelve months than it now does in two days. But in 1948 two events took place that thrust Volkswagen into its spectacular trajectory. One was the German currency reform, which put an end to the country's post-war "cigarette economy" and established the credibility of the deutsche mark at home and abroad. The other was the advent of Heinz Nordhoff as the company's managing director. Nordhoff came to Volkswagen from Opel, the General Motors subsidiary in Germany. He was an experienced automobile man, a tireless worker, and a persuasive motivator. But what turned out to be his strongest asset for Volkswagen was an unswerving faith in Porsche's original vision. The improvements he sought in the Beetle were organic—better materials, comforts, performance—rather than conceptual; the basic design of the car remained inviolate. When Ferdinand Porsche drove to Wolfsburg a few months before his death in January 1951, he had the satisfaction of seeing the Autobahn filled with Beetles.

Year by year the car improved and with it the fortunes of the company. This was much, much more, however, than a mere commercial success story. The Volkswagen revolutionized world attitudes toward the motorcar. It demonstrated that the equation for small-plus-cheap need not necessarily equal tinny. In America particularly, the Volkswagen had dramatic and far-reaching effects. Aided by Doyle Dane Bernbach's witty and honest advertising campaign (as revolutionary an influence as the car itself), the Volkswagen almost singlehandedly upset the cherished American belief that in automobiles bigger is *ipso facto* better. And to the growing consternation of the industry's Big Three, it destroyed forever the myth of Detroit's automotive infallibility.

Wolfsburg today has changed almost beyond recognition from the barracks town that Nordhoff saw when he took charge of Volkswagen a quarter-century ago. It is in many respects more American than European in character: wide streets, supermarkets, high-rise apartment buildings, even a Holiday Inn. The place is blatantly up-to-date; its oldest houses were built in 1938, and there are precious few of those. Only the market stalls in front of the Town Hall, presided over by round and ruddy women hawking bratwurst, smoked eels, and cabbages, delineate the scene as belonging to Mittel Europa rather than Middle America. It's a pleasant environment—open, unpolluted, with plenty of parks for the nature-loving German temperament—but it's also more than a little dull.

Three times a day Wolfsburg comes momentarily alive: just before 5:30 A.M. when the first shift begins, at 2:00 P.M. when the shifts change, and at 10:30 P.M. when the second shift ends. Then the town turns into a maelstrom of traffic, for VW factory hands get a whopping discount on company cars, and most of them drive to work. Parking lots around the plant present a mosaic of brightly

(*Continued on page 74.*)

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Yay, Team?

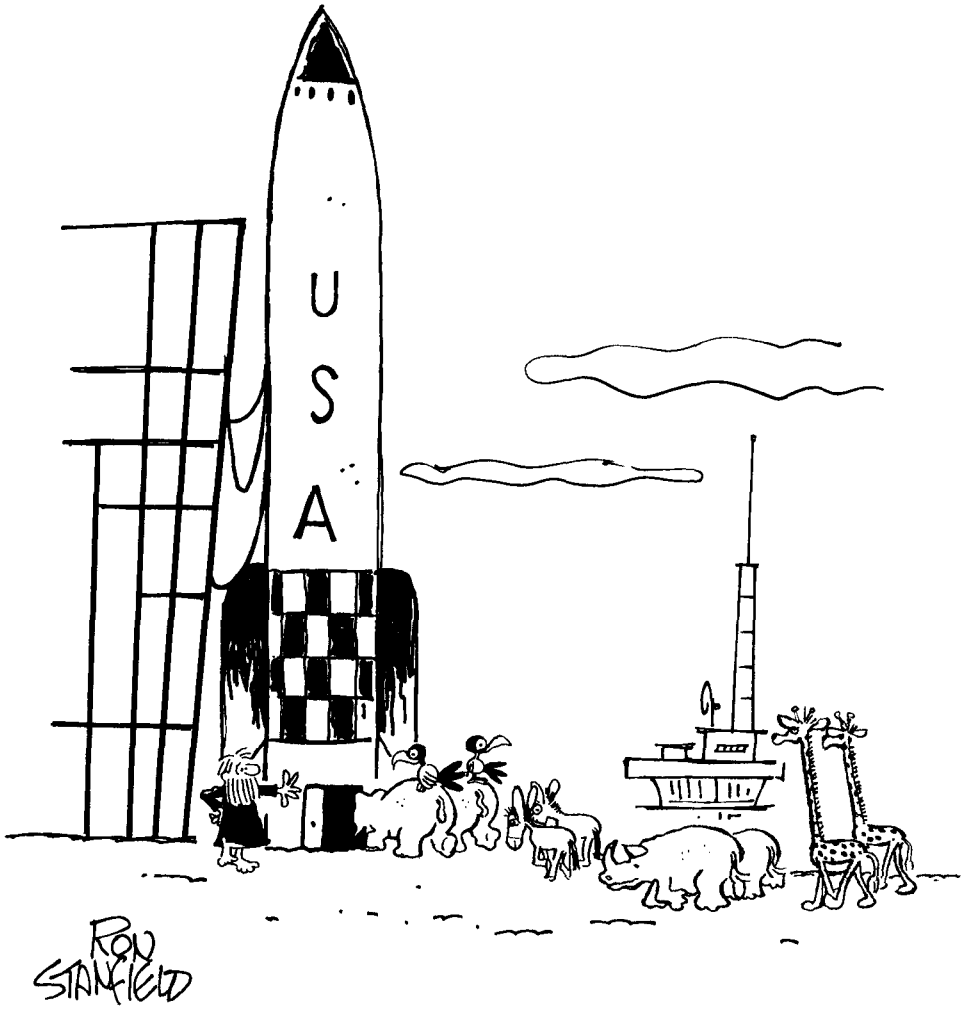
During the hearings concerning the confirmation of Rep. Gerald Ford as Vice President, Ford commented, "You don't go out and tackle your quarterback once he has called the play," to which Sen. Harrison A. Williams, Jr., countered, "If your quarterback was running toward the wrong goal line, wouldn't you tackle him?"

"Yes," said Ford, "but that would be the exception rather than the rule."

The football metaphor has become an accepted commonplace in recent years. In my opinion, it's a bad one. It's simply inept.

Literate people are sensitive to jumbled metaphors. "The arms of the American Minuteman will be the scourge that stems the rising tide of vermin swooping down on the sleeping giant of outraged citizenry" collapses of its own disharmony, but "You don't go out and tackle your quarterback" may sound okay but it doesn't do the job.

The trouble is that football, though it's big business, is still basically a game. It is not comparable to government. To use football as a metaphor for government—and particularly for war—is to oversimplify, perhaps with deadly results. It's easy to see why football terminology is seized upon by politicians. It has a simple, pragmatic, virile ring to it. And I suppose everyone who makes money from football, with the exception of some of the players, has in one way or another fostered the idea that football is contained warfare. "He hasn't used the bomb yet" means merely that the quarterback or the coach or whoever really calls the plays has not yet called for a long forward pass. And have you ever watched those films of the glorious moments from the preceding week's games?



—slow-motion pictures of enormous bodies hurtling high in the air and landing on their heads to the accompaniment of tympani and Götterdämmerung-oriented music. The narrator, with a deeply resonant voice, sounds like the same one who used to say, "But France's military might crumbled rapidly before the invincible onslaught of Hitler's Wehrmacht" over shots of thundering panzer divisions. During the Vietnam war, there were constant references to "our team" and "our quarterback," and I once heard a man urging a hawkish policy say, "When you're on your opponent's five-yard line, you don't punt!" He didn't mention that, in football, neither do you saturate your opponent's city with high explosives from five miles in the air. Killing is equated with a game in this metaphor, and now there are a lot of people who deal with the fortunes of the American political system in the same terms.

The hackneyed, timeworn old Ship of State works much better. There is a real matter of life and death in the fortunes of a ship. I'd feel more comfortable with a man who said, "You don't get rid of your captain once he's set his course" than with one who used quarterbacks calling plays. If it's discovered that the captain's chosen course leads to Suicide Shoals, or that he and some of his fellow officers have been hacking holes in the hull below the waterline, it will occasion a greater sense of urgency than if the quarterback chooses to try for a field goal instead of a first down.

I HOPE THE NEW Vice President will get over that "quarterback" business.

I think we have a tendency to think of the world in terms of winning, losing, happy endings, unhappy endings, and that sort of thing, as though the world were a game or a stage and all the men and women merely players. I'm a frequent listener to listener-response radio, as well as an ardent Letters-to-the-Editor fan. The other day I heard a woman who called in to one of the local talk stations say she'd like to live to be at least 100 "because I want to see how it all turns out."

World without end is a tough conception, but it doesn't help to picture the world in terms of opening kickoffs and final guns. In fact, thinking in terms of final guns, we just might *get* final guns.

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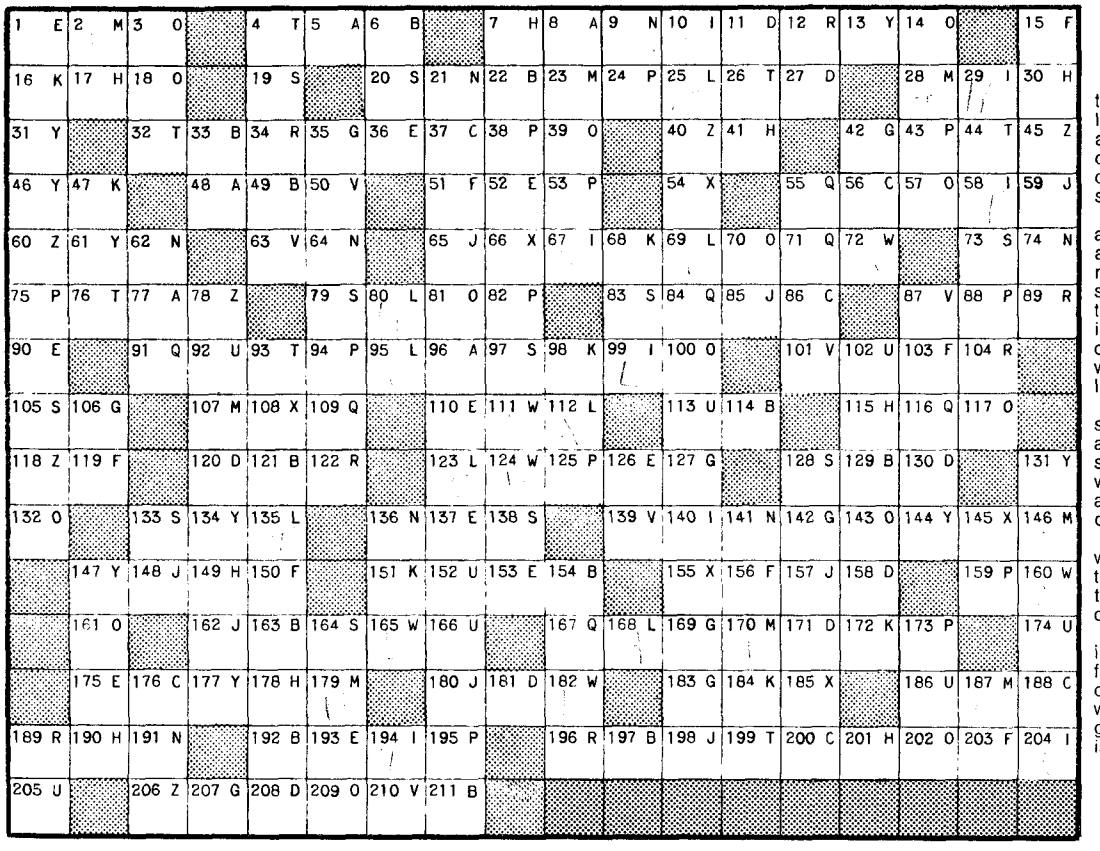
Double-Crostic No. 41

by Thomas H. Middleton



INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the words correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the words you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what word a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each word, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from words to diagram and from diagram to words, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. "Grapple them to thy soul with _____ of steel," says Polonius (*Hamlet*)	5 8 96 77 48
B. Pseudonym used by Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton (2 wds.)	114 192 197 22 211 6 33 49 121 129 154 163
C. Color coarsely	176 188 200 37 56 86
D. "_____ and Cheese": Eugene Field poem (2 wds.)	120 130 158 171 181 208 11 27
E. Provisos	126 137 153 175 193 1 36 52 90 110
F. Exertions	150 51 103 119 156 203 15
G. Decrepit; broken-down	169 183 207 35 42 106 127 142
H. Attempt	17 41 115 178 201 7 30 149 190
I. Choke	194 29 67 140 10 58 99 204
J. Jacques Deval play, 1933	65 157 85 148 180 59 162 198
K. Quantities or amounts less than the conventional units of trading (2 wds.)	16 47 151 172 184 68 98
L. Originator of basketball	112 168 69 123 25 95 135 80
M. Makes crooked	179 170 23 28 187 2 107 146
N. "What Englishman will give his mind to politics as long as he can _____ keep a motor car?" (2 wds.; Shaw, *The Apple Cart*)	62 136 64 141 9 191 74 21
O. Village where Tolstoy was born and had his estate (2 wds.)	100 202 39 132 209 117 14 18 57 70 3 81 143 161
P. Danny Kaye film, 1951 (3 wds.)	24 43 82 195 38 75 125 94 159 88 53 173
Q. Lorelei Lee, for instance	55 71 84 91 167 109 116
R. Walked with short, unsteady steps	104 34 189 196 12 89 122
S. Of a playful, burlesque style	83 97 128 164 133 138 19 73 79 105 20
T. Vacantly	93 26 32 4 76 44 199
U. Devoted or excessive admirer	166 205 152 186 174 113 102 92
V. Comprehensive; universal	139 101 63 87 50 210
W. Elevated region	111 124 165 72 160 182
X. Town in western Israel; early center of Christianity	54 145 108 155 66 185
Y. Nonentities	46 134 13 61 131 31 177 144 147
Z. Obliquely	40 78 60 45 206 118

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 40* appears on page 64.

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(*Continued from page 71.*)
colored Volkswagens. One has the impression that a lightning bolt would instantly annihilate the hapless employee who had the gall to arrive in a Fiat or Toyota.

The factory has been greatly enlarged since the war, but the part that first meets the eye dates back to 1938. This is the facade facing the canal, a frontage that stretches a mile from end to end. Nazi architects thought big. Distances are so great within the structure that employees en route from one section to another usually travel by bicycle.

As factories go, this one is quite agreeable. It is light, tidy, and amazingly clean—noisy but not fetid. Volkswagen's management has an ear attuned to the agitation for humanizing the assembly line. It is for this as much as for economy that the manufacturing process has been so extensively automated. The most brutal operations—feeding sheet metal into body presses and welding heavy components together—are now accomplished chiefly by machine. A mammoth piece of engineering called the transfer line joins front and rear sections of a Beetle together and then fastens on the roof, all automatically. In later stages of assembly, where hand labor is essential, working conditions are made as comfortable as possible. Instead of laborers conforming to the assembly line, it now works the other way. The old conveyor belts, for example, have been raised to a no-stoop level. But there is a limit to which the humanizing process in a plant of Wolfsburg's capacity can be carried. The Volvo system of crafting cars by teamwork would be inconceivable here, where production quotas of 5000 vehicles a day must be met. The work at Wolfsburg is still largely drone work.

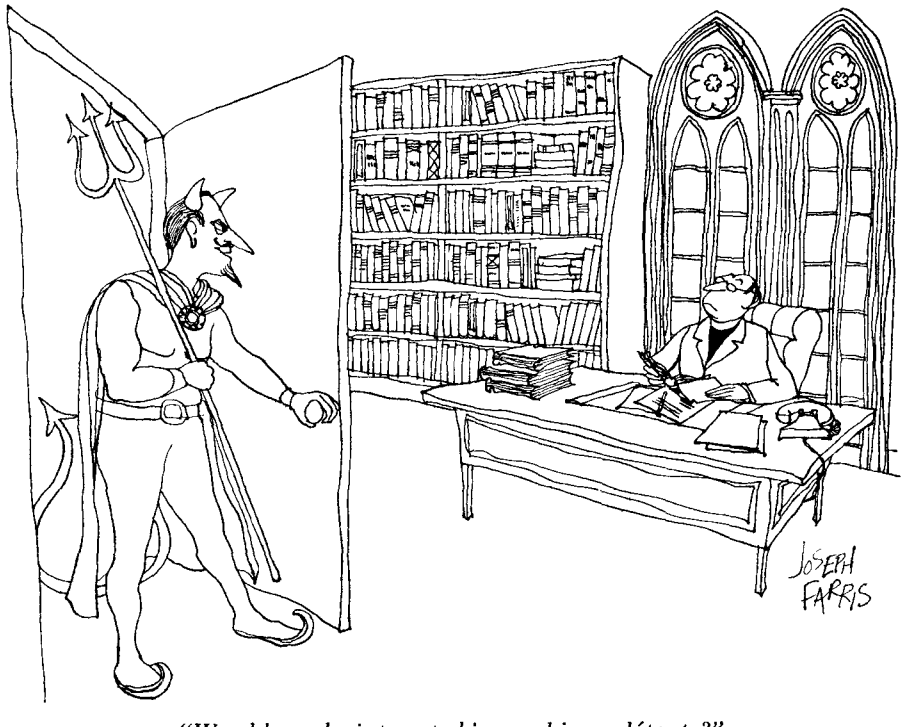
Native drones, however, are in short supply. Young people in Germany—like young people everywhere in the affluent society—want to work in trades or professions, not on assembly lines. There are simply not enough unskilled German workers left to man the country's heavy industries. This shortage hits Volkswagen especially hard because of Wolfsburg's geographical isolation. The wall between East and West Germany has put it on the road to nowhere. Without a local labor pool from which to draw, the company can no longer count on one of the prime ingredients of its post-war success: the efficiency, dependability, and craftsmanship of the German worker.

As more and more Germans opt out of the assembly line, their place is being taken by foreigners. Altogether 14 percent of Volkswagen's total labor force in Germany now comes from beyond the border. Because the oil crisis threatens Germany with its first significant unemployment in years, the company may temporarily find it easier to hire local workers. Over the long term, however, the percentage of foreign labor is certain to rise. At the Wolfsburg plant one comes across constant reminders of the *gastarbeiter*—on lavatory doors, for instance, where the old plaques for *Damen* have been supplemented by new signs reading *Solo per Donne*. Traditionally, Italy has been the main source of Volkswagen's foreign workers. Italians still predominate; but now they, too, have begun to shy away from drone work, and their ranks are being bolstered by recruits from less-prosperous and pernickety environments. Wolfsburg has a thousand Tunisians on the payroll today, and the company's subsidiary factories elsewhere in Germany employ sizable contingents of Turks, Greeks, and Spaniards.

Life for the Italians in Wolfsburg is pretty much all work and no play. Only a small minority have settled down with their families. Mostly they are single men who salt away as much pay as possible and clear out when they have accumulated a nest egg. By adopting a frugal life-style, foreign workers can save something like 1200 DM (about $500) a month—not much in terms of German buying power but rather more back home. Volkswagen has helped to subsidize and facilitate their stay in Wolfsburg by erecting a complex of dormitory-like apartment houses within walking distance of the factory. Here the *gastarbeiter* can obtain austere but reasonably comfortable lodgings at minimal rent. The personnel office organizes showings of Italian movies, language courses and job-training programs, sports events, and weekend excursions. There is a commissary full of pasta and Chianti, an espresso bar, a small café. But on the day I was there, with steady rain falling out of leaden skies, Wolfsburg's Little Italy seemed exceedingly drear.

Rather than bring foreign workers to factories, the trend in Germany now is to move factories to workers. Volkswagen took its first step twenty years ago by setting up a small assembly shop in São Bernardo do Campo, a satellite town outside São Paulo in Brazil. Today it is a self-sufficient production plant employing 28,000 people. Since then other plants—for assembly, not full-scale production—have been opened in Mexico, Belgium, Yugoslavia, South Africa, Australia, and Nigeria. More are certainly on the way. Managing chairman Rudolf Leiding has dropped hints that a plant in China may not be out of the question. Already the Chinese are dickering with Volkswagen de Mexico for 40,000 vehicles.

But the big question, as yet unan-



"Would you be interested in reaching a détente?"

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swered, concerns Volkswagen's intentions toward America. At the moment about one-third of the company's output is sold in the United States. A special plant in the port city of Emden does nothing but assemble Beetles for shipment to America in immense Beetle-carrying vessels. But until very recently the export seas had turned perilously choppy. Rising German labor costs and the appreciation of the deutsche mark vis-à-vis the dollar have done terrible things to the company's U.S. price tags. In 1955, when the Beetle was first imported on a large scale, it sold for $1495. Ten years later the price had risen only $90, to $1585. But today a standard Beetle costs $2625. By comparison, a U.S.-built GM Vega sells for $2237 and a Ford Pinto for $2292. VW executives readily concede that the Beetle now has an "enormous competitive disadvantage" in the American market. That disadvantage has been camouflaged by the current boom in small cars, stimulated by the oil crisis. Today Beetles are being sold as fast as they can be unloaded. But the basic competitive problem remains and will eventually resurface.

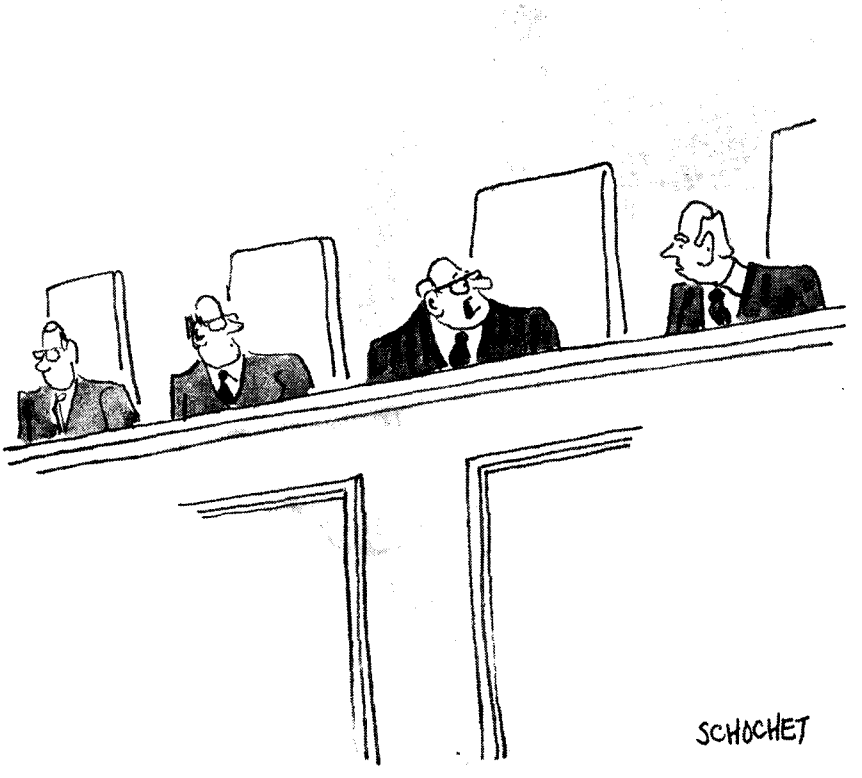
Is the solution to challenge GM and Ford on their own terrain by making Volkswagens in the United States? Recently a team of Volkswagen men completed a fact-finding tour—examining prospective building sites, obtaining construction estimates, holding meetings with union officials and key component suppliers. Their report is being weighed and debated in Wolfsburg. To the sales people in America, a yes decision seems inescapable. They fear that Volkswagen is in imminent danger of losing its 4 percent share of the U.S. car market unless it can compete with its own American-built products at competitive prices. But there are countervailing economic arguments and cautionary questions about the company image. Rightly or wrongly, VW's Made in Germany label has come to signify quality workmanship. How will the buyer react when he learns that his Volkswagen car has been manufactured in Michigan or Ohio? Another imponderable concerns the international monetary climate two or three years hence. Will the deutsche mark still be so disadvantageously valued against the dollar? Economists in Wolfsburg are not so sure. Already the dollar is making appreciable gains.

An even knottier question mark hovers over the kind of car that might conceivably be manufactured in an American plant. And here we come head on with Volkswagen's greatest problem and puzzlement: how to break off its long love affair with the Beetle.

For some time, the Volkswagenwerk has been trying to extricate itself from overdependence on this unique car. Heinz Nordhoff's original devotion to it had made the fortunes of the company. While other manufacturers spent vast sums on annual model changes, Volkswagen was content to concentrate on steady improvements of the same basic design. For many years that policy worked wonderfully well. But it exacted a price in hardening of the corporate arteries. Young VW executives in Wolfsburg now refer ruefully to the company's "monoculture" of the 1950s and 1960s. Top management had developed an obsessive regard for its homely breadwinner. To them and to the public at large, the Beetle was the sacrosanct embodiment of Volkswagen prosperity.

At Nordhoff's death in 1968 the company was already aware of its predicament and had embarked on a program of diversification. A range of large cars with rear-mounted, air-cooled engines, à la the Beetle, was introduced in the mid-1960s. They did not exactly fizzle; indeed the station wagon model, known as the Variant, had a certain mild popularity, but the cars did not take the world by storm. Later came the even larger 411 and K-70 series, both duds. Now Volkswagen is pinning hopes on a new medium-priced car with front-wheel drive and a water-cooled engine. Known in Europe as the Passat, it will be rechristened the Dasher when it comes to America early in 1974. Looming on the near horizon are two minicars—the two-door Sirocco and four-door Blizzard. Inasmuch as these are Volkswagen's first models in direct competition with the Beetle, the company is understandably reticent about making premature revelations. But the magazine *Stern* has already published some unauthorized photos of the new cars on a test run in Spain, and an alert visitor to the Wolfsburg plant will detect evidences of the Sirocco in early stages of tooling up. Superficially, Volkswagen's minicar-to-come bears more than a passing resemblance to the successful Fiat 127. Like the Passat-Dasher, the Sirocco and Blizzard will have front-wheel drive and water-cooled engines.

MEANWHILE, Volkswagen plants keep churning out Beetles for a still-appreciative public. Though the car is now forty years old, it is far from dead. By the end of 1974, 18 million of them will have been sold. There seems no reason to doubt that the Beetle will eventually



"We might just as well abolish the lower courts. All the cases are coming to us anyway."

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break the 20 million barrier. But in Wolfsburg's executive suites today the car is viewed with a certain ambivalence. Volkswagenwerk needs its ubiquitous mainstay and at the same time longs to be rid of it. Though no one there will admit it in so many words, the Beetle is too good a car for the 1970s. Its engineering is complex, its fabrication difficult. The car was designed for easy repair: Any part of it can be removed and replaced within a matter of minutes. But this very asset for the user has become a worrisome debit for the maker. Before a Beetle comes off the assembly line, 280 different men will have worked on it. The considerably more expensive Passat-Dasher requires only 220 men. It is easy to see where the greater profit lies. VW's cost accountants now look on the Beetle as a millstone—still essential to the company's overall economy but expendable whenever the public shows sufficient interest in its successors.

Will that day ever come? To answer that is to plunge into the murky imponderables of image. The world identifies Volkswagen with the Beetle and is loath to accept it as just another manufacturer of motorcars—as the Germanic equivalent of Ford or General Motors. We are all waiting for the wizards of Wolfsburg to come up with another wonder car. Alas, that seems unlikely. Lightning seldom strikes twice. Volkswagen has a large research center coping with the challenges of safety and pollution, and it has a resident futurologist in the person of Dr. Adolf Kalberlah. This young systems engineer talks enthusiastically about his work on electric-powered vehicles, on electro-gasoline hybrids, on computer-controlled personal rapid-transit networks. But if he has found any near-term solutions, Dr. Kalberlah isn't saying.

Volkswagen's next turn, then, lies hidden beyond a bend in the road. What we can see at present is a giant corporation —the largest in Germany—belatedly and reluctantly testing the multinational waters and attempting to catch the public fancy with a whole new line of automobiles. We also see an enterprise in unsure search of a redefined image, clinging to its one overwhelming success in a curiously ambivalent relationship. Meanwhile, one looks at the street where that first Volkswagen appeared twenty-odd years ago. Today it is crammed with minicars. Perhaps all this would have happened anyway without the Beetle. I'm not so sure. □

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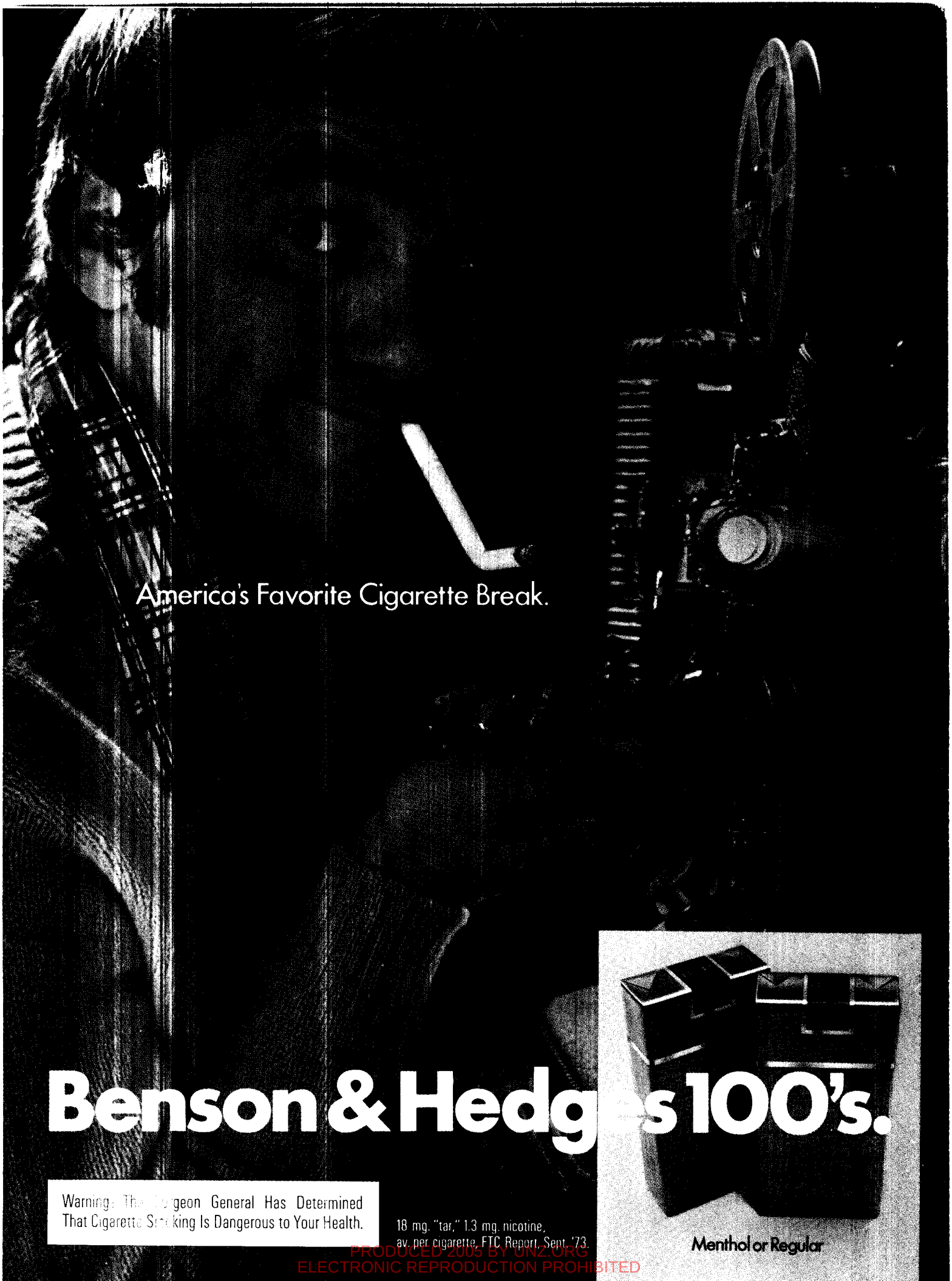
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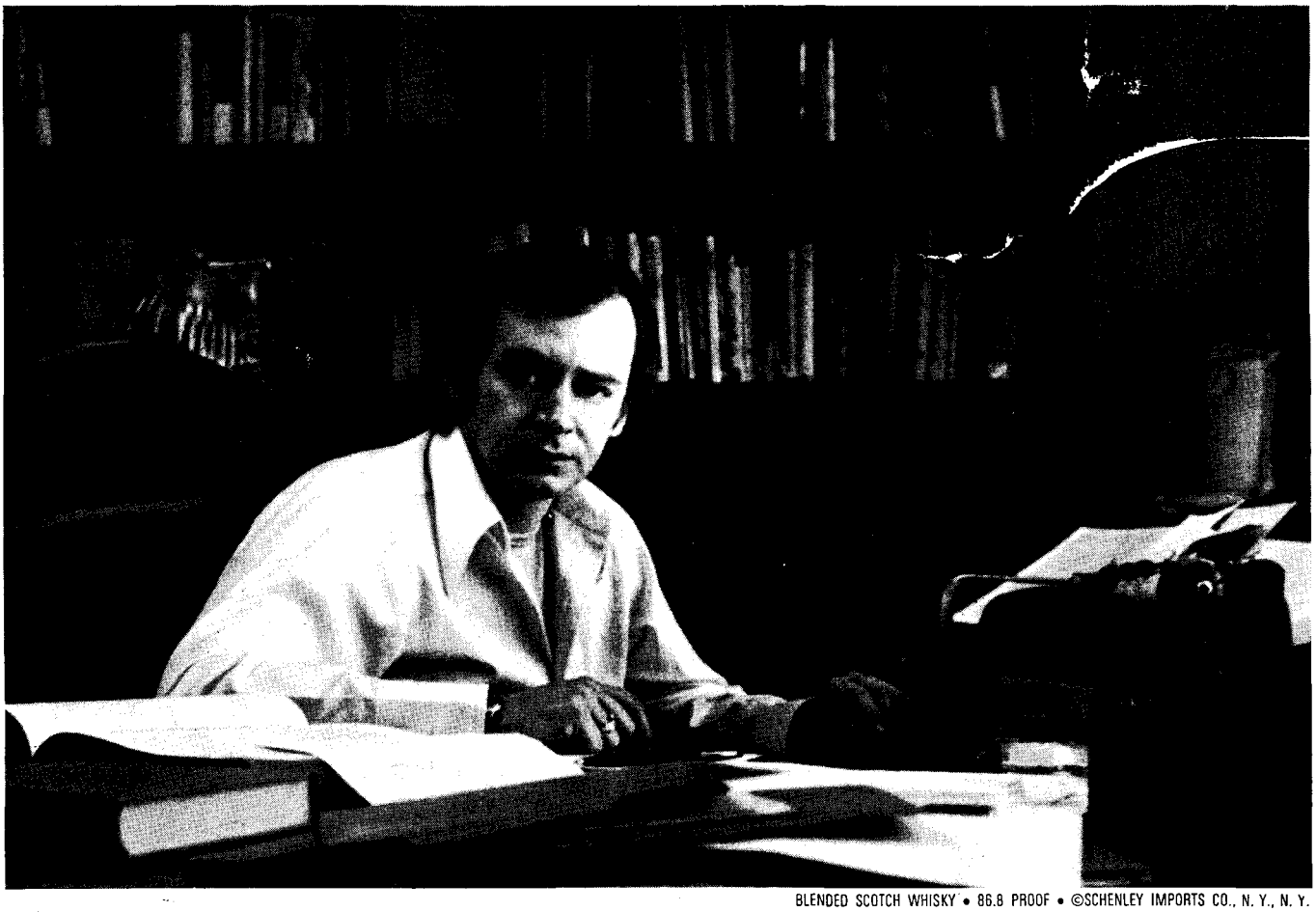

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AGE: 32

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M.A., B.A. Associate Professor of Literature.

HOBBIES: Irish poetry, guitar, bagpipes.

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LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Author of
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